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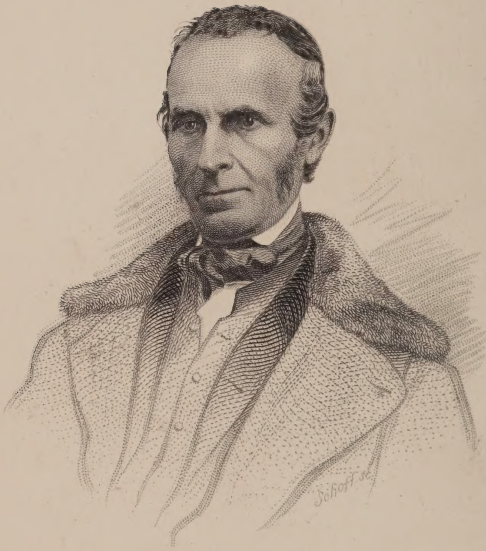
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PROSE WORKS

OF

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

VOLUME I.

BOSTON:
JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY,
Late Ticknor & Fields, and Fields, Osgood, & Co.
1872.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by
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UNIVERSITY PRESS: WELCH, BIGELOW, & CO.,
CAMBRIDGE.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Margaret Smith's Journal	1
Old Portraits and Modern Sketches	201
John Bunyan	205
Thomas Ellwood	234
James Nayler	268
Andrew Marvell	287
John Roberts	306
Samuel Hopkins	333
Richard Baxter	350
William Leggett	391
Nathaniel Peabody Rogers	426
Robert Dinsmore	457

MARGARET SMITH'S JOURNAL

IN THE

PROVINCE OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

1678-9.

NOTE.

THE intelligent reader of the following record cannot fail to notice occasional inaccuracies in respect to persons, places, and dates; and, as a matter of course, will make due allowance for the prevailing prejudices and errors of the period to which it relates. That there are passages indicative of a comparatively recent origin, and calculated to cast a shade of doubt over the entire narrative, the Editor would be the last to deny, notwithstanding its general accordance with historical verities and probabilities. Its merit consists mainly in the fact, that it presents a tolerably lifelike picture of the Past, and introduces us familiarly to the hearths and homes of New England in the seventeenth century.

A full and accurate account of Secretary Rawson and his family is about to be published by his descendants, to which the reader is referred who wishes to know more of the personages who figure prominently in this Journal.

MARGARET SMITH'S JOURNAL.

Boston, May 8th, 1678.

I REMEMBER I did promise my kind Cousin Oliver (whom I pray God to have always in his keeping), when I parted with him nigh unto three months ago, at mine Uncle Grindall's, that, on coming to this new country, I would, for his sake and perusal, keep a little journal of whatsoever did happen both unto myself and unto those with whom I might sojourn; as also, some account of the country and its marvels, and mine own cogitations thereon. So I this day make a beginning of the same; albeit, as my cousin well knoweth, not from any vanity of authorship, or because of any undue confiding in my poor ability to edify one justly held in repute among the learned, but because my heart tells me that what I write, be it ever so faulty, will be read by the partial eye of my kinsman, and not with the critical observance of the scholar, and that his love will not find it difficult to excuse what offends his clerkly judgment. And, to embolden me withal, I will never forget that I am writing for

mine old playmate at hide-and-seek in the farm-house at Hilton, — the same who used to hunt after flowers for me in the spring, and who did fill my apron with hazel-nuts in the autumn, and who was then, I fear, little wiser than his still foolish cousin, who, if she hath not since learned so many new things as himself, hath perhaps remembered more of the old. Therefore, without other preface, I will begin my record.

Of my voyage out I need not write, as I have spoken of it in my letters already, and it greatly irks me to think of it. Oh, a very long, dismal time of sickness and great discomforts, and many sad thoughts of all I had left behind, and fears of all I was going to meet in the New England! I can liken it only to an ugly dream. When we got at last to Boston, the sight of the land and trees, albeit they were exceeding bleak and bare (it being a late season, and nipping cold), was like unto a vision of a better world. As we passed the small wooded islands, which make the bay very pleasant, and entered close upon the town, and saw the houses, and orchards, and meadows, and the hills beyond covered with a great growth of wood, my brother, lifting up both of his hands, cried out, "*How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy habitations, O Israel!*" and for my part I did weep for joy and thankfulness of heart, that God had brought us safely to so fair a haven. Uncle and Aunt Rawson met us on the wharf, and made us very comfortable at their house, which is about half a mile

from the water-side, at the foot of a hill, with an oaken forest behind it, to shelter it from the north wind, which is here very piercing. Uncle is Secretary of the Massachusetts, and spends a great part of his time in town; and his wife and family are with him in the winter season, but they spend their summers at his plantation on the Merrimack River, in Newbury. His daughter, Rebecca, is just about my age, very tall and lady-looking; she is like her brother John, who was at Uncle Hilton's last year. She hath, moreover, a pleasant wit, and hath seen much goodly company, being greatly admired by the young men of family and distinction in the Province. She hath been very kind to me, telling me that she looked upon me as a sister. I have been courteously entertained, moreover, by many of the principal people, both of the reverend clergy and the magistracy. Nor must I forbear to mention a visit which I paid with Uncle and Aunt Rawson at the house of an aged magistrate of high esteem and influence in these parts. He saluted me courteously, and made inquiries concerning our family, and whether I had been admitted into the Church. On my telling him that I had not, he knit his brows, and looked at me very sternly.

"Mr. Rawson," said he, "your niece, I fear me, has much more need of spiritual adorning than of such gewgaws as these," and took hold of my lace ruff so hard that I heard the stitches break; and then he pulled out my sleeves, to see how wide

they were, though they were only half an ell. Madam ventured to speak a word to encourage me, for she saw I was much abashed and flustered, yet he did not heed her, but went on talking very loud against the folly and the wasteful wantonness of the times. Poor Madam is a quiet, sickly-looking woman, and seems not a little in awe of her husband, at the which I do not marvel, for he hath a very impatient, forbidding way with him, and, I must say, seemed to carry himself harshly at times towards her. Uncle Rawson says he has had much to try his temper; that there have been many and sore difficulties in Church as well as State; and he hath bitter enemies, in some of the members of the General Court, who count him too severe with the Quakers and other disturbers and ranters. I told him it was no doubt true; but that I thought it a bad use of the Lord's chastenings to abuse one's best friends for the wrongs done by enemies; and, that to be made to atone for what went ill in Church or State, was a kind of vicarious suffering that, if I was in Madam's place, I should not bear with half her patience and sweetness.

IPSWICH, near Agawam, May 12th.

We set out day before yesterday on our journey to Newbury. There were six of us, — Rebecca Rawson and her sister, Thomas Broughton, his wife, and their man-servant, my brother Leonard

and myself, and young Robert Pike, of Newbury, who had been to Boston on business, his father having great fisheries in the river as well as the sea. He is, I can perceive, a great admirer of my cousin, and indeed not without reason; for she hath in mind and person, in her graceful carriage and pleasant discourse, and a certain not unpleasing waywardness, as of a merry child, that which makes her company sought of all. Our route the first day lay through the woods and along the borders of great marshes and meadows on the seashore. We came to Linne at night, and stopped at the house of a kinsman of Robert Pike's, — a man of some substance and note in that settlement. We were tired and hungry, and the supper of warm Indian bread and sweet milk relished quite as well as any I ever ate in the Old Country. The next day we went on over a rough road to Wenham, through Salem, which is quite a pleasant town. Here we stopped until this morning, when we again mounted our horses, and reached this place, after a smart ride of three hours. The weather in the morning was warm and soft as our summer days at home; and, as we rode through the woods, where the young leaves were fluttering, and the white blossoms of the wind-flowers, and the blue violets and the yellow blooming of the cowslips in the low grounds, were seen on either hand, and the birds all the time making a great and pleasing melody in the branches, I was glad of heart as a child, and thought if my beloved friends

and Cousin Oliver were only with us, I could never wish to leave so fair a country.

Just before we reached Agawam, as I was riding a little before my companions, I was startled greatly by the sight of an Indian. He was standing close to the bridle-path, his half-naked body partly hidden by a clump of white birches, through which he looked out on me with eyes like two live coals. I cried for my brother and turned my horse, when Robert Pike came up and bid me be of cheer, for he knew the savage, and that he was friendly. Whereupon, he bade him come out of the bushes, which he did, after a little parley. He was a tall man, of very fair and comely make, and wore a red woollen blanket with beads and small clam-shells jingling about it. His skin was swarthy, not black like a Moor or Guinea-man, but of a color not unlike that of tarnished copper coin. He spake but little, and that in his own tongue, very harsh and strange-sounding to my ear. Robert Pike tells me that he is Chief of the Agawams, once a great nation in these parts, but now quite small and broken. As we rode on, and from the top of a hill got a fair view of the great sea off at the east, Robert Pike bade me notice a little bay, around which I could see four or five small, peaked huts or tents, standing just where the white sands of the beach met the green line of grass and bushes of the uplands.

"There," said he, "are their summer-houses, which they build near unto their fishing-grounds and corn-fields. In the winter they go far back

into the wilderness, where game is plenty of all kinds, and there build their wigwams in warm valleys thick with trees, which do serve to shelter them from the winds."

"Let us look into them," said I to Cousin Rebecca; "it seems but a stone's throw from our way."

She tried to dissuade me, by calling them a dirty, foul people; but seeing I was not to be put off, she at last consented, and we rode aside down the hill, the rest following. On our way we had the misfortune to ride over their corn-field; at the which, two or three women and as many boys set up a yell very hideous to hear; whereat Robert Pike came up, and appeased them by giving them some money and a drink of Jamaica spirits, with which they seemed vastly pleased. I looked into one of their huts; it was made of poles like unto a tent, only it was covered with the silver-colored bark of the birch, instead of hempen stuff. A bark mat, braided of many exceeding brilliant colors, covered a goodly part of the space inside; and from the poles we saw fishes hanging, and strips of dried meat. On a pile of skins in the corner sat a young woman with a child a-nursing; they both looked sadly wild and neglected; yet had she withal a pleasant face, and as she bent over her little one, her long, straight, and black hair falling over him, and murmuring a low and very plaintive melody, I forgot everything save that she was a woman and a mother, and I felt my heart greatly

drawn towards her. So, giving my horse in charge, I ventured in to her, speaking as kindly as I could, and asking to see her child. She understood me, and with a smile held up her little *papoose*, as she called him, — who, to say truth, I could not call very pretty. He seemed to have a wild, shy look, like the offspring of an untamed animal. The woman wore a blanket, gaudily fringed, and she had a string of beads on her neck. She took down a basket, woven of white and red willows, and pressed me to taste of her bread; which I did, that I might not offend her courtesy by refusing. It was not of ill taste, although so hard one could scarcely bite it, and was made of corn meal unleavened, mixed with a dried berry, which gives it a sweet flavor. She told me, in her broken way, that the whole tribe now numbered only twenty-five men and women, counting out the number very fast with yellow grains of corn, on the corner of her blanket. She was, she said, the youngest woman in the tribe; and her husband, Peckanaminet, was the Indian we had met in the bridle-path. I gave her a pretty piece of ribbon, and an apron for the child; and she thanked me in her manner, going with us on our return to the path; and when I had ridden a little onward, I saw her husband running towards us; so, stopping my horse, I awaited until he came up, when he offered me a fine large fish, which he had just caught, in acknowledgment, as I judged, of my gift to his wife. Rebecca and Mistress Broughton laughed, and bid him take the

thing away; but I would not suffer it, and so Robert Pike took it, and brought it on to our present tarrying place, where truly it hath made a fair supper for us all. These poor heathen people seem not so exceeding bad as they have been reported; they be like unto ourselves, only lacking our knowledge and opportunities, which, indeed, are not our own to boast of, but gifts of God, calling for humble thankfulness, and daily prayer and watchfulness, that they be rightly improved.

NEWBURY on the Merrimack, May 14th, 1678.

We were hardly on our way yesterday, from Agawam, when a dashing young gallant rode up very fast behind us. He was fairly clad in rich stuffs, and rode a nag of good mettle. He saluted us with much ease and courtliness, offering especial compliments to Rebecca, to whom he seemed well known, and who I thought was both glad and surprised at his coming. As I rode near, she said it gave her great joy to bring to each other's acquaintance, Sir Thomas Hale, a good friend of her father's, and her cousin Margaret, who, like himself, was a new-comer. He replied, that he should look with favor on any one who was near to her in friendship or kindred; and, on learning my father's name, said he had seen him at his uncle's, Sir Matthew Hale's, many years ago, and could vouch for him as a worthy man. After some pleasant

and merry discoursing with us, he and my brother fell into converse upon the state of affairs in the Colony, the late lamentable war with the Narragansets and Pequod Indians, together with the growth of heresy and schism in the churches, which latter he did not scruple to charge upon the wicked policy of the home government in checking the wholesome severity of the laws here enacted against the schemers and ranters. "I quite agree," said he, "with Mr. Rawson, that they should have hanged ten where they did one." Cousin Rebecca here said she was sure her father was now glad the laws were changed, and that he had often told her that, although the condemned deserved their punishment, he was not sure that it was the best way to put down the heresy. If she was ruler, she continued, in her merry way, she would send all the schemers and ranters, and all the sour, crabbed, busybodies in the churches, off to Rhode Island, where all kinds of folly, in spirituals as well as temporals, were permitted, and one crazy head could not reproach another.

Falling back a little, and waiting for Robert Pike and Cousin Broughton to come up, I found them marvelling at the coming of the young gentleman, who it did seem had no special concernment in these parts, other than his acquaintance with Rebecca, and his desire of her company. Robert Pike, as is natural, looks upon him with no great partiality, yet he doth admit him to be well-bred, and of much and varied knowledge, acquired

by far travel as well as study. I must say, I like not his confident and bold manner and bearing toward my fair cousin; and he hath more the likeness of a cast-off dangler at the court, than of a modest and seemly country gentleman, of a staid and well-ordered house. Mistress Broughton says he was not at first accredited in Boston, but that her father, and Mr. Atkinson, and the chief people there now, did hold him to be not only what he professeth, as respecteth his gentlemanly lineage, but also learned and ingenious, and well-versed in the Scriptures, and the works of godly writers, both of ancient and modern time. I noted that Robert was very silent during the rest of our journey, and seemed abashed and troubled in the presence of the gay gentleman; for, although a fair and comely youth, and of good family and estate, and accounted solid and judicious beyond his years, he does, nevertheless, much lack the ease and ready wit with which the latter commendeth himself to my sweet kinswoman.

We crossed about noon a broad stream near to the sea, very deep and miry, so that we wetted our hose and skirts somewhat; and soon, to our great joy, beheld the pleasant cleared fields and dwellings of the settlement, stretching along for a goodly distance; while, beyond all, the great ocean rolled, blue and cold, under an high easterly wind. Passing through a broad path, with well-tilled fields on each hand, where men were busy planting corn, and young maids dropping the seed, we

came at length to Uncle Rawson's plantation, looking wellnigh as fair and broad as the lands of Hilton Grange, with a good frame house, and large barns thereon. Turning up the lane, we were met by the housekeeper, a respectable kinswoman, who received us with great civility. Sir Thomas, although pressed to stay, excused himself for the time, promising to call on the morrow, and rode on to the ordinary. I was sadly tired with my journey, and was glad to be shown to a chamber and a comfortable bed.

I was awakened this morning by the pleasant voice of my cousin, who shared my bed. She had arisen and thrown open the window looking towards the sunrising, and the air came in soft and warm, and laden with the sweets of flowers and green-growing things. And when I had gotten myself ready, I sat with her at the window, and I think I may say it was with a feeling of praise and thanksgiving that mine eyes wandered up and down over the green meadows, and corn-fields, and orchards of my new home. Where, thought I, foolish one, be the terrors of the wilderness, which troubled thy daily thoughts and thy nightly dreams! Where be the gloomy shades, and desolate mountains, and the wild beasts, with their dismal howlings and rages! Here all looked peaceful, and bespoke comfort and contentedness. Even the great woods which climbed up the hills in the distance looked thin and soft, with their faint young leaves a yellowish-gray, intermingled with pale,

silvery shades, indicating, as my cousin saith, the different kinds of trees, some of which, like the willow, do put on their leaves early, and others late, like the oak, with which the whole region aboundeth. A sweet, quiet picture it was, with a warm sun, very bright and clear, shining over it, and the great sea, glistening with the exceeding light, bounding the view of mine eyes, but bearing my thoughts, like swift ships, to the land of my birth, and so uniting, as it were, the New World with the Old. Oh, thought I, the merciful God, who reneweth the earth and maketh it glad and brave with greenery and flowers of various hues and smells, and causeth his south winds to blow and his rains to fall, that seed-time may not fail, doth even here, in the ends of his creation, prank and beautify the work of his hands, making the desert places to rejoice, and the wilderness to blossom as the rose. Verily his love is over all, — the Indian heathen as well as the English Christian. And what abundant cause for thanks have I, that I have been safely landed on a shore so fair and pleasant, and enabled to open mine eyes in peace and love on so sweet a May morning! And I was minded of a verse which I learned from my dear and honored mother when a child, —

> "Teach me, my God, thy love to know,
> That this new light, which now I see,
> May both the work and workman show;
> Then by the sunbeams I will climb to thee."

When we went below, we found on the window-

seat which looketh to the roadway, a great bunch of flowers of many kinds, such as I had never seen in mine own country, very fresh, and glistening with the dew. Now, when Rebecca took them up, her sister said, "Nay, they are not Sir Thomas's gift, for young Pike hath just left them." Whereat, as I thought, she looked vexed, and ill at ease. "They are yours, then, Cousin Margaret," said she, rallying, "for Robert and you did ride aside all the way from Agawam, and he scarce spake to me the day long. I see I have lost mine old lover, and my little cousin hath found a new one. I shall write Cousin Oliver all about it." — "Nay," said I, "old lovers are better than new; but I fear my sweet cousin hath not so considered it." She blushed, and looked aside, and for some space of time I did miss her smile, and she spake little.

May 20th.

We had scarcely breakfasted, when him they call Sir Thomas called on us, and with him came also a Mr. Sewall, and the minister of the church, Mr. Richardson, both of whom did cordially welcome home my cousins, and were civil to my brother and myself. Mr. Richardson and Leonard fell to conversing about the state of the Church; and Sir Thomas discoursed us in his lively way. After some little tarry, Mr. Sewall asked us to go with him to Deer's Island, a small way up the river, where he and Robert Pike had some men splitting staves for the Bermuda market. As the day was

clear and warm, we did readily agree to go, and forthwith set out for the river, passing through the woods for nearly a half mile. When we came to the Merrimack, we found it a great and broad stream. We took a boat, and were rowed up the river, enjoying the pleasing view of the green banks, and the rocks hanging over the water, covered with bright mosses, and besprinkled with pale, white flowers. Mr. Sewall pointed out to us the different kinds of trees, and their nature and uses, and especially the sugar-tree, which is very beautiful in its leaf and shape, and from which the people of this country do draw a sap wellnigh as sweet as the juice of the Indian cane, making good treacle and sugar. Deer's Island hath rough, rocky shores, very high and steep, and is well covered with a great growth of trees, mostly evergreen pines and hemlocks, which looked exceeding old. We found a good seat on the mossy trunk of one of these great trees, which had fallen from its extreme age, or from some violent blast of wind, from whence we could see the water breaking into white foam on the rocks, and hear the melodious sound of the wind in the leaves of the pines, and the singing of birds ever and anon; and lest this should seem too sad and lonely, we could also hear the sounds of the axes and beetles of the workmen, cleaving the timber not far off. It was not long before Robert Pike came up and joined us. He was in his working dress, and his face and hands were much discolored by the smut of the burnt logs, which Re-

becca playfully remarking, he said there were no mirrors in the woods, and that must be his apology; that, besides, it did not become a plain man, like himself, who had to make his own fortune in the world, to try to imitate those who had only to open their mouths, to be fed like young robins, without trouble or toil. Such might go as brave as they would, if they would only excuse his necessity. I thought he spoke with some bitterness, which, indeed, was not without the excuse, that the manner of our gay young gentleman towards him savored much of pride and contemptuousness. My beloved cousin, who hath a good heart, and who, I must think, apart from the wealth and family of Sir Thomas, rather inclineth to her old friend and neighbor, spake cheerily and kindly to him, and besought me privately to do somewhat to help her remove his vexation. So we did discourse of many things very pleasantly. Mr. Richardson, on hearing Rebecca say that the Indians did take the melancholy noises of the pine-trees in the winds to be the voices of the Spirits of the woods, said that that they always called to his mind the sounds in the mulberry-trees which the Prophet spake of. Hereupon Rebecca, who hath her memory well provided with divers readings, both of the poets and other writers, did cite very opportunely some ingenious lines, touching what the heathens do relate of the Sacred Tree of Dodona, the rustling of whose leaves the negro priestesses did hold to be the language of the gods. And a late writer, she

said, had something in one of his pieces, which might well be spoken of the aged and dead tree-trunk, upon which we were sitting. And when we did all desire to know their import, she repeated them thus, —

"Sure thou didst flourish once, and many springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers,
Passed o'er thy head; many light hearts and wings,
Which now are dead, lodged in thy living towers.
And still a new succession sings and flies,
Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
Towards the old and still enduring skies,
While the low violet thriveth at their root."

These lines, she said, were written by one Vaughn, a Brecknockshire Welsh Doctor of Medicine, who had printed a little book not many years ago. Mr. Richardson said the lines were good, but that he did hold the reading of ballads and the conceits of rhymers a waste of time, to say nothing worse. Sir Thomas hereat said that, as far as he could judge, the worthy folk of New England had no great temptation to that sin from their own poets, and did then, in a drolling tone, repeat some verses of the 137th Psalm, which he said were the best he had seen in the Cambridge Psalm Book: —

"The rivers on of Babylon,
There when we did sit down,
Yea, even then we mourned when
We remembered Sion.
Our harp we did hang it amid
Upon the willow-tree;
Because there they that us away
Led to captivity

Required of us a song, and thus
Asked mirth us waste who laid,
Sing us among a Sion's song
Unto us as then they said."

"Nay, Sir Thomas," quoth Mr. Richardson, "it is not seemly to jest over the Word of God. The writers of our Book of Psalms in metre held rightly that God's altar needs no polishing; and truly they have rendered the words of David into English verse with great fidelity."

Our young gentleman, not willing to displeasure a man so esteemed as Mr. Richardson, here made an apology for his jesting, and said that, as to the Cambridge version, it was indeed faithful; and that it was no blame to uninspired men, that they did fall short of the beauties and richness of the Lord's Psalmist. It being now near noon, we crossed over the river, to where was a sweet spring of water, very clear and bright, running out upon the green bank. Now, as we stood thirsty, having no cup to drink from, seeing some people near, we called to them, and presently there came running to us a young and modest woman, with a bright pewter tankard, which she filled and gave us. I thought her sweet and beautiful, as Rebecca of old, at her father's fountain. She was about leaving, when Mr. Richardson said to her, it was a foul shame for one like her to give heed to the ranting of the Quakers, and bade her be a good girl, and come to the meeting."

"Nay," said she, "I have been there often, to

small profit. The spirit which thou persecutest testifieth against thee and thy meeting."

Sir Thomas jestingly asked her if the spirit she spoke of was not such an one as possessed Mary Magdalen.

"Or the swine of the Gadarenes?" asked Mr. Richardson.

I did smile with the others, but was presently sorry for it; for the young maid answered not a word to this, but turning to Rebecca, she said, "Thy father hath been hard with us, but thou seemest kind and gentle, and I have heard of thy charities to the poor. The Lord keep thee, for thou walkest in slippery places; there is danger, and thou seest it not; thou trustest to the hearing of the ear and the seeing of the eye; the Lord alone seeth the deceitfulness and the guile of man; and if thou wilt cry mightily to Him, He can direct thee rightly."

Her voice and manner were very weighty and solemn. I felt an awe come upon me, and Rebecca's countenance was troubled. As the maiden left us, the minister, looking after said, "There is a deal of poison under the fair outside of yonder vessel, which I fear is fitted for destruction."—"Peggy Brewster is indeed under a delusion," answered Robert Pike, "but I know no harm of her. She is kind to all, even to them who evil entreat her."

"Robert, Robert!" cried the minister, "I fear me you will follow your honored father, who has made himself of ill repute, by favoring these peo-

ple."—"The Quaker hath bewitched him with her bright eyes, perhaps," quoth Sir Thomas. "I would she had laid a spell on an uncivil tongue I wot of," answered Robert, angrily. Hereupon, Mr. Sewall proposed that we should return, and in making ready and getting to the boat, the matter was dropped.

NEWBURY, June 1st, 1678.

To-day Sir Thomas took his leave of us, being about to go back to Boston. Cousin Rebecca is, I can see, much taken with his outside bravery and courtliness, yet she hath confessed to me that her sober judgment doth greatly incline her towards her old friend and neighbor, Robert Pike. She hath even said that she doubted not she could live a quieter and happier life with him than with such an one as Sir Thomas; and that the words of the Quaker maid, whom we met at the spring on the river side, had disquieted her not a little, inasmuch as they did seem to confirm her own fears and misgivings. But her fancy is so bedazzled with the goodly show of her suitor, that I much fear he can have her for the asking, especially as her father, to my knowledge, doth greatly favor him. And, indeed, by reason of her gracious manner, witty and pleasant discoursing, excellent breeding, and dignity, she would do no discredit to the choice of one far higher than this young gentleman in estate and rank.

June 10th.

I went this morning with Rebecca to visit Elnathan Stone, a young neighbor, who has been lying sorely ill for a long time. He was a playmate of my cousin when a boy, and was thought to be of great promise as he grew up to manhood; but, engaging in the war with the heathen, he was wounded and taken captive by them, and after much suffering was brought back to his home a few months ago. On entering the house where he lay, we found his mother, a careworn and sad woman, spinning in the room by his bedside. A very great and bitter sorrow was depicted on her features; it was the anxious, unreconciled, and restless look of one who did feel herself tried beyond her patience, and might not be comforted. For, as I learned, she was a poor widow, who had seen her young daughter tomahawked by the Indians; and now her only son, the hope of her old age, was on his death-bed. She received us with small civility, telling Rebecca that it was all along of the neglect of the men in authority that her son had got his death in the wars, inasmuch as it was the want of suitable diet and clothing, rather than his wounds, which had brought him into his present condition. Now, as Uncle Rawson is one of the principal magistrates, my sweet cousin knew that the poor afflicted creature meant to reproach him; but her good heart did excuse and forgive the rudeness and distemper of one whom the Lord had sorely chastened. So she spake kindly and lovingly, and gave

her sundry nice dainty fruits and comforting cordials, which she had got from Boston for the sick man. Then, as she came to his bedside, and took his hand lovingly in her own, he thanked her for her many kindnesses, and prayed God to bless her. He must have been a handsome lad in health, for he had a fair, smooth forehead, shaded with brown, curling hair, and large, blue eyes, very sweet and gentle in their look. He told us that he felt himself growing weaker, and that at times his bodily suffering was great. But through the mercy of his Saviour he had much peace of mind. He was content to leave all things in His hand. For his poor mother's sake, he said, more than for his own, he would like to get about once more; there were many things he would like to do for her, and for all who had befriended him; but he knew his Heavenly Father could do more and better for them, and he felt resigned to His will. He had, he said, forgiven all who ever wronged him, and he had now no feeling of anger or unkindness left towards any one, for all seemed kind to him beyond his deserts, and like brothers and sisters. He had much pity for the poor savages even, although he had suffered sorely at their hands; for he did believe that they had been often ill-used, and cheated, and otherwise provoked to take up arms against us. Hereupon, Goodwife Stone twirled her spindle very spitefully, and said she would as soon pity the Devil as his children. The thought of her mangled little girl, and of her dying son, did seem

to overcome her, and she dropped her thread, and cried out with an exceeding bitter cry, — "Oh, the bloody heathen! Oh, my poor murdered Molly! Oh, my son, my son!" — "Nay, mother," said the sick man," reaching out his hand and taking hold of his mother's, with a sweet smile on his pale face, — "what does Christ tell us about loving our enemies, and doing good to them that do injure us? Let us forgive our fellow-creatures, for we have all need of God's forgiveness. I used to feel as mother does," he said, turning to us; "for I went into the war with a design to spare neither young nor old of the enemy. But I thank God that even in that dark season my heart relented at the sight of the poor starving women and children, chased from place to place like partridges. Even the Indian fighters, I found, had sorrows of their own, and grievous wrongs to avenge; and I do believe, if we had from the first treated them as poor blinded brethren, and striven as hard to give them light and knowledge, as we have to cheat them in trade, and to get away their lands, we should have escaped many bloody wars, and won many precious souls to Christ."

I inquired of him concerning his captivity. He was wounded, he told me, in a fight with the Sokokis Indians two years before. It was a hot skirmish in the woods; the English and the Indians now running forward, and then falling back, firing at each other from behind the trees. He had shot off all his powder, and, being ready to faint by rea-

son of a wound in his knee, he was fain to sit down against an oak, from whence he did behold, with great sorrow and heaviness of heart, his companions overpowered by the number of their enemies, fleeing away and leaving him to his fate. The savages soon came to him with dreadful whoopings, brandishing their hatchets and their scalping-knives. He thereupon closed his eyes, expecting to be knocked in the head, and killed outright. But just then a noted chief coming up in great haste, bade him be of good cheer, for he was his prisoner, and should not be slain. He proved to be the famous Sagamore Squando, the chief man of the Sokokis.

"And were you kindly treated by this chief?" asked Rebecca. "I suffered much in moving with him to the Sebago Lake, owing to my wound," he replied; "but the chief did all in his power to give me comfort, and he often shared with me his scant fare, choosing rather to endure hunger himself, than to see his son, as he called me, in want of food. And one night, when I did marvel at this kindness on his part, he told me that I had once done him a great service; asking me if I was not at Black Point, in a fishing vessel, the summer before? I told him I was. He then bade me remember the bad sailors who upset the canoe of a squaw, and wellnigh drowned her little child, and that I had threatened and beat them for it; and also how I gave the squaw a warm coat to wrap up the poor wet papoose. It was his squaw and child

that I had befriended; and he told me that he had often tried to speak to me, and make known his gratitude therefor; and that he came once to the garrison at Sheepscot, where he saw me; but being fired at, notwithstanding his signs of peace and friendship, he was obliged to flee into the woods. He said the child died a few days after its evil treatment, and the thought of it made his heart bitter; that he had tried to live peaceably with the white men, but they had driven him into the war.

"On one occasion," said the sick soldier, "as we lay side by side in his hut, on the shore of the Sebago Lake, Squando, about midnight, began to pray to his God very earnestly. And on my querying with him about it, he said he was greatly in doubt what to do, and had prayed for some sign of the Great Spirit's will concerning him. He then told me that some years ago, near the place where we then lay, he left his wigwam at night, being unable to sleep, by reason of great heaviness and distemper of mind. It was a full moon, and as he did walk to and fro, he saw a fair, tall man in a long black dress, standing in the light on the lake's shore, who spake to him and called him by name.

"'Squando,' he said, and his voice was deep and solemn, like the wind in the hill pines, 'the God of the white man is the God of the Indian, and he is angry with his red children. He alone is able to make the corn grow before the frost, and to lead the fish up the rivers in the spring, and to fill the woods with deers and other game, and the

ponds and meadows with beavers. Pray to him always. Do not hunt on his day, nor let the squaws hoe the corn. Never taste of the strong fire-water, but drink only from the springs. It is because the Indians do not worship Him, that he has brought the white men among them; but if they will pray like the white men, they will grow very great and strong, and their children born in this moon will live to see the English sail back in their great canoes, and leave the Indians all their fishing-places and hunting-grounds.'

"When the strange man had thus spoken, Squando told me that he went straightway up to him, but found where he had stood only the shadow of a broken tree, which lay in the moon across the white sand of the shore. Then he knew it was a spirit, and he trembled, but was glad. Ever since, he told me, he had prayed daily to the Great Spirit, had drank no rum, nor hunted on the Sabbath.

"He said he did for a long time refuse to dig up his hatchet, and make war upon the whites, but that he could not sit idle in his wigwam, while his young men were gone upon their war-path. The spirit of his dead child did moreover speak to him from the land of souls, and chide him for not seeking revenge. Once, he told me, he had in a dream seen the child crying and moaning bitterly, and that when he inquired the cause of its grief, he was told that the Great Spirit was angry with its father, and would destroy him and his people unless he

did join with the Eastern Indians to cut off the English."

"I remember," said Rebecca, "of hearing my father speak of this Squando's kindness to a young maid taken captive some years ago at Presumpscot."

"I saw her at Cocheco," said the sick man. "Squando found her in a sad plight, and scarcely alive, took her to his wigwam, where his squaw did lovingly nurse and comfort her; and when she was able to travel, he brought her to Major Waldron's, asking no ransom for her. He might have been made the fast friend of the English at that time, but he scarcely got civil treatment."

"My father says that many friendly Indians, by the ill conduct of the traders, have been made our worst enemies," said Rebecca. "He thought the bringing in of the Mohawks to help us a sin comparable to that of the Jews, who looked for deliverance from the King of Babylon at the hands of the Egyptians."

"They did nothing but mischief," said Elnathan Stone; "they killed our friends at Newichawannock, Blind Will and his family."

Rebecca here asked him if he ever heard the verses writ by Mr. Sewall concerning the killing of Blind Will. And when he told her he had not, and would like to have her repeat them, if she could remember, she did recite them them thus:—

"Blind Will of Newichawannock!
He never will whoop again,

For his wigwam 's burnt above him,
And his old, gray scalp is ta'en !

" Blind Will was the friend of white men,
On their errands his young men ran,
And he got him a coat and breeches,
And looked like a Christian man.

" Poor Will of Newichawannock !
They slew him unawares,
Where he lived among his people,
Keeping Sabbath and saying prayers.

" Now his fields will know no harvest,
And his pipe is clean put out,
And his fine, brave coat and breeches
The Mohog wears about.

" Woe the day our rulers listened
To Sir Edmund's wicked plan,
Bringing down the cruel Mohogs
Who killed the poor old man.

" O ! the Lord he will requite us ;
For the evil we have done,
There 'll be many a fair scalp drying
In the wind and in the sun !

" There 'll be many a captive sighing,
In a bondage long and dire ;
There 'll be blood in many a corn-field,
And many a house a-fire.

" And the Papist priests the tidings
Unto all the tribes will send ;
They 'll point to Newichawannock, —
' So the English treat their friend ! '

"Let the Lord's anointed servants
Cry aloud against this wrong,
Till Sir Edmund take his Mohogs
Back again where they belong.

"Let the maiden and the mother
In the nightly watching share,
While the young men guard the block-house,
And the old men kneel in prayer.

"Poor Will of Newichawannock!
For thy sad and cruel fall,
And the bringing in of the Mohogs,
May the Lord forgive us all!"

A young woman entered the house just as Rebecca finished the verses. She bore in her hands a pail of milk and a fowl neatly dressed, which she gave to Elnathan's mother, and, seeing strangers by his bedside, was about to go out, when he called to her and besought her to stay. As she came up and spoke to him, I knew her to be the maid we had met at the spring. The young man, with tears in his eyes, acknowledged her great kindness to him, at which she seemed troubled and abashed. A pure, sweet complexion she hath, and a gentle and loving look, full of innocence and sincerity. Rebecca seemed greatly disturbed, for she no doubt thought of the warning words of this maiden, when we were at the spring. After she had left, Goodwife Stone said she was sure she could not tell what brought that Quaker girl to her house so much, unless she meant to inveigle Elnathan;

but, for her part, she would rather see him dead than live to bring reproach upon his family and the Church by following after the blasphemers. I ventured to tell her that I did look upon it as sheer kindness and love on the young woman's part; at which Elnathan seemed pleased, and said he could not doubt it, and that he did believe Peggy Brewster to be a good Christian, although sadly led astray by the Quakers. His mother said that, with all her meek looks, and kind words, she was full of all manner of pestilent heresies, and did remind her always of Satan in the shape of an angel of light.

We went away ourselves soon after this, the sick man thanking us for our visit, and hoping that he should see us again. "Poor Elnathan," said Rebecca, as we walked home, "he will never go abroad again; but he is in such a good and loving frame of mind, that he needs not our pity, as one who is without hope."

"He reminds me," I said, "of the comforting promise of Scripture, — '*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.*'"

June 30th, 1678.

Mr. Rawson and Sir Thomas Hale came yesterday from Boston. I was rejoiced to see mine uncle, more especially as he brought for me a package of letters, and presents and tokens of remembrance from my friends on the other side of the water. As soon as I got them, I went up to

my chamber, and, as I read of the health of those who are very dear to me, and who did still regard me with unchanged love, I wept in my great joy, and my heart overflowed in thankfulness. I read the 22d Psalm, and it did seem to express mine own feelings in view of the great mercies and blessings vouchsafed to me. "*My head is anointed with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.*"

This morning, Sir Thomas and Uncle Rawson rode over to Hampton, where they will tarry all night. Last evening, Rebecca had a long talk with her father concerning Sir Thomas, who hath asked her of him. She came to bed very late, and lay restless and sobbing; whereupon I pressed her to know the cause of her grief, when she told me she had consented to marry Sir Thomas, but that her heart was sorely troubled and full of misgivings. On my querying whether she did really love the young gentleman, she said she sometimes feared she did not; and that when her fancy had made a fair picture of the life of a great lady in England, there did often come a dark cloud over it like the shade of some heavy disappointment or sorrow. "Sir Thomas," she said, "was a handsome and witty young man, and had demeaned himself to the satisfaction and good repute of her father and the principal people of the Colony; and his manner towards her had been exceeding delicate and modest, inasmuch as he had presumed nothing upon his family or estate, but had sought her with much

entreaty and humility, although he did well know that some of the most admired and wealthy young women in Boston did esteem him not a little, even to the annoying of herself, as one whom he especially favored."

"This will be heavy news to Robert Pike," said I; "and I am sorry for him, for he is indeed a worthy man."

"That he is," quoth she; "but he hath never spoken to me of aught beyond that friendliness which, as neighbors and school companions, we do innocently cherish for each other."

"Nay," said I, "my sweet cousin knows full well that he entertaineth so strong an affection for her, that there needeth no words to reveal it."

"Alas!" she answered, "it is too true. When I am with him, I sometimes wish I had never seen Sir Thomas. But my choice is made, and I pray God I may not have reason to repent of it."

We said no more, but I fear she slept little, for on waking about the break of day, I saw her sitting in her night-dress by the window. Whereupon I entreated her to return to her bed, which she at length did, and folding me in her arms, and sobbing as if her heart would break, she besought me to pity her, for it was no light thing which she had done, and she scarcely knew her own mind, nor whether to rejoice or weep over it. I strove to comfort her, and, after a time, she did, to my great joy, fall into a quiet sleep.

This afternoon, Robert Pike came in, and had a

long talk with Cousin Broughton, who told him how matters stood between her sister and Sir Thomas, at which he was vehemently troubled, and would fain have gone to seek Rebecca at once, and expostulate with her, but was hindered on being told that it could only grieve and discomfort her, inasmuch as the thing was well settled, and could not be broken off. He said he had known and loved her from a child; that for her sake he had toiled hard by day and studied by night; and that in all his travels and voyages, her sweet image had always gone with him. He would bring no accusation against her, for she had all along treated him rather as a brother than as a suitor: to which last condition he had indeed not felt himself at liberty to venture, after her honored father, some months ago, had given him to understand that he did design an alliance of his daughter with a gentleman of estate and family. For himself, he would bear himself manfully, and endure his sorrow with patience and fortitude. His only fear was, that his beloved friend had been too hasty in deciding the matter; and that he who was her choice might not be worthy of the great gift of her affection. Cousin Broughton, who has hitherto greatly favored the pretensions of Sir Thomas, told me that she wellnigh changed her mind in view of the manly and noble bearing of Robert Pike; and that if her sister were to live in this land, she would rather see her the wife of him than of any other man therein.

July 3d.

Sir Thomas took his leave to day. Robert Pike hath been here to wish Rebecca great joy and happiness in her prospect, which he did in so kind and gentle a manner, that she was fain to turn away her head to hide her tears. When Robert saw this, he turned the discourse, and did endeavor to divert her mind in such sort that the shade of melancholy soon left her sweet face, and the twain talked together cheerfully as had been their wont, and as became their years and conditions.

July 6th.

Yesterday a strange thing happened in the meeting-house. The minister had gone on in his discourse, until the sand in the hour-glass on the rails before the deacons had wellnigh run out, and Deacon Dole was about turning it, when suddenly I saw the congregation all about me give a great start, and look back. A young woman, barefooted, and with a coarse canvas frock about her, and her long hair hanging loose like a periwig, and sprinkled with ashes, came walking up the south aisle. Just as she got near Uncle Rawson's seat she stopped, and turning round towards the four corners of the house, cried out: "*Woe to the persecutors! Woe to them who for a pretence make long prayers! Humble yourselves, for this is the day of the Lord's power, and I am sent as a sign among you!*" As she looked towards me I knew her to be the Quaker maiden, Margaret Brewster. "Where

is the constable?" asked Mr. Richardson. "Let the woman be taken out." Thereupon the whole congregation arose, and there was a great uproar, men and women climbing the seats, and many crying out, some one thing and some another. In the midst of the noise, Mr. Sewall, getting up on a bench, begged the people to be quiet, and let the constable lead out the poor deluded creature. Mr. Richardson spake to the same effect, and, the tumult a little subsiding, I saw them taking the young woman out of the door; and, as many followed her, I went out also, with my brother, to see what became of her.

We found her in the middle of a great crowd of angry people, who reproached her for her wickedness in disturbing the worship on the Lord's day, calling her all manner of foul names, and threatening her with the stocks and the whipping-post. The poor creature stood still and quiet; she was deathly pale, and her wild hair and sackcloth frock gave her a very strange and pitiable look. The constable was about to take her in charge until the morrow, when Robert Pike came forward, and said he would answer for her appearance at the court the next day, and besought the people to let her go quietly to her home, which, after some parley, was agreed to. Robert then went up to her, and taking her hand, asked her to go with him. She looked up, and being greatly touched by his kindness, began to weep, telling him that it had been a sorrowful cross to her to do as she had done; but

that it had been long upon her mind, and that she did feel a relief now that she had found strength for obedience. He, seeing the people still following, hastened her away, and we all went back to the meeting-house. In the afternoon, Mr. Richardson gave notice that he should preach, next Lord's day, from the 12th and 13th verses of Jude, wherein the ranters and disturbers of the present day were very plainly spoken of.

This morning she hath been had before the magistrates, who, considering her youth and good behavior hitherto, did not proceed against her so far as many of the people desired. A fine was laid upon her, which both she and her father did profess they could not in conscience pay, whereupon she was ordered to be set in the stocks; but this Mr. Sewall, Robert Pike, and my brother would by no means allow, but paid the fine themselves, so that she was set at liberty, whereat the boys and rude women were not a little disappointed, as they had thought to make sport of her in the stocks. Mr. Pike, I hear, did speak openly in her behalf before the magistrates, saying that it was all along of the cruel persecution of these people that did drive them to such follies and breaches of the peace. Mr. Richardson, who hath heretofore been exceeding hard upon the Quakers, did, moreover, speak somewhat in excuse of her conduct, believing that she was instigated by her elders; and he therefore counselled the court that she should not be whipped.

August 1st.

Captain Sewall, R. Pike, and the minister, Mr. Richardson, at our house to-day. Captain Sewall, who lives mostly at Boston, says that a small vessel loaded with negroes, taken on the Madagascar coast, came last week into the harbor, and that the owner thereof had offered the negroes for sale as slaves, and that they had all been sold to magistrates, ministers, and other people of distinction in Boston and thereabouts. He said the negroes were principally women and children, and scarcely alive, by reason of their long voyage and hard fare. He thought it a great scandal to the Colony, and a reproach to the Church, that they should be openly trafficked, like cattle in the market. Uncle Rawson said it was not so formerly; for he did remember the case of Captain Smith and one Kesar, who brought negroes from Guinea thirty years ago. The General Court, urged thereto by Sir Richard Saltonstall and many of the ministers, passed an order that, for the purpose of "bearing a witness against the heinous sin of man-stealing, justly abhorred of all good and just men," the negroes should be taken back to their own country at the charge of the Colony; which was soon after done. Moreover, the two men, Smith and Kesar, were duly punished.

Mr. Richardson said he did make a distinction between the stealing of men from a nation at peace with us, and the taking of captives in war. The Scriptures did plainly warrant the holding of such, and especially if they be heathen.

Captain Sewall said he did, for himself, look upon all slave-holding as contrary to the Gospel and the New Dispensation. The Israelites had a special warrant for holding the heathen in servitude; but he had never heard any one pretend that he had that authority for enslaving Indians and blackamoors.

Hereupon Mr. Richardson asked him if he did not regard Deacon Dole as a godly man; and if he had aught to say against him and other pious men who held slaves. And he cautioned him to be careful, lest he should be counted an accuser of the brethren.

Here Robert Pike said he would tell of a matter which had fallen under his notice. "Just after the war was over," said he, "owing to the loss of my shallop in the Penobscot Bay, I chanced to be in the neighborhood of him they call the Baron of Castine, who hath a strong castle, with much cleared land and great fisheries at Byguyduce. I was preparing to make a fire and sleep in the woods, with my two men, when a messenger came from the Baron, saying that his master, hearing that strangers were in the neighborhood, had sent him to offer us food and shelter, as the night was cold and rainy. So without ado we went with him, and were shown into a comfortable room in a wing of the castle, where we found a great fire blazing, and a joint of venison with wheaten loaves on the table. After we had refreshed ourselves, the Baron sent for me, and I was led into a large, fair room,

where he was, with Modockawando, who was his father-in-law, and three or four other chiefs of the Indians, together with two of his priests. The Baron, who was a man of goodly appearance, received me with much courtesy; and when I told him my misfortune, he said he was glad it was in his power to afford us a shelter. He discoursed about the war, which he said had been a sad thing to the whites as well as the Indians, but that he now hoped the peace would be lasting. Whereupon, Modockawando, a very grave and serious heathen, who had been sitting silent with his friends, got up and spoke a loud speech to me, which I did not understand, but was told that he did complain of the whites for holding as slaves sundry Indian captives, declaring that it did provoke another war. His own sister's child, he said, was thus held in captivity. He entreated me to see the great Chief of our people (meaning the Governor), and tell him that the cries of the captives were heard by his young men, and that they were talking of digging up the hatchet which the old men had buried at Casco. I told the old savage that I did not justify the holding of Indians after the peace, and would do what I could to have them set at liberty, at which he seemed greatly rejoiced. Since I came back from Castine's country, I have urged the giving up of the Indians, and many have been released. Slavery is a hard lot, and many do account it worse than death. When in the Barbadoes, I was told that on one plantation, in the space of five years, a score of slaves had hanged themselves."

"Mr. Atkinson's Indian," said Captain Sewall, "whom he bought of a Virginia ship-owner, did, straightway on coming to his house, refuse meat; and although persuasions and whippings were tried to make him eat, he would not so much as take a sip of drink. I saw him a day or two before he died, sitting wrapped up in his blanket, and muttering to himself. It was a sad sight, and I pray God I may never see the like again. From that time I have looked upon the holding of men as slaves as a great wickedness. The Scriptures themselves do testify, that *he that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity.*"

After the company had gone, Rebecca sat silent and thoughtful for a time, and then bade her young serving-girl, whom her father had bought, about a year before, of the master of a Scotch vessel, and who had been sold to pay the cost of her passage, to come to her. She asked her if she had aught to complain of in her situation. The poor girl looked surprised, but said she had not. "Are you content to live as a servant?" asked Rebecca. "Would you leave me if you could?" She here fell a-weeping, begging her mistress not to speak of her leaving. "But if I should tell you that you are free to go or stay, as you will, would you be glad or sorry?" queried her mistress. The poor girl was silent. "I do not wish you to leave me, Effie," said Rebecca, "but I wish you to know that you are from henceforth free, and that if you serve me hereafter, as I trust you will, it will be in love and

good will, and for suitable wages." The bondswoman did not at the first comprehend the design of her mistress, but, on hearing it explained once more, she dropped down on her knees, and clasping Rebecca, poured forth her thanks after the manner of her people; whereupon Rebecca, greatly moved, bade her rise, as she had only done what the Scriptures did require, in *giving to her servant that which is just and equal.*

"How easy it is to make others happy, and ourselves also!" she said, turning to me, with the tears shining in her eyes.

August 8, 1678.

Elnathan Stone, who died two days ago, was buried this afternoon. A very solemn funeral, — Mr. Richardson preaching a sermon from the 23d Psalm, 4th verse: "*Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.*" Deacon Dole provided the wine and spirits, and Uncle Rawson the beer, and bread, and fish for the entertainment, and others of the neighbors did, moreover, help the widow to sundry matters of clothing suitable for the occasion, for she was very poor, and, owing to the long captivity and sickness of her son, she hath been much straitened at times. I am told that Margaret Brewster hath been like an angel of mercy unto her, watching often with the sick man, and helping her in her work, so that the poor woman is now fain to con-

fess that she hath a good and kind heart. A little time before Elnathan died, he did earnestly commend the said Margaret to the kindness of Cousin Rebecca, entreating her to make interest with the magistrates, and others in authority, in her behalf, that they might be merciful to her in her outgoings, as he did verily think they did come of a sense of duty, albeit mistaken. Mr. Richardson, who hath been witness to her gracious demeanor and charity, and who saith she does thereby shame many of his own people, hath often sought to draw her away from the new doctrines, and to set before her the dangerous nature of her errors; but she never lacketh answer of some sort, being naturally of good parts, and well read in the Scriptures.

August 10th.

I find the summer here greatly unlike that of mine own country. The heat is great, the sun shining very strong and bright; and for more than a month it hath been exceeding dry, without any considerable fall of rain, so that the springs fail in many places, and the watercourses are dried up, which doth bring to mind very forcibly the language of Job, concerning the brooks which the drouth consumeth: "*What time they wax warm they vanish; when it is hot they are consumed out of their place. The paths of their way are turned aside; they go to nothing and perish.*" The herbage and grass have lost much of the brightness which they did wear in the early summer; moreover, there be

fewer flowers to be seen. The fields and roads are dusty, and all things do seem to faint and wax old under the intolerable sun. Great locusts sing sharp in the hedges and bushes, and grasshoppers fly up in clouds, as it were, when one walks over the dry grass which they feed upon, and at nightfall mosquitos are no small torment. Whenever I do look forth at noonday, at which time the air is all aglow, with a certain glimmer and dazzle like that from an hot furnace, and see the poor fly-bitten cattle whisking their tails to keep off the venomous insects, or standing in the water of the low grounds for coolness, and the panting sheep lying together under the shade of trees, I must needs call to mind the summer season of Old England, the cool sea air, the soft-dropping showers, the fields so thick with grasses, and skirted with hedge-rows like green walls, the trees and shrubs all clean and moist, and the vines and creepers hanging over walls and gateways, very plenteous and beautiful to behold. Ah me! often in these days do I think of Hilton Grange, with its great oaks, and cool breezy hills and meadows green the summer long. I shut mine eyes, and lo! it is all before me like a picture; I see mine uncle's gray hairs beneath the trees, and my good aunt standeth in the doorway, and Cousin Oliver comes up in his field-dress, from the croft or the mill; I can hear his merry laugh, and the sound of his horse's hoofs ringing along the gravel-way. Our sweet Chaucer telleth of a mirror in the which he that looked did see all his past life; that magi-

cal mirror is no fable, for in the memory of love old things do return and show themselves as features do in the glass, with a perfect and most beguiling likeness.

Last night, Deacon Dole's Indian — One-eyed Tom, a surly fellow — broke into his master's shop, where he made himself drunk with rum, and, coming to the house, did greatly fright the womenfolk by his threatening words and gestures. Now, the Deacon coming home late from the church-meeting, and seeing him in this way, wherreted him smartly with his cane, whereupon he ran off, and came up the road howling and yelling like an evil spirit. Uncle Rawson sent his Irish man-servant to see what caused the ado ; but he straightway came running back, screaming "Murther! murther!" at the top of his voice. So uncle himself went to the gate, and presently called for a light, which Rebecca and I came with, inasmuch as the Irishman and Effie dared not go out. We found Tom sitting on the horse-block, the blood running down his face, and much bruised and swollen. He was very fierce and angry, saying that if he lived a month, he would make him a tobacco-pouch of the Deacon's scalp. Rebecca ventured to chide him for his threats, but offered to bind up his head for him, which she did with her own kerchief. Uncle Rawson then bade him go home and get to bed, and in future let alone strong drink, which had been the cause of his beating. This he would not do, but went off into the woods, muttering as far as one could hear him.

This morning Deacon Dole came in, and said his servant Tom had behaved badly, for which he did moderately correct him, and that he did thereupon run away, and he feared he should lose him. He bought him, he said, of Captain Davenport, who brought him from the Narragansett country, paying ten pounds and six shillings for him, and he could ill bear so great a loss. I ventured to tell him that it was wrong to hold any man, even an Indian or Guinea black, as a slave. My uncle, who saw that my plainness was not well taken, bade me not meddle with matters beyond my depth; and Deacon Dole, looking very surly at me, said I was a forward one; that he had noted that I did wear a light and idle look in the meeting-house; and, pointing with his cane to my hair, he said I did render myself liable to presentment by the Grand Jury for a breach of the statute of the General Court, made the year before, against "the immodest laying out of the hair," &c. He then went on to say that he had lived to see strange times, when such as I did venture to oppose themselves to sober and grave people, and to despise authority, and encourage rebellion and disorder; and bade me take heed lest all such be numbered with the cursed children which the Apostle did rebuke: "*Who, as natural brute beasts, speak evil of things they understand not, and shall utterly perish in their corruption.*" My dear Cousin Rebecca here put in a word in my behalf, and told the Deacon that Tom's misbehavior did all grow out of the

keeping of strong liquors for sale, and that he was wrong to beat him so cruelly, seeing that he did himself place the temptation before him. Thereupon the Deacon rose up angrily, bidding uncle look well to his forward household. "Nay, girls," quoth mine uncle, after his neighbor had left the house, "you have angered the good man sorely." — "Never heed," said Rebecca, laughing and clapping her hands, "he hath got something to think of more profitable, I trow, than Cousin Margaret's hair or looks in meeting. He has been tything of mint and anise and cummin long enough, and 't is high time for him to look after the weightier matters of the law."

The selling of beer and strong liquors, Mr. Sewall says, hath much increased since the troubles of the Colony and the great Indian war. The General Court do take some care to grant licenses only to discreet persons; but much liquor is sold without warrant. For mine own part, I think old Chaucer hath it right in his Pardoner's Tale: —

> "A likerous thing is wine, and drunkenness
> Is full of striving and of wretchedness.
> O drunken man! disfigured is thy face,
> Sour is thy breath, foul art thou to embrace;
> Thy tongue is lost, and all thine honest care,
> For drunkenness is very sepulture
> Of man's wit and his discretion."

AGAMENTICUS, August 18th.

The weather being clear and the heat great, last week uncle and aunt, with Rebecca and myself, and also Leonard and Sir Thomas, thought it a fitting time to make a little journey by water to the Isles of Shoals, and the Agamenticus, where dwelleth my Uncle Smith, who hath strongly pressed me to visit him. One Caleb Powell, a seafaring man, having a good new boat, with a small cabin, did undertake to convey us. He is a drolling odd fellow, who hath been in all parts of the world, and hath seen and read much, and, having a rare memory, is not ill company, although uncle saith one must make no small allowance for his desire of making his hearers marvel at his stories and conceits. We sailed with a good westerly wind down the river, passing by the great salt marshes, which stretch a long way by the sea, and in which the town's people be now very busy in mowing and gathering the grass for winter's use. Leaving on our right hand Plum Island (so called on account of the rare plums which do grow upon it), we struck into the open sea, and soon came in sight of the Islands of Shoals. There be seven of them in all, lying off the town of Hampton on the main-land, about a league. We landed on that called the Star, and were hospitably entertained through the day and night by Mr. Abbott, an old inhabitant of the islands, and largely employed in fisheries and trade, and with whom uncle had some business. In the afternoon Mr. Abbott's son rowed us about

among the islands, and showed us the manner of curing the dun-fish, for which the place is famed. They split the fishes, and lay them on the rocks in the sun, using little salt, but turning them often. There is a court-house on the biggest island, and a famous school, to which many of the planters on the main-land do send their children. We noted a great split in the rocks, where, when the Indians came to the islands many years ago, and killed some and took others captive, one Betty Moody did hide herself, and which is hence called *Betty Moody's Hole.* Also, the pile of rocks set up by the noted Captain John Smith, when he did take possession of the Isles in the year 1614. We saw our old acquaintance Peckanaminet and his wife, in a little birch canoe, fishing a short way off. Mr. Abbott says he well recollects the time when the Agawams were wellnigh cut off by the Tarratine Indians; for that early one morning, hearing a loud yelling and whooping, he went out on the point of the rocks, and saw a great fleet of canoes filled with Indians, going back from Agawam, and the noise they made he took to be their rejoicing over their victory.

In the evening a cold easterly wind began to blow, and it brought in from the ocean a damp fog, so that we were glad to get within doors. Sir Thomas entertained us by his lively account of things in Boston, and of a journey he had made to the Providence plantations. He then asked us if it was true, as he had learned from Mr. Mather, of

Boston, that there was an house in Newbury dolefully beset by Satan's imps, and that the family could get no sleep because of the doings of evil spirits. Uncle Rawson said he did hear something of it, and that Mr. Richardson had been sent for to pray against the mischief. Yet as he did count Goody Morse a poor silly woman, he should give small heed to her story; but here was her near neighbor, Caleb Powell, who could doubtless tell more concerning it. Whereupon, Caleb said it was indeed true that there was a very great disturbance in Goodman Morse's house; doors opening and shutting, household stuff whisked out of the room, and then falling down the chimney, and divers other strange things, many of which he had himself seen. Yet he did believe it might be accounted for in a natural way, especially as the old couple had a wicked, graceless boy living with them, who might be able to do the tricks by his great subtlety and cunning. Sir Thomas said it might be the boy; but that Mr. Josselin, who had travelled much hereabout, had told him that the Indians did practice witchcraft, — and that, now they were beaten in war, he feared they would betake themselves to it, and so do by their devilish wisdom what they could not do by force; and verily this did look much like the beginning of their enchantments. "That the Devil helpeth the heathen in this matter, I do myself know for a certainty," said Caleb Powell; "for when I was at Port Royal, many years ago, I did see with mine eyes the burning of

an old negro wizard, who had done to death many of the whites, as well as his own people, by a charm which he brought with him from the Guinea country." Mr. Hull, the minister of the place, who was a lodger in the house, said he had heard one Foxwell, a reputable planter at Saco, lately deceased, tell of a strange affair that did happen to himself, in a voyage to the eastward. Being in a small shallop, and overtaken by the night, he lay at anchor a little way off the shore, fearing to land on account of the Indians. Now, it did chance that they were waked about midnight by a loud voice from the land, crying out, *Foxwell, come ashore!* three times over; whereupon, looking to see from whence the voice did come, they beheld a great circle of fire on the beach, and men and women dancing about it in a ring. Presently they vanished, and the fire was quenched also. In the morning he landed, but found no Indians nor English, only brands' ends cast up by the waves; and he did believe, unto the day of his death, that it was a piece of Indian sorcery. "There be strange stories told of Passaconaway, the chief of the River Indians," he continued. "I have heard one say who saw it, that once, at the Patucket Falls, this chief, boasting of his skill in magic, picked up a dry skin of a snake, which had been cast off, as is the wont of the reptile, and making some violent motions of his body, and calling upon his Familiar, or Demon, he did presently cast it down upon the rocks, and it became a great black ser-

pent, which mine informant saw crawl off into some bushes, very nimble. This Passaconaway was accounted by his tribe to be a very cunning conjurer, and they do believe that he could brew storms, make water burn, and cause green leaves to grow on trees in the winter; and, in brief, it may be said of him, that he was not a whit behind the magicians of Egypt in the time of Moses."

"There be women in the cold regions about Norway," said Caleb Powell, "as I have heard the sailors relate, who do raise storms and sink boats at their will."

"It may well be," quoth Mr. Hull, "since Satan is spoken of as the prince and power of the air."

"The profane writers of old time do make mention of such sorceries," said Uncle Rawson. "It is long since I have read any of them; but Virgil and Apulius do, if I mistake not, speak of this power over the elements."

"Do you not remember, father," said Rebecca, "some verses of Tibullus, in which he speaketh of a certain enchantress? Some one hath rendered them thus:—

> "Her with charms drawing stars from heaven, I,
> And turning the course of rivers, did espy.
> She parts the earth, and ghosts from sepulchres
> Draws up, and fetcheth bones away from fires,
> And at her pleasure scatters clouds in the air,
> And makes it snow in summer hot and fair."

Here Sir Thomas laughingly told Rebecca, that he did put more faith in what these old writers did

tell of the magic arts of the sweet-singing sirens, and of Circe and her enchantments, and of the Illyrian maidens, so wonderful in their beauty, who did kill with their looks such as they were angry with.

"It was, perhaps, for some such reason," said Rebecca, "that, as Mr. Abbott tells me, the General Court many years ago did forbid women to live on these islands."

"Pray, how was that?" asked Sir Thomas.

"You must know," answered our host, "that in the early settlement of the Shoals, vessels coming for fish upon this coast did here make their harbor, bringing hither many rude sailors of different nations; and the Court judged that it was not a fitting place for women, and so did by law forbid their dwelling on the islands belonging to the Massachusetts."

He then asked his wife to get the order of the Court concerning her stay on the islands, remarking that he did bring her over from the Maine in despite of the law. So his wife fetched it, and Uncle Rawson read it, it being to this effect, — "That a petition having been sent to the Court, praying that the law might be put in force in respect to John Abbott his wife, the Court do judge it meet, if no further complaint come against her, that she enjoy the company of her husband." Whereat we all laughed heartily.

Next morning, the fog breaking away early, we set sail for Agamenticus, running along the coast

and off the mouth of the Piscataqua River, passing near where my lamented Uncle Edward dwelt, whose fame as a worthy gentleman and magistrate is still living. We had Mount Agamenticus before us all day, — a fair stately hill, rising up as it were from the water. Towards night a smart shower came on, with thunderings and lightnings such as I did never see or hear before ; and the wind blowing and a great rain driving upon us, we were for a time in much peril ; but, through God's mercy, it suddenly cleared up, and we went into the Agamenticus River with a bright sun. Before dark we got to the house of my honored uncle, where, he not being at home, his wife and daughters did receive us kindly.

September 10th.

I do find myself truly comfortable at this place. My two cousins, Polly and Thankful, are both young, unmarried women, very kind and pleasant, and, since my Newbury friends left, I have been learning of them many things pertaining to housekeeping, albeit I am still but a poor scholar. Uncle is Marshal of the Province, which takes him much from home ; and aunt, who is a sickly woman, keeps much in her chamber ; so that the affairs of the household and of the plantation do mainly rest upon the young women. If ever I get back to Hilton Grange again, I shall have tales to tell of my baking and brewing, of my pumpkin-pies, and bread made of the flour of the Indian corn ; yea,

more, of gathering of the wild fruit in the woods, and cranberries in the meadows, milking the cows, and looking after the pigs and barn-yard fowls. Then, too, we have had many pleasant little journeys by water and on horseback, young Mr. Jordan, of Spurwink, who hath asked Polly in marriage, going with us. A right comely youth he is, but a great Churchman, as might be expected, his father being the minister of the Black Point people, and very bitter towards the Massachusetts and its clergy and government. My uncle, who meddles little with Church matters, thinks him a hopeful young man, and not an ill suitor for his daughter. He hath been in England for his learning, and is accounted a scholar; but, although intended for the Church service, he inclineth more to the life of a planter, and taketh the charge of his father's plantation at Spurwink. Polly is not beautiful and graceful like Rebecca Rawson, but she hath freshness of youth and health, and a certain good-heartedness of look and voice, and a sweetness of temper which do commend her in the eyes of all. Thankful is older by some years, and, if not as cheerful and merry as her sister, it needs not be marvelled at, since one whom she loved was killed in the Narragansett country two years ago. O these bloody wars! There be few in these Eastern Provinces who have not been called to mourn the loss of some near and dear friend, so that of a truth *the land mourns.*

September 18th.

Meeting much disturbed yesterday, — a ranting Quaker coming in and sitting with his hat on in sermon time, humming and groaning, and rocking his body to and fro like one possessed. After a time he got up, and pronounced a great woe upon the priests, calling them many hard names, and declaring that the whole land stank with their hypocrisy. Uncle spake sharply to him, and bid hold his peace, but he only cried out the louder. Some young men then took hold of him, and carried him out. They brought him along close to my seat, he hanging like a bag of meal, with his eyes shut, as ill-favored a body as I ever beheld. The magistrates had him smartly whipped this morning, and sent out of the jurisdiction. I was told he was no true Quaker ; for, although a noisy, brawling hanger-on at their meetings, he is not in fellowship with the more sober and discreet of that people.

Rebecca writes me that the witchcraft in William Morse's house is much talked of, and that Caleb Powell hath been complained of as the wizard. Mr. Jordan the elder says he does in no wise marvel at the Devil's power in the Massachusetts, since at his instigation the rulers and ministers of the Colony have set themselves against the true and Gospel order of the Church, and do slander and persecute all who will not worship at their conventicles.

A Mr. Van Valken, a young gentleman of Dutch descent, and the agent of Mr. Edmund Andross,

of the Duke of York's Territory, is now in this place, being entertained by Mr. Godfrey, the late Deputy-Governor. He brought a letter for me from Aunt Rawson, whom he met in Boston. He is a learned, serious man, hath travelled a good deal, and hath an air of high breeding. The minister here thinks him a Papist, and a Jesuit, especially as he hath not called upon him, nor been to the meeting. He goes soon to Pemaquid, to take charge of that fort and trading station, which have greatly suffered by the war.

September 30th.

Yesterday, Cousin Polly and myself, with young Mr. Jordan, went up to the top of the mountain, which is some miles from the harbor. It is not hard to climb in respect to steepness, but it is so tangled with bushes and vines, that one can scarce break through them. The open places were yellow with golden rods, and the pale asters were plenty in the shade, and by the side of the brooks, that with pleasing noise did leap down the hill. When we got upon the top, which is bare and rocky, we had a fair view of the coast, with its many windings and its islands, from the Cape Ann, near Boston, to the Cape Elizabeth, near Casco, the Piscataqua and Agamenticus Rivers; and away in the northwest we could see the peaks of mountains looking like summer clouds or banks of gray fog. These mountains lie many leagues off in the wilderness, and are said to be exceeding lofty.

But I must needs speak of the color of the woods, which did greatly amaze me, as unlike anything I had ever seen in old England. As far as mine eyes could look, the mighty wilderness, under the bright westerly sun, and stirred by a gentle wind, did seem like a garden in its season of flowering; green, dark, and light, orange, and pale yellow, and crimson leaves, mingling and interweaving their various hues, in a manner truly wonderful to behold. It is owing, I am told, to the sudden frosts, which in this climate do smite the vegetation in its full life and greenness, so that in the space of a few days the colors of the leaves are marvellously changed and brightened. These colors did remind me of the stains of the windows of old churches, and of rich tapestry. The maples were all aflame with crimson, the walnuts were orange, the hemlocks and cedars were wellnigh black; while the slender birches, with their pale yellow leaves, seemed painted upon them as pictures are laid upon a dark ground. I gazed until mine eyes grew weary, and a sense of the wonderful beauty of the visible creation, and of God's great goodness to the children of men therein, did rest upon me, and I said in mine heart, with one of old: "*O Lord! how manifold are thy works: in wisdom hast thou made them all, and the earth is full of thy riches.*"

October 6th.

Walked out to the iron mines, a great hole digged in the rocks, many years ago, for the finding of iron. Aunt, who was then just settled in housekeeping, told me many wonderful stories of the man who caused it to be digged, a famous doctor of physic, and, as it seems, a great wizard also. He bought a patent of land on the south side of the Saco River, four miles by the sea, and eight miles up into the main-land of Mr. Vines, the first owner thereof; and being curious in the seeking and working of metals, did promise himself great riches in this new country; but his labors came to nothing, although it was said that Satan helped him, in the shape of a little blackamoor man-servant, who was his constant familiar. My aunt says she did often see him, wandering about among the hills and woods, and along the banks of streams of water, searching for precious ores and stones. He had even been as far as the great mountains, beyond Pigwackett, climbing to the top thereof, where the snows lie wellnigh all the year, his way thither lying through doleful swamps and lonesome woods. He was a great friend of the Indians, who held him to be a more famous conjurer than their own powahs; and, indeed, he was learned in all curious and occult arts, having studied at the great College of Padua, and travelled in all parts of the old countries. He sometimes stopped in his travels at my uncle's house, the little blackamoor sleeping in the barn, for my aunt feared him, as he

was reputed to be a wicked imp. Now it so chanced that on one occasion my uncle had lost a cow, and had searched the woods many days for her to no purpose, when, this noted doctor coming in, he besought him to find her out by his skill and learning; but he did straightway deny his power to do so, saying he was but a poor scholar, and lover of science, and had no greater skill in occult matters than any one might attain to by patient study of natural things. But as mine uncle would in no wise be so put of, and still pressing him to try his art, he took a bit of coal, and began to make marks on the floor, in a very careless way. Then he made a black dot in the midst, and bade my uncle take heed that his cow was lying dead in that spot; and my uncle looking at it, said he could find her, for he now knew where she was, inasmuch as the doctor had made a fair map of the country round about for many miles. So he set off, and found the cow lying at the foot of a great tree, close beside a brook, she being quite dead, which thing did show that he was a magician of no mean sort.

My aunt further said, that in those days there was great talk of mines of gold and precious stones, and many people spent all their substance in wandering about over the wilderness country seeking a fortune in this way. There was one old man, who, she remembered, did roam about seeking for hidden treasures, until he lost his wits, and might be seen filling a bag with bright stones and shining sand, muttering and laughing to himself. He was

at last missed for some little time, when he was found lying dead in the woods, still holding fast in his hands his bag of pebbles.

On my querying whether any did find treasures hereabout, my aunt laughed, and said she never heard of but one man who did so, and that was old Peter Preble of Saco, who, growing rich faster than his neighbors, was thought to owe his fortune to the finding of a gold or silver mine. When he was asked about it, he did by no means deny it, but confessed he had found treasures in the sea as well as on the land; and, pointing to his loaded fish-flakes and his great cornfields, said, "Here are my mines." So that afterwards, when any one prospered greatly in his estate, it was said of him by his neighbors, "*He has been working Peter Preble's mine.*"

October 8th.

Mr. Van Valken, the Dutchman, had before Mr. Rishworth, one of the Commissioners of the Province, charged with being a Papist and a Jesuit. He bore himself, I am told, haughtily enough, denying the right to call him in question, and threatening the interference of his friend and ruler, Sir Edmund, on account of the wrong done him. My uncle and others did testify that he was a civil and courteous gentleman, not intermeddling with matters of a religious nature; and that they did regard it as a foul shame to the town that he should be molested in this wise. But the minister put them

to silence, by testifying that he (Van Valken) had given away sundry Papist books; and, one of them being handed to the Court, it proved to be a Latin Treatise, by a famous Papist, intituled, "The Imitation of Christ." Hereupon, Mr. Godfrey asked if there was aught evil in the book. The minister said it was written by a monk, and was full of heresy, favoring both the Quakers and the Papists; but Mr. Godfrey told him it had been rendered into the English tongue, and printed some years before in the Massachusetts Bay; and asked him if he did accuse such men as Mr. Cotton and Mr. Wilson, and the pious ministers of their day, of heresy. "Nay," quoth the minister, "they did see the heresy of the book, and, on their condemning it, the General Court did forbid its sale." Mr. Rishworth hereupon said he did judge the book to be pernicious, and bade the constable burn it in the street, which he did. Mr. Van Valken, after being gravely admonished, was set free; and he now saith he is no Papist, but that he would not have said that much to the Court to save his life, inasmuch as he did deny its right of arraigning him. Mr. Godfrey says the treatment whereof he complains is but a sample of what the people hereaway are to look for from the Massachusetts jurisdiction. Mr. Jordan, the younger, says his father hath a copy of the condemned book, of the Boston printing; and I being curious to see it, he offers to get it for me.

Like unto Newbury, this is an old town for so

new a country. It was made a city in 1642, and took the name of *Gorgeana*, after that of the lord proprietor, Sir Ferdinando Gorges. The government buildings are spacious, but now falling into decay somewhat. There be a few stone houses, but the major part are framed, or laid up with square logs. The look of the land a little out of the town is rude and unpleasing, being much covered with stones and stumps; yet the soil is said to be strong, and the pear and apple do flourish well here; also they raise rye, oats, and barley, and the Indian corn, and abundance of turnips, as well as pumpkins, squashes, and melons. The war with the Indians, and the troubles and changes of government, have pressed heavily upon this and other towns of the Maine, so that I am told that there be now fewer wealthy planters here than there were twenty years ago, and little increase of sheep or horned cattle. The people do seem to me less sober and grave, in their carriage and conversation, than they of the Massachusetts, — hunting, fishing, and fowling more, and working on the land less. Nor do they keep the Lord's Day so strict; many of the young people going abroad, both riding and walking, visiting each other, and diverting themselves, especially after the meetings are over.

October 9th.

Goodwife Nowell, an ancient gossip of mine aunt's, looking in this morning, and talking of the trial of the Dutchman, Van Valken, spake of the coming into

these parts many years ago of one Sir Christopher Gardiner, who was thought to be a Papist. He sought lodgings at her house for one whom he called his cousin, a fair young woman, together with her serving girl, who did attend upon her. She tarried about a month, seeing no one, and going out only towards the evening, accompanied by her servant. She spake little, but did seem melancholy and exceeding mournful, often crying very bitterly. Sir Christopher came only once to see her, and Nowell saith she well remembers seeing her take leave of him on the roadside, and come back weeping and sobbing dolefully; and that a little time after, hearing that he had gotten into trouble in Boston as a Papist and man of loose behavior, she suddenly took her departure in a vessel sailing for the Massachusetts, leaving to her, in pay for house-room and diet, a few coins, a gold cross, and some silk stuffs and kerchiefs. The cross being such as the Papists do worship, and therefore unlawful, her husband did beat it into a solid wedge privately, and kept it from the knowledge of the minister and the magistrates. But as the poor man never prospered after, but lost his cattle and grain, and two of their children dying of measles the next year, and he himself being sickly, and near his end, he spake to her of the golden cross, saying that he did believe it was a great sin to keep it, as he had done, and that it had wrought evil upon him, even as the wedge of gold, and the shekels, and Babylonish garment

did upon Achan, who was stoned, with all his house, in the valley of Achor; and the minister coming in, and being advised concerning it, he judged that although it might be a sin to keep it hidden from a love of riches, it might, nevertheless, be safely used to support Gospel preaching and ordinances, and so did himself take it away. The goodwife says, that notwithstanding her husband died soon after, yet herself and household did from thenceforth begin to amend their estate and condition.

Seeing me curious concerning this Sir Christopher and his cousin, Goodwife Nowell said there was a little parcel of papers which she found in her room after the young woman went away, and she thought they might yet be in some part of her house, though she had not seen them for a score of years. Thereupon, I begged of her to look for them, which she promised to do.

October 14th.

A strange and wonderful providence! Last night there was a great company of the neighbors at my uncle's, to help him in the husking and stripping of the corn, as is the custom in these parts. The barn-floor was about half-filled with the corn in its dry leaves; the company sitting down on blocks and stools before it, plucking off the leaves, and throwing the yellow ears into baskets. A pleasant and merry evening we had; and when the corn was nigh stripped, I went into the house with Cousin Thankful, to look to the supper and the

laying of the tables, when we heard a loud noise in the barn, and one of the girls came running in, crying out, "O Thankful! Thankful! John Gibbins has appeared to us! His spirit is in the barn!" The plates dropt from my cousin's hand, and, with a faint cry, she fell back against the wall for a little space; when, hearing a man's voice without, speaking her name, she ran to the door, with the look of one beside herself; while I, trembling to see her in such a plight, followed her. There was a clear moon, and a tall man stood in the light close to the door.

"John," said my cousin, in a quick, choking voice, "is it you?"

"Why, Thankful, don't you know me? I'm alive; but the folks in the barn will have it that I'm a ghost," said the man, springing towards her.

With a great cry of joy and wonder, my cousin caught hold of him: "O John, you *are* alive!"

Then she swooned quite away, and we had a deal to do to bring her to life again. By this time, the house was full of people, and among the rest came John's old mother and his sisters, and we all did weep and laugh at the same time. As soon as we got a little quieted, John told us that he had indeed been grievously stunned by the blow of a tomahawk, and been left for dead by his comrades, but that after a time he did come to his senses, and was able to walk; but, falling into the hands of the Indians, he was carried off to the French Canadas, where, by reason of his great sufferings on the way, he fell sick, and lay for a long time at the point of

death. That when he did get about again, the savage who lodged him, and who had taken him as a son, in the place of his own, slain by the Mohawks, would not let him go home, although he did confess that the war was at an end. His Indian father, he said, who was feeble and old, died not long ago, and he had made his way home by the way of Crown Point and Albany. Supper being ready, we all sat down, and the minister, who had been sent for, offered thanks for the marvellous preserving and restoring of the friend who was lost and now was found, as also for the blessings of peace, by reason of which every man could now sit *under his own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make him afraid*, and for the abundance of the harvest, and the treasures of the seas, and the spoil of the woods, so that our land might take up the song of the Psalmist: "*The Lord doth build up Jerusalem; he gathereth the outcasts of Israel; he healeth the broken in heart. Praise thy God, oh Zion! For he strengtheneth the bars of thy gates, he maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of wheat.*" O! a sweet supper we had, albeit little was eaten, for we were filled full of joy, and needed not other food. When the company had gone, my dear cousin and her betrothed went a little apart, and talked of all that had happened unto them during their long separation. I left them sitting lovingly together in the light of the moon, and a measure of their unspeakable happiness did go with me to my pillow.

This morning, Thankful came to my bedside to pour out her heart to me. The poor girl is like a new creature. The shade of her heavy sorrow, which did formerly rest upon her countenance, hath passed off like a morning cloud, and her eye hath the light of a deep and quiet joy.

"I now know," said she, "what David meant when he said, '*We are like them that dream; our mouth is filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing; the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad!*'"

October 18th.

A cloudy wet day. Goody Nowell brought me this morning a little parcel of papers, which she found in the corner of a closet. They are much stained and smoked, and the mice have eaten them sadly, so that I can make little of them. They seem to be letters, and some fragments of what did take place in the life of a young woman of quality from the North of England. I find frequent mention made of Cousin Christopher, who is also spoken of as a soldier in the wars with the Turks, and as a Knight of Jerusalem. Poorly as I can make out the meaning of these fragments, I have read enough to make my heart sad, for I gather from them that the young woman was in early life betrothed to her cousin, and that afterwards, owing, as I judge, to the authority of her parents, she did part with him, he going abroad, and entering into the wars, in the belief that she was to wed another. But it seemed that the heart of the young woman

did so plead for her cousin, that she could not be brought to marry as her family willed her to do; and, after a lapse of years, she, by chance hearing that Sir Christopher had gone to the New England, where he was acting as an agent of his kinsman, Sir Ferdinando Gorges, in respect to the Maine Province, did privately leave her home, and take passage in a Boston bound ship. How she did make herself known to Sir Christopher, I find no mention made; but, he now being a Knight of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and vowed to forego marriage, as is the rule of that Order, and being, moreover, as was thought, a priest or Jesuit, her great love and constancy could meet with but a sorrowful return on his part. It does appear, however, that he journeyed to Montreal, to take counsel of some of the great Papist priests there, touching the obtaining of a dispensation from the Head of the Church, so that he might marry the young woman; but, getting no encouragement therein, he went to Boston to find a passage for her to England again. He was there complained of as a Papist; and the coming over of his cousin being moreover known, a great and cruel scandal did arise from it, and he was looked upon as a man of evil life, though I find nothing to warrant such a notion, but much to the contrary thereof. What became of him and the young woman, his cousin, in the end, I do not learn.

One small parcel did affect me even unto tears. It was a paper containing some dry, withered leaves

of roses, with these words written on it: "To Anna, from her loving cousin, Christopher Gardiner, being the first rose that hath blossomed this season in the College garden. *St. Omer's, June,* 1630." I could but think how many tears had been shed over this little token, and how often, through long, weary years, it did call to mind the sweet joy of early love, of that fairest blossom of the spring of life of which it was an emblem, alike in its beauty and its speedy withering.

There be moreover among the papers sundry verses, which do seem to have been made by Sir Christopher; they are in the Latin tongue, and inscribed to his cousin, bearing date many years before the twain were in this country, and when he was yet a scholar at the Jesuits' College of St. Omer's, in France. I find nothing of a later time, save the verses which I herewith copy, over which there are, in a woman's handwriting, these words:

"VERSES

"Writ by Sir Christopher when a prisoner among the Turks in Moldavia, and expecting death at their hands.

1.

"Ere down the blue Carpathian hills
The sun shall fall again,
Farewell this life and all its ills,
Farewell to cell and chain!

2.

"These prison shades are dark and cold,
But darker far than they

The shadow of a sorrow old
Is on mine heart alway.

3.

"For since the day when Warkworth wood
Closed o'er my steed and I, —
An alien from my name and blood, —
A weed cast out to die;

4.

"When, looking back, in sunset light
I saw her turret gleam,
And from its window, far and white,
Her sign of farewell stream;

5.

"Like one who from some desert shore
Does home's green isles descry,
And, vainly longing, gazes o'er
The waste of wave and sky.

6.

"So, from the desert of my fate,
Gaze I across the past;
And still upon life's dial-plate
The shade is backward cast!

7.

"I 've wandered wide from shore to shore,
I've knelt at many a shrine,
And bowed me to the rocky floor
Where Bethlehem's tapers shine;

8.

"And by the Holy Sepulchre
I 've pledged my knightly sword,
To Christ his blessed Church, and her
The Mother of our Lord!

9.

"O, vain the vow, and vain the strife!
How vain do all things seem!
My soul is in the past, and life
To-day is but a dream.

10.

"In vain the penance strange and long,
And hard for flesh to bear;
The prayer, the fasting, and the thong,
And sackcloth shirt of hair:

11.

"The eyes of memory will not sleep,
Its ears are open still,
And vigils with the past they keep
Against or with my will.

12.

"And still the loves and hopes of old
Do evermore uprise;
I see the flow of locks of gold,
The shine of loving eyes.

13.

"Ah me! upon another's breast
Those golden locks recline;
I see upon another rest
The glance that once was mine!

14.

"'O, faithless priest! O, perjured knight!'
I hear the master cry,
'Shut out the vision from thy sight,
Let earth and nature die.

15.

"'The Church of God is now my spouse,
And thou the bridegroom art;
Then let the burden of thy vows
Keep down thy human heart.'

16.

"In vain! — This heart its grief must know,
Till life itself hath ceased,
And falls beneath the self-same blow
The lover and the priest!

17.

"O, pitying Mother! souls of light,
And saints and martyrs old,
Pray for a weak and sinful knight,
A suffering man uphold.

18.

"Then let the Paynim work his will,
Let death unbind my chain,
Ere down yon blue Carpathian hill
The sunset falls again!"

My heart is heavy with the thought of these unfortunates. Where be they now? Did the knight forego his false worship and his vows, and so marry his beloved Anna? Or did they part forever, — she going back to her kinsfolk, and he to his companions of Malta? Did he perish at the hands of the infidels, and does the maiden sleep in the family tomb, under her father's oaks? Alas! who can tell? I must needs leave them, and their sorrows and trials, to Him who doth not willingly afflict the

children of men; and whatsoever may have been their sins and their follies, my prayer is, that they may be forgiven, for they loved much.

October 20th.

I do purpose to start to-morrow for the Massachusetts, going by boat to the Piscataqua River, and thence by horse to Newbury.

Young Mr. Jordan spent yesterday and last night with us. He is a goodly youth, of a very sweet and gentle disposition; nor doth he seem to me to lack spirit, although his father (who liketh not his quiet ways and easy temper, so contrary to his own, and who is sorely disappointed in that he hath chosen the life of a farmer to that of a minister, for which he did intend him) often accuseth him of that infirmity. Last night we had much pleasant discourse touching the choice he hath made; and when I told him that perhaps he might have become a great prelate in the Church, and dwelt in a palace, and made a great lady of our cousin; whereas now I did see no better prospect for him than to raise corn for his wife to make pudding of, and chop wood to boil her kettle, he laughed right merrily, and said he should never have gotten higher than a curate in a poor parish; and as for Polly, he was sure she was more at home in making puddings than in playing the fine lady.

"For my part," he continued, in a serious manner, "I have no notion that the pulpit is my place; I like the open fields and sky better than the grand-

est churches of man's building; and when the wind sounds in the great grove of pines on the hill near our house, I doubt if there be a choir in all England so melodious and solemn. These painted autumn woods, and this sunset light, and yonder clouds of gold and purple, do seem to me better fitted to provoke devotional thoughts, and to awaken a becoming reverence and love for the Creator, than the stained windows and lofty arched roofs of old minsters. I do know, indeed, that there be many of our poor busy planters, who, by reason of ignorance, ill-breeding, and lack of quiet for contemplation, do see nothing in these things, save as they do affect their crops of grain or grasses, or their bodily comforts in one way or another. But to them whose minds have been enlightened and made large and free by study and much reflection, and whose eyes have been taught to behold the beauty and fitness of things, and whose ears have been so opened that they can hear the ravishing harmonies of the creation, the life of a planter is very desirable even in this wilderness, and notwithstanding the toil and privation thereunto appertaining. There be fountains gushing up in the hearts of such, sweeter than the springs of water which flow from the hillsides, where they sojourn; and therein, also, flowers of the summer do blossom all the year long. *The brutish man knoweth not this, neither doth the fool comprehend it.*"

"See, now," said Polly to me, "how hard he is upon us poor unlearned folk."

"Nay, to tell the truth," said he, turning towards me, "your cousin here is to be held not a little accountable for my present inclinations; for she it was who did confirm and strengthen them. While I had been busy over books, she had been questioning the fields and the woods; and, as if the old fables of the poets were indeed true, she did get answers from them, as the priestesses and sibyls did formerly from the rustling of leaves and trees, and the sounds of running waters; so that she could teach me much concerning the uses and virtues of plants and shrubs, and of their time of flowering and decay; of the nature and habitudes of wild animals and birds, the changes of the air, and of the clouds and winds. My science, so called, had given me little more than the names of things which to her were familiar and common. It was in her company that I learned to read nature as a book always open, and full of delectable teachings, until my poor school-lore did seem undesirable and tedious, and the very chatter of the noisy blackbirds in the spring meadows more profitable and more pleasing than the angry disputes and the cavils and subtleties of schoolmen and divines."

My cousin blushed, and, smiling through her moist eyes at this language of her beloved friend, said that I must not believe all he said; for, indeed, it was along of his studies of the heathen poets that he had first thought of becoming a farmer. And she asked him to repeat some of the verses which he had at his tongue's end. He

laughed, and said he did suppose she meant some lines of Horace, which had been thus Englished: —

"I often wished I had a farm,
A decent dwelling, snug and warm,
A garden, and a spring as pure
As crystal flowing by my door,
Besides an ancient oaken grove,
Where at my leisure I might rove.

"The gracious gods, to crown my bliss,
Have granted this, and more than this, —
They promise me a modest spouse,
To light my hearth and keep my house.
I ask no more than, free from strife,
To hold these blessings all my life!"

I am exceedingly pleased, I must say, with the prospect of my cousin Polly. Her suitor is altogether a worthy young man; and, making allowances for the uncertainty of all human things, she may well look forward to a happy life with him. I shall leave behind on the morrow, dear friends, who were strangers unto me a few short weeks ago, but in whose joys and sorrows I shall henceforth always partake, so far as I do come to the knowledge of them, whether or no I behold their faces any more in this life.

HAMPTON, October 24th, 1678.

I took leave of my good friends at Agamenticus, or York, as it is now called, on the morning after

the last date in my journal, going in a boat with my uncle to Piscataqua and Strawberry Bank. It was a cloudy day, and I was chilled through before we got to the mouth of the river; but, as the high wind was much in our favor, we were enabled to make the voyage in a shorter time than is common. We stopped a little at the house of a Mr. Cutts, a man of some note in these parts; but he being from home, and one of the children sick with a quinsy, we went up the river to Strawberry Bank, where we tarried over night. The woman who entertained us had lost her husband in the war, and having to see to the ordering of matters out of doors in this busy season of harvest, it was no marvel that she did neglect those within. I made a comfortable supper of baked pumpkin and milk, and for lodgings I had a straw bed on the floor, in the dark loft, which was piled wellnigh full with corn-ears, pumpkins, and beans, besides a great deal of old household trumpery, wool, and flax, and the skins of animals. Although tired of my journey, it was some little time before I could get asleep; and it so fell out, that after the folks of the house were all abed, and still, it being, as I judge, nigh midnight, I chanced to touch with my foot a pumpkin lying near the bed, which set it a-rolling down the stairs, bumping hard on every stair as it went. Thereupon I heard a great stir below, the woman and her three daughters crying out that the house was haunted. Presently she called to me from the foot of the stairs, and asked me if I did

hear anything. I laughed so at all this, that it was some time before I could speak; when I told her I did hear a thumping on the stairs. "Did it seem to go up, or down?" inquired she, anxiously; and on my telling her that the sound went downward, she set up a sad cry, and they all came fleeing into the corn-loft, the girls bouncing upon my bed, and hiding under the blanket, and the old woman praying and groaning, and saying that she did believe it was the spirit of her poor husband. By this time my uncle, who was lying on the settle in the room below, hearing the noise, got up, and stumbling over the pumpkin, called to know what was the matter. Thereupon the woman bade him flee up stairs, for there was a ghost in the kitchen. "Pshaw!" said my uncle, "is that all? I thought to be sure the Indians had come." As soon as I could speak for laughing, I told the poor creature what it was that so frightened her; at which she was greatly vexed; and, after she went to bed again, I could hear her scolding me for playing tricks upon honest people.

We were up betimes in the morning, which was bright and pleasant. Uncle soon found a friend of his, a Mr. Weare, who, with his wife, was to go to his home, at Hampton, that day, and who did kindly engage to see me thus far on my way. At about eight of the clock got upon our horses, the woman riding on a pillion behind her husband. Our way was for some miles through the woods, getting at times a view of the sea, and passing some good,

thriving plantations. The woods in this country are by no means like those of England, where the ancient trees are kept clear of bushes and undergrowth, and the sward beneath them is shaven clean and close; whereas here they be much tangled with vines, and the dead boughs and logs which have fallen, from their great age, or which the storms do beat off, or the winter snows and ices do break down. Here, also, through the thick matting of dead leaves, all manner of shrubs and bushes, some of them very sweet and fair in their flowering, and others greatly prized for their healing virtues, do grow up plenteously. In the season of them, many wholesome fruits abound in the woods, such as blue and black berries. We passed many trees, well loaded with walnuts and oilnuts, seeming all alive, as it were, with squirrels, striped, red, and gray, the last having a large, spreading tail, which Mr. Weare told me they do use as a sail, to catch the wind, that it may blow them over rivers and creeks, on pieces of bark, in some sort like that wonderful shell-fish which transformeth itself into a boat, and saileth on the waves of the sea. We also found grapes, both white and purple, hanging down in clusters from the trees, over which the vines did run, nigh upon as large as those which the Jews of old plucked at Eschol. The air was sweet and soft, and there was a clear, but not a hot, sun, and the chirping of squirrels, and the noise of birds, and the sound of the waves breaking on the beach a little distance off, and the

leaves, at every breath of the wind in the tree-tops, whirling and fluttering down about me, like so many yellow and scarlet-colored birds, made the ride wonderfully pleasant and entertaining.

Mr. Weare, on the way, told me that there was a great talk of the bewitching of Goodman Morse's house at Newbury, and that the case of Caleb Powell was still before the Court, he being vehemently suspected of the mischief. I told him I thought the said Caleb was a vain, talking man, but nowise of a wizard. The thing most against him, Mr. Weare said, was this: that he did deny at the first that the house was troubled by evil spirits, and even went so far as to doubt that such things could be at all. "Yet many wiser men than Caleb Powell do deny the same," I said. "True," answered he; "but, as good Mr. Richardson, of Newbury, well saith, there have never lacked Sadducees, who believe not in angel or spirit." I told the story of the disturbance at Strawberry Bank the night before, and how so silly a thing as a rolling pumpkin did greatly terrify a whole household; and said I did not doubt this Newbury trouble was something very like it. Hereupon the good woman took the matter up, saying she had been over to Newbury, and had seen with her own eyes, and heard with her own ears; and that she could say of it as the Queen of Sheba did of Solomon's glory, "The half had not been told her." She then went on to tell me of many marvellous and truly unaccountable things, so that I must

needs think there is an invisible hand at work there.

We reached Hampton about one hour before noon; and riding up the road towards the meeting-house, to my great joy, Uncle Rawson, who had business with the Commissioners then sitting, came out to meet me, bidding me go on to Mr. Weare's house, whither he would follow me when the Court did adjourn. He came thither accordingly, to sup and lodge, bringing with him Mr. Pike the elder, one of the magistrates, a grave, venerable man, the father of mine old acquaintance, Robert. Went in the evening with Mistress Weare and her maiden sister, to see a young girl in the neighborhood, said to be possessed, or bewitched; but for mine own part I did see nothing in her behavior beyond that of a vicious and spoiled child, delighting in mischief. Her grandmother, with whom she lives, lays the blame on an ill-disposed woman, named Susy Martin, living in Salisbury. Mr. Pike, who dwells near this Martin, saith she is no witch, although an arrant scold, as was her mother before her; and as for the girl, he saith that a birch twig, smartly laid on, would cure her sooner than the hanging of all the old women in the Colony. Mistress Weare says this is not the first time the Evil Spirit hath been at work in Hampton; for they did all remember the case of Goody Marston's child, who was, from as fair and promising an infant as one would wish to see, changed into the likeness of an ape, to the great grief and sore shame of its

parents ; and, moreover, that when the child died, there was seen by more than one person a little old woman in a blue cloak, and petticoat of the same color, following on after the mourners, and looking very like old Eunice Cole, who was then locked fast in Ipswich jail, twenty miles off. Uncle Rawson says he has all the papers in his possession touching the trial of this Cole, and will let me see them when we get back to Newbury. There was much talk on this matter, which so disturbed my fancy that I slept but poorly. This afternoon we go over to Newbury, where, indeed, I do greatly long to be once more.

NEWBURY, October 26th.

Cousin Rebecca gone to Boston, and not expected home until next week. The house seems lonely without her. R. Pike looked in upon us this morning, telling us that there was a rumor in Boston, brought by way of the New York Colony, that a great Papist Plot had been discovered in England, and that it did cause much alarm in London and thereabout. R. Pike saith he doubts not the Papists do plot, it being the custom of their Jesuits so to do ; but that, nevertheless, it would be no strange thing if it should be found that the Bishops and the Government did set this rumor a-going, for the excuse and occasion of some new persecutions of Independents and godly people.

October 27th.

Mr. Richardson preached yesterday, from Deuteronomy xviii. 10th, 11th, and 12th verses. An ingenious and solid discourse, in which he showed that, as among the heathen nations surrounding the Jews, there were sorcerers, charmers, wizards, and consulters with familiar spirits, who were an abomination to the Lord, so in our time the heathen nations of Indians had also their powahs and panisees and devilish wizards, against whom the warning of the text might well be raised by the watchmen on the walls of our Zion. He moreover said that the arts of the Adversary were now made manifest in this place in a most strange and terrible manner, and it did become the duty of all godly persons to pray and wrestle with the Lord, that they who have made a covenant with hell may be speedily discovered in their wickedness, and cut off from the congregation. An awful discourse, which made many tremble and quake, and did quite overcome Goodwife Morse, she being a weakly woman, so that she had to be carried out of the meeting.

It being cold weather, and a damp easterly wind keeping me within doors, I have been looking over with uncle his papers about the Hampton witch, Eunice Cole, who was twice tried for her mischiefs; and I incline to copy some of them, as I know they will be looked upon as worthy of record by my dear Cousin Oliver and mine other English friends. I find that as long ago as the year 1656, this same Eunice Cole was complained of, and many wit-

nesses did testify to her wickedness. Here followeth some of the evidence on the first trial: —

"The deposition of Goody Marston and Goodwife Susanna Palmer, who, being sworn, sayeth, that Goodwife Cole saith that she was sure there was a witch in town, and that she knew where he dwelt, and who they are, and that thirteen years ago she knew one bewitched as Goodwife Marston's child was, and she was sure that party was bewitched, for it told her so, and it was changed from a man to an ape, as Goody Marston's child was, and she had prayed this thirteen year that God would discover that witch. And further the deponent saith not.

"Taken on oath before the Commissioners of Hampton, the 8th of the 2nd mo., 1656.

"WILLIAM FULLER.
HENRY DOW.

"Vera copea:

THOS. BRADBURY, *Recorder.*

"Sworn before, the 4th of September, 1656,

"EDWARD RAWSON.

"Thomas Philbrick testifieth that Goody Cole told him that if any of his calves did eat of her grass, she hoped it would poison them; and it fell out that one never came home again, and the other coming home died soon after.

"Henry Morelton's wife and Goodwife Sleeper depose that, talking about Goody Cole and Marston's child, they did hear a great scraping against the boards of the window, which was not done by a cat or dog.

"Thomas Coleman's wife testifies that Goody Cole did repeat to another the very words which passed between herself and her husband, in their own house, in

private; and Thomas Ormsby, the constable of Salisbury, testifies, that when he did strip Eunice Cole of her shift, to be whipped, by the judgment of the Court at Salisbury, he saw a witch's mark under her left breast. Moreover, one Abra. Drake doth depose and say, that this Goody Cole threatened that the hand of God would be against his cattle, and forthwith two of his cattle died, and before the end of summer a third also."

About five years ago, she was again presented by the Jury for the Massachusetts jurisdiction, for having "entered into a covenant with the Devil, contrary to the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, his crown and dignity, the laws of God and this jurisdiction"; and much testimony was brought against her, tending to show her to be an arrant witch. For it seems she did fix her evil eye upon a little maid named Ann Smith, to entice her to her house, appearing unto her in the shape of a little old woman, in a blue coat, a blue cap, and a blue apron, and a white neckcloth, and presently changing into a dog, and running up a tree, and then into an eagle flying in the air, and lastly into a gray cat, speaking to her, and troubling her in a grievous manner. Moreover, the constable of the town of Hampton testifies, that, having to supply Goody Cole with diet, by order of the town, she being poor, she complained much of him, and after that his wife could bake no bread in the oven which did not speedily rot and become loathsome to the smell, but the same meal baked at a neighbor's

made good and sweet bread; and, further, that one night there did enter into their chamber a smell like that of the bewitched bread, only more loathsome, and plainly diabolical in its nature, so that, as the constable's wife saith, "she was fain to rise in the night and desire her husband to go to prayer to drive away the Devil; and he, rising, went to prayer, and after that, the smell was gone, so that they were not troubled with it." There is also the testimony of Goodwife Perkins, that she did see, on the Lord's day, while Mr. Dalton was preaching, an imp in the shape of a mouse, fall out the bosom of Eunice Cole down into her lap. For all which, the County Court, held at Salisbury, did order her to be sent to the Boston Jail, to await her trial at the Court of Assistants. This last Court, I learn from mine uncle, did not condemn her, as some of the evidence was old, and not reliable. Uncle saith she was a wicked old woman, who had been often whipped and set in the ducking-stool, but whether she was a witch or no, he knows not for a certainty.

November 8th.

Yesterday, to my great joy, came my beloved Cousin Rebecca from Boston. In her company also came the worthy minister and doctor of medicine, Mr. Russ, formerly of Wells, but now settled at a plantation near Cocheco. He is to make some little tarry in this town, where at this present time many complain of sickness. Re-

becca saith he is one of the excellent of the earth, and, like his blessed Lord and Master, delighteth in going about doing good, and comforting both soul and body. He hath a cheerful, pleasant countenance, and is very active, albeit he is well stricken in years. He is to preach for Mr. Richardson next Sabbath, and in the mean time lodgeth at my uncle's house.

This morning the weather is raw and cold, the ground frozen, and some snow fell before sunrise. A little time ago, Dr. Russ, who was walking in the garden, came in a great haste to the window where Rebecca and I were sitting, bidding us come forth. So, we hurrying out, the good man bade us look whither he pointed, and lo! a flock of wild geese, streaming across the sky, in two great files, sending down, as it were, from the clouds, their loud and sonorous trumpetings, "*Cronk, cronk, cronk!*" These birds, the Doctor saith, do go northward in March to hatch their broods in the great bogs and on the desolate islands, and fly back again when the cold season approacheth. Our worthy guest improved the occasion to speak of the care and goodness of God towards his creation, and how these poor birds are enabled, by their proper instincts, to partake of his bounty, and to shun the evils of adverse climates. He never looked, he said, upon the flight of these fowls, without calling to mind the query which was of old put to Job: "*Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom, and stretch her wings toward the south? Doth the eagle*

mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high?"

November 12th, 1678.

Dr. Russ preached yesterday, having for his text 1 Corinthians, chap. xiii. verse 5: "*Charity seeketh not her own.*" He began by saying that mutual benevolence was a law of nature, — no one being a whole of himself, nor capable of happily subsisting by himself, but rather a member of the great body of mankind, which must dissolve and perish, unless held together and compacted in its various parts by the force of that common and blessed law. The wise Author of our being hath most manifestly framed and fitted us for one another, and ordained that mutual charity shall supply our mutual wants and weaknesses, inasmuch as *no man liveth to himself*, but is dependent upon others, as others be upon him. It hath been said by ingenious men, that in the outward world all things do mutually operate upon and affect each other; and that it is by the energy of this principle that our solid earth is supported, and the heavenly bodies are made to keep the rhythmic harmonies of their creation, and dispense upon us their benign favors; and it may be said, that a law akin to this hath been ordained for the moral world, — mutual benevolence being the cement and support of families, and churches, and states, and of the great community and brotherhood of mankind. It doth both make and preserve all the peace, and harmony, and beauty, which

liken our world in some small degree to heaven, and without it all things would rush into confusion and discord, and the earth would become a place of horror and torment, and men become as ravening wolves, devouring and being devoured by one another.

Charity is the second great commandment, upon which hang all the Law and the Prophets; and it is like unto the first, and cannot be separated from it; for at the great day of recompense we shall be tried by these commandments, and our faithfulness unto the first will be seen and manifested by our faithfulness unto the last. Yea, by our love of one another the Lord will measure our love of himself. "*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.*" The grace of benevolence is therefore no small part of our *meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light;* it is the temper of heaven; the air which the angels breathe; an immortal grace, — for when faith which supporteth us here, and hope which is as an anchor to the tossed soul, are no longer needed, charity remaineth forever, for it is native in heaven, and partaketh of the divine nature, for God himself is love.

"Oh, my hearers," said the preacher, his venerable face brightening as if with a light shining from within, "doth not the Apostle tell us that skill in tongues and gifts of prophesy, and mysteries of knowledge and faith, do avail nothing where charity is lacking? What avail great talents, if they be

not devoted to goodness? On the other hand, where charity dwelleth, it maketh the weak strong and the uncomely beautiful; it sheddeth a glory about him who possesseth it, like that which did shine on the face of Moses, or that which did sit upon the countenance of Stephen, when *his face was as the face of an angel.* Above all, it conformeth us to the Son of God; for through love he came among us, and went about doing good, adorning his life with miracles of mercy, and at last laid it down for the salvation of men. What heart can resist his melting entreaty: '*Even as I have loved you, love ye also one another.*'

"We do all," he continued, "seek after happiness, but too often blindly and foolishly. The selfish man, striving to live for himself, shutteth himself up to partake of his single portion, and marvelleth that he cannot enjoy it. The good things he hath laid up for himself fail to comfort him; and although he hath riches, and wanteth nothing for his soul of all that he desireth, yet hath he not power to partake thereof. They be as *delicates poured upon a mouth shut up, or as meats set upon a grave.* But he that hath found charity to be the temper of happiness, which doth put the soul in a natural and easy condition, and openeth it to the solaces of that pure and sublime entertainment which the angels do spread for such as obey the will of their Creator, hath discovered a more subtle alchemy than any of which the philosophers did dream, — for he transmuteth the enjoyments of

others into his own, and his large and open heart partaketh of the satisfaction of all around him. Are there any here who, in the midst of outward abundance, are sorrowful of heart,—who go mourning on their way from some inward discomfort,—who long for serenity of spirit, and cheerful happiness, as the servant earnestly desireth the shadow? Let such seek out the poor and forsaken, they who have no homes nor estates, who are the servants of sin and evil habits, who lack food for both the body and the mind. Thus shall they, in remembering others, forget themselves; the pleasure they afford to their fellow-creatures shall come back larger and fuller unto their own bosoms, and they shall know of a truth how much the more blessed it is to give than to receive. In love and compassion, God hath made us dependent upon each other, to the end that by the use of our affections we may find true happiness and rest to our souls. He hath united us so closely with our fellows, that they do make, as it were, a part of our being, and in comforting them we do most assuredly comfort ourselves. Therein doth happiness come to us unawares, and without seeking, as the servant who goeth on his master's errand findeth pleasant fruits and sweet flowers overhanging him, and cool fountains, which he knew not of, gushing up by the wayside, for his solace and refreshing."

The minister then spake of the duty of charity towards even the sinful and froward, and of winning them by love and good will, and making even

their correction and punishment a means of awakening them to repentance, and the calling forth of the fruits meet for it. He also spake of self-styled prophets and enthusiastic people, who went about to cry against the Church and the State, and to teach new doctrines, saying that oftentimes such were sent as a judgment upon the professors of the truth, who had the form of godliness only, while lacking the power thereof; and that he did believe that the zeal which had been manifested against such had not always been enough seasoned with charity. It did argue a lack of faith in the truth, to fly into a panic and a great rage when it was called in question; and to undertake to become God's avengers, and to torture and burn heretics, was an error of the Papists, which ill became those who had gone out from among them. Moreover, he did believe that many of these people, who had so troubled the Colony of late, were at heart simple and honest men and women, whose heads might indeed be unsound, but who at heart sought to do the will of God; and, of a truth, all could testify to the sobriety and strictness of their lives, and the justice of their dealings in outward things.

He spake also somewhat of the Indians, who, he said, were our brethren, and concerning whom we would have an account to give at the Great Day. The hand of these heathen people had been heavy upon the Colonies, and many had suffered from their cruel slaughterings, and the captivity of themselves and their families. Here the aged min-

ister wept, for he doubtless thought of his son, who was slain in the war; and for a time the words did seem to die in his throat, so greatly was he moved. But he went on to say, that since God, in his great and undeserved mercy, had put an end to the war, all present unkindness and hard dealing towards the poor benighted heathen was an offence in the eyes of Him who respecteth not the persons of men, but who regardeth with an equal eye the white and the red men, both being the workmanship of His hands. It is our blessed privilege to labor to bring them to a knowledge of the true God, whom, like the Athenians, some of them do ignorantly worship; while the greater part, as was said of the heathen formerly, *do not, out of the good things that are seen, know Him that is; neither by considering the works do they acknowledge the workmaster, but deem the fire or wind, or the swift air, or the circle of the stars, or the violent water, or the lights of heaven, to be the gods who govern the world.*

He counselled against mischief-makers and stirrers up of strife, and such as do desire occasion against their brethren. He said that it did seem as if many thought to atone for their own sins by their great heat and zeal to discover wickedness in others; and that he feared such might be the case now, when there was much talk of the outward and visible doings of Satan in this place; whereas, the enemy was most to be feared who did work privily in the heart; it being a small thing for him to bewitch a dwelling made of wood and stone, who did

so easily possess and enchant the precious souls of men.

Finally, he did exhort all to keep watch over their own spirits, and to remember that what measure they do mete to others shall be measured to them again; to lay aside all wrath, and malice, and evil-speaking; to bear one another's burdens, and so make this Church in the wilderness beautiful and comely, an example to the world of that peace and good will to men, which the angels sang of at the birth of the blessed Redeemer.

I have been the more careful to give the substance of Mr. Russ's sermon, as nearly as I can remember it, forasmuch as it hath given offence to some who did listen to it. Deacon Dole saith it was such a discourse as a Socinian or a Papist might have preached, for the great stress it laid upon works; and Goodwife Matson, a noisy, talking woman, — such an one, no doubt, as those busybodies whom Saint Paul did rebuke for forwardness, and command to keep silence in the church, — says the preacher did go out of his way to favor Quakers, Indians, and witches; and that the Devil in Goody Morse's house was no doubt well pleased with the discourse. R. Pike saith he does no wise marvel at her complaints; for when she formerly dwelt at the Marblehead fishing-haven, she was one of the unruly women who did break into Thompson's garrison-house, and barbarously put to death two Saugus Indians, who had given themselves up for safe keeping, and who had

never harmed any, which thing was a great grief and scandal to all well-disposed people. And yet this woman, who scrupled not to say that she would as lief stick an Indian as a hog, and who walked all the way from Marblehead to Boston to see the Quaker woman hung, and did foully jest over her dead body, was allowed to have her way in the church, Mr. Richardson being plainly in fear of her ill tongue and wicked temper.

November 13th.

The Quaker maid, Margaret Brewster, came this morning, inquiring for the Doctor, and desiring him to visit a sick man at her father's house, a little way up the river; whereupon he took his staff and went with her. On his coming back, he said he must do the Quakers the justice to say, that, with all their heresies and pestilent errors of doctrine, they were a kind people; for here was Goodman Brewster, whose small estate had been wellnigh taken from him in fines, and whose wife was a weak, ailing woman, who was at this time kindly lodging and nursing a poor, broken-down soldier, by no means likely to repay him, in any sort. As for the sick man, he had been hardly treated in the matter of his wages, while in the war, and fined, moreover, on the ground that he did profane the holy Sabbath; and though he had sent a petition to the Honorable Governor and Council, for the remission of the same, it had been to no purpose. Mr. Russ said he had taken a copy of this petition,

with the answer thereto, intending to make another application himself to the authorities; for although the petitioner might have been blamable, yet his necessity did go far to excuse it. He gave me the papers to copy, which are as followeth:—

"*To the Hon. the Governor and Council, now sitting in Boston, July* 30, 1676. *The Petition of Jonathan Atherton humbly showeth:*

"That your Petitioner, being a soldier under Captain Henchman, during their abode at Concord, Captain H., under pretence of your petitioner's profanation of the Sabbath, had sentenced your petitioner to lose a fortnight's pay. Now, the thing that was alleged against your petitioner was, that he cut a piece of an old hat to put in his shoes, and emptied three or four cartridges. Now, there was great occasion and necessity for his so doing, for his shoes were grown so big, by walking and riding in the wet and dew, that they galled his feet so that he was not able to go without pain; and his cartridges, being in a bag, were worn with continual travel, so that they lost the powder out, so that it was dangerous to carry them; besides, he did not know how soon he should be forced to make use of them, therefore he did account it lawful to do the same; yet, if it be deemed a breach of the Sabbath, he desires to be humbled before the Lord, and begs the pardon of his people for any offence done to them thereby. And doth humbly request the favor of your Honors to consider the premises, and to remit the fine imposed upon him, and to give order to the committee for the war for the payment of his wages. So shall he forever pray."

"Aug. 1676. — *The Council sees no cause to grant the petitioner any relief.*"

NEWBURY, November 18th, 1678.

Went yesterday to the haunted house with Mr. Russ and Mr. Richardson, Rebecca and Aunt Rawson being in the company. Found the old couple in much trouble, sitting by the fire, with the Bible open before them, and Goody Morse weeping. Mr. Richardson asked Goodman Morse to tell what he had seen and heard in the house; which he did, to this effect: That there had been great and strange noises all about the house, a banging of doors, and a knocking on the boards, and divers other unaccountable sounds; that he had seen his box of tools turn over of itself, and the tools fly about the room; baskets dropping down the chimney, and the pots hanging over the fire smiting against each other; and, moreover, the irons on the hearth jumping into the pots, and dancing on the table. Goodwife Morse said that her bread-tray would upset of its own accord, and the great woollen wheel would contrive to turn itself upside down, and stand on its end; and that when she and the boy did make the beds, the blankets would fly off as fast as they put them on, all of which the boy did confirm. Mr. Russ asked her if she suspected any one of the mischief; whereupon, she said she did believe it was done by the seaman Powell, a cunning man, who was wont to boast of his knowledge in astrology and astronomy, having been brought up under one Norwood, who is said to have studied the Black Art. He had wickedly accused her grandson of the mis-

chief, whereas the poor boy had himself suffered greatly from the Evil Spirit, having been often struck with stones and bits of boards, which were flung upon him, and kept awake o' nights by the diabolical noises. Goodman Morse here said that Powell, coming in, and pretending to pity their lamentable case, told them that if they would let him have the boy for a day or two, they should be free of the trouble while he was with him; and that the boy going with him, they had no disturbance in that time; which plainly showed that this Powell had the wicked spirits in his keeping, and could chain them up, or let them out, as he pleased.

Now, while she was speaking, we did all hear a great thumping on the ceiling, and presently a piece of a board flew across the room against the chair on which Mr. Richardson was sitting; whereat the two old people set up a dismal groaning, and the boy cried out, "That's the witch!" Goodman Morse begged of Mr. Richardson to fall to praying, which he presently did; and, when he had done, he asked Mr. Russ to follow him, who sat silent and musing a little while, and then prayed that the worker of the disturbance, whether diabolical or human, might be discovered and brought to light. After which there was no noise while we staid. Mr. Russ talked awhile with the boy, who did stoutly deny what Caleb Powell charged upon him, and showed a bruise which he got from a stick thrown at him in the cow-house. When we went away, Mr. Richardson asked Mr. Russ what he thought

of it. Mr. Russ said, the matter had indeed a strange look, but that it might be, nevertheless, the work of the boy, who was a cunning young rogue, and capable beyond his years. Mr. Richardson said he hoped his brother was not about to countenance the scoffers and Sadducees, who had all along tried to throw doubt upon the matter. For himself, he did look upon it as the work of invisible demons, and an awful proof of the existence of such, and of the deplorable condition of all who fall into their hands; moreover, he did believe that God would overrule this malice of the Devil for good, and make it a means of awakening sinners and lukewarm church-members to a sense of their danger.

Last night, brother Leonard, who is studying with the learned Mr. Ward, the minister at Haverhill, came down, in the company of the worshipful Major Saltonstall, who hath business with Esquire Dummer and other magistrates of this place. Mr. Saltonstall's lady, who is the daughter of Mr. Ward, sent by her husband and my brother, a very kind and pressing invitation to Rebecca and myself to make a visit to her; and Mr. Saltonstall did also urge the matter strongly. So we have agreed to go with them the day after to-morrow. Now, to say the truth, I am not sorry to leave Newbury at this time, for there is so much talk of the bewitched house, and such dismal stories told of the power of invisible demons, added to what I did myself hear and see yesterday, that I can scarce sleep for the

trouble and disquiet this matter causeth. Dr. Russ, who left this morning, said, in his opinion, the less that was said and done about the witchcraft the better for the honor of the Church and the peace of the neighborhood; for it might, after all, turn out to be nothing more than an "old wife's fable"; but if it were indeed the work of Satan, it could, he did believe, do no harm to sincere and godly people, who lived sober and prayerful lives, and kept themselves busy in doing good. The doers of the Word seldom fell into the snare of the Devil's enchantments. He might be compared to a wild beast, who dareth not to meddle with the traveller who goeth straightway on his errand, but lieth in wait for such as loiter and fall asleep by the wayside. He feared, he said, that some in our day were trying to get a great character to themselves, as the old monks did, by their skill in discerning witchcrafts, and their pretended conflicts with the Devil in his bodily shape; and thus, while they were seeking to drive the enemy out of their neighbors' houses, they were letting him into their own hearts, in the guise of deceit and spiritual pride. Repentance, and works meet for it, were the best exorcism; and the savor of a good life driveth off Evil Spirits, even as that of the fish of Tobit, at Ecbatana, drove the Devil from the chamber of the bride into the uttermost parts of Egypt. "For mine own part," continued the worthy man, "I believe the Lord and Master, whom I seek to serve, is over all the powers of

Satan; therefore do I not heed them, being afraid only of mine own accusing conscience and the displeasure of God."

We are all loath to lose the good Doctor's company. An Israelite indeed! My aunt, who once tarried for a little time with him for the benefit of his skill in physic, on account of sickness, tells me that he is as a father to the people about him, advising them in all their temporal concerns, and bringing to a timely and wise settlement all their disputes, so that there is nowhere a more prosperous and loving society. Although accounted a learned man, he doth not perplex his hearers, as the manner of some is, with dark and difficult questions, and points of doctrine, but insisteth mainly on holiness of life and conversation. It is said that on one occasion, a famous schoolman and disputer from abroad, coming to talk with him on the matter of the damnation of infants, did meet him with a cradle on his shoulder, which he was carrying to a young mother in his neighborhood, and when the man told him his errand, the good Doctor bade him wait until he got back, "for," said he, "I hold it to be vastly more important to take care of the bodies of the little infants which God in his love sends among us, than to seek to pry into the mysteries of His will concerning their souls." He hath no salary or tithe, save the use of a house and farm, choosing rather to labor with his own hands than to burden his neighbors; yet, such is their love and goodwill, that in the busy seasons of the hay and corn

harvest, they all join together and help him in his fields, counting it a special privilege to do so.

November 19th.

Leonard and Mr. Richardson, talking upon the matter of the ministry, disagreed not a little. Mr. Richardson says my brother hath got into his head many unscriptural notions, and that he will never be of service in the Church until he casts them off. He saith, moreover, that he shall write to Mr. Ward concerning the errors of the young man. His words troubling me, I straightway discoursed my brother as to the points of difference between them; but he, smiling, said it was a long story, but that some time he would tell me the substance of the disagreement, bidding me have no fear in his behalf, as what had displeasured Mr. Richardson had arisen only from tenderness of conscience.

HAVERHILL, November 22d.

Left Newbury day before yesterday. The day cold, but sunshiny, and not unpleasant. Mr. Saltonstall's business calling him that way, we crossed over the ferry to Salisbury, and after a ride of about an hour, got to the Falls of the Powow River, where a great stream of water rushes violently down the rocks, into a dark wooded valley, and from thence runs into the Merrimac, about a mile to the southeast. A wild sight it was, the water

swollen by the rains of the season, foaming and dashing among the rocks and the trees, which latter were wellnigh stripped of their leaves. Leaving this place, we went on towards Haverhill. Just before we entered that town, we overtook an Indian, with a fresh wolf's skin hanging over his shoulder. As soon as he saw us, he tried to hide himself in the bushes; but Mr. Saltonstall, riding up to him, asked him if he did expect Haverhill folks to pay him forty shillings for killing that Amesbury wolf? "How you know Amesbury wolf?" asked the Indian. "O," said Mr. Saltonstall, "you can't cheat us again, Simon. You must be honest, and tell no more lies, or we will have you whipped for your tricks." The Indian thereupon looked sullen enough, but at length he begged Mr. Saltonstall not to tell where the wolf was killed, as the Amesbury folks did now refuse to pay for any killed in their town; and, as he was a poor Indian, and his squaw much sick, and could do no work, he did need the money. Mr. Saltonstall told him he would send his wife some cornmeal and bacon, when he got home, if he would come for them, which he promised to do.

When we had ridden off, and left him, Mr. Saltonstall told us that this Simon was a bad Indian, who, when in drink, was apt to be saucy and quarrelsome; but that his wife was quite a decent body for a savage, having long maintained herself and children and her lazy, cross husband, by hard labor in the cornfields and at the fisheries.

Haverhill lieth very pleasantly on the river-side; the land about hilly and broken, but of good quality. Mr. Saltonstall liveth in a stately house for these parts, not far from that of his father-in-law, the learned Mr. Ward. Madam, his wife, is a fair, pleasing young woman, not unused to society, their house being frequented by many of the first people hereabout, as well as by strangers of distinction from other parts of the country. We had hardly got well through our dinner (which was abundant and savory, being greatly relished by our hunger), when two gentlemen came riding up to the door; and on their coming in, we found them to be the young Doctor Clark, of Boston, a son of the old Newbury physician, and a Doctor Benjamin Thompson, of Roxbury, who I hear is not a little famous for his ingenious poetry and witty pieces on many subjects. He was, moreover, an admirer of my cousin Rebecca; and on learning of her betrothal to Sir Thomas, did write a most despairing verse to her, comparing himself to all manner of lonesome things, so that when Rebecca showed it to me, I told her I did fear the poor young gentleman would put an end to himself, by reason of his great sorrow and disquiet; whereat she laughed merrily, bidding me not fear, for she knew the writer too well to be troubled thereat, for he loved nobody so well as himself, and that under no provocation would he need the Apostle's advice to the jailer, "*Do thyself no harm.*" All which I found to be true, — he being a gay, witty man, full of a

fine conceit of himself, which is not so much to be marvelled at, as he hath been greatly flattered and sought after.

The excellent Mr. Ward spent the evening with us; a pleasant, social old man, much beloved by his people. He told us a great deal about the early settlement of the town, and of the grievous hardships which many did undergo the first season, from cold, and hunger, and sickness. He thought, however, that, with all their ease and worldly prosperity, the present generation were less happy and contented than their fathers; for there was now a great striving to outdo each other in luxury and gay apparel; the Lord's day was not so well kept as formerly; and the drinking of spirits and frequenting of ordinaries and places of public resort vastly increased. Mr. Saltonstall said the war did not a little demoralize the people, and that since the soldiers came back, there had been much trouble in Church and State. The General Court, two years ago, had made severe laws against the provoking evils of the times: profaneness, Sabbath-breaking, drinking, and revelling to excess, loose and sinful conduct on the part of the young and unmarried, pride in dress, attending Quakers' meetings and neglect of attendance upon divine worship; but these laws had never been well enforced; and he feared too many of the magistrates were in the condition of the Dutch Justice in the New York Province, who, when a woman was brought before him charged with robbing a hen-

roost, did request his brother on the bench to pass sentence upon her; for, said he, if I send her to the whipping-post, the wench will cry out against me as her accomplice.

Dr. Clark said his friend Dr. Thompson had written a long piece on this untoward state of our affairs, which he hoped soon to see in print, inasmuch as it did hold the looking-glass to the face of this generation, and shame it by a comparison with that of the generation which has passed. Mr. Ward said he was glad to hear of it, and hoped his ingenious friend had brought the manuscript with him; whereupon, the young gentleman said he did take it along with him, in the hope to benefit it by Mr. Ward's judgment and learning, and with the leave of the company he would read the Prologue thereof. To which we all agreeing, he read what follows, which I copy from his book:—

"The times wherein old PUMPKIN was a saint,
When men fared hardly, yet without complaint,
On vilest cates; the dainty Indian maze
Was eat with clam-shells out of wooden trays.
Under thatched roofs, without the cry of rent,
And the best sauce to every dish, content.
These golden times (too fortunate to hold)
Were quickly sinned away for love of gold.
'T was then among the bushes, not the street,
If one in place did an inferior meet,
'Good morrow, brother! Is there ought you want?
Take freely of me what I have, you ha'n't.'
Plain Tom and Dick would pass as current now,
As ever since 'Your servant, sir,' and bow.
Deep-skirted doublets, puritanic capes,

Which now would render men like upright apes,
Was comlier wear, our wise old fathers thought,
Than the cast fashions from all Europe brought.
'T was in those days an honest grace would hold
Till an hot pudding grew at heart a cold,
And men had better stomachs for religion,
Than now for capon, turkey-cock, or pigeon;
When honest sisters met to pray, not prate,
About their own and not their neighbors' state,
During Plain Dealing's reign, that worthy stud
Of the ancient planter-race before the Flood.
These times were good: merchants cared not a rush
For other fare than jonakin and mush.
And though men fared and lodged very hard,
Yet innocence was better than a guard.
'T was long before spiders and worms had drawn
Their dingy webs, or hid with cheating lawn
New England's beauties, which still seemed to me
Illustrious in their own simplicity.
'T was ere the neighboring Virgin Land had broke
The hogsheads of her worse than hellish smoke;
'T was ere the Islands sent their presents in,
Which but to use was counted next to sin;
'T was ere a barge had made so rich a freight
As chocolate, dust-gold, and bits of eight;
Ere wines from France and Muscovado too,
Without the which the drink will scarcely do.
From Western Isles, ere fruits and delicacies
Did rot maids' teeth and spoil their handsome faces,
Or ere these times did chance the noise of war
Was from our times and hearts removed far,
Then had the churches rest: as yet, the coals
Were covered up in most contentious souls;
Freeness in judgment, union in affection,
Dear love, sound truth, they were our grand protection.
Then were the times in which our Councils sat,
These grave prognostics of our future state;
If these be longer lived, our hopes increase,

These wars will usher in a longer peace;
But if New England's love die in its youth,
The grave will open next for blessed truth.

"This theme is out of date; the peaceful hours
When castles needed not, but pleasant bowers,
Not ink, but blood and tears now serve the turn
To draw the figure of New England's urn.
New England's hour of passion is at hand,
No power except Divine can it withstand.
Scarce hath her glass of fifty years run out,
Than her old prosperous steeds turn heads about;
Tracking themselves back to their poor beginnings,
To fear and fare upon the fruits of sinnings.
So that this mirror of the Christian world
Lies burnt to heaps in part, her streamers furled.
Grief sighs, joys flee, and dismal fears surprise,
Not dastard spirits only, but the wise.

"Thus have the fairest hopes deceived the eye
Of the big-swoln expectants standing by:
So the proud ship, after a little turn,
Sinks in the ocean's arms to find its urn:
Thus hath the heir to many thousands born
Been in an instant from the mother torn;
Even thus thy infant cheek begins to pale,
And thy supporters through great losses fail.
This is the Prologue to thy future woe —
The Epilogue no mortal yet can know."

Mr. Ward was much pleased with the verses, saying that they would do honor to any writer. Rebecca thought the lines concerning the long grace at meat happy, and said she was minded of the wife of the good Mr. Ames, who prided herself on her skill in housewifery and cookery; and on one occasion, seeing a nice pair of roasted

fowls growing cold under her husband's long grace, was fain to jog his elbow, telling him that if he did not stop soon, she feared they would have small occasion for thankfulness for their spoiled dinner. Mr. Ward said he was once travelling in company with Mr. Phillips of Rowley, and Mr. Parker of Newbury, and stopping all night at a poor house near the sea-shore, the woman thereof brought into the room for their supper a great wooden tray, full of something nicely covered up by a clean linen cloth. It proved to be a dish of boiled clams, in their shells; and as Mr. Phillips was remarkable in his thanks for aptly citing passages of Scripture with regard to whatsoever food was upon the table before him, Mr. Parker and himself did greatly wonder what he could say of this dish; but he, nothing put to it, offered thanks that now, as formerly, the Lord's people were enabled to partake of the *abundance of the seas, and treasures hid in the sands*. "Whereat," said Mr. Ward, "we did find it so hard so keep grave countenances, that our good hostess was not a little disturbed, thinking we were mocking her poor fare; and we were fain to tell her the cause of our mirth, which was indeed ill-timed."

Dr. Clark spake of Mr. Ward's father, the renowned minister at Ipswich, whose book of "The Simple Cobbler of Agawam," was much admired. Mr. Ward said that some of the witty turns therein did give much offence at the time of its printing, but that his father could never spoil his joke

for the sake of friends, albeit he had no malice towards any one, and was always ready to do a good, even to his enemies. He once even greatly angered his old and true friend, Mr. Cotton of Boston. "It fell out in this wise," said Mr. Ward. "When the arch heretic and fanatic Gorton and his crew were in prison in Boston, my father and Mr. Cotton went to the jail window to see them; and after some little discourse with them, he told Gorton that if he had done or said anything which he could with a clear conscience renounce, he would do well to recant the same, and the Court, he doubted not, would be merciful; adding, that it would be no disparagement for him to do so, as the best of men were liable to err: as, for instance, his brother Cotton here generally did preach that one year which he publicly repented of before his congregation the next year."

Mr. Saltonstall told another story of old Mr. Ward, which made us all merry. There was a noted Antinomian, of Boston, who used to go much about the country disputing with all who would listen to him, who, coming to Ipswich one night, with another of his sort with him, would fain have tarried with Mr. Ward; but he told them that he had scarce hay and grain enough in his barn for the use of his own cattle, and that they would do well to take their horses to the ordinary, where they would be better cared for. But the fellow, not wishing to be so put off, bade him consider what the Scripture said touching the keeping of stran-

gers, as some had thereby entertained angels unawares. "True, my friend," said Mr. Ward, "but we don't read that the angels came a-horseback!"

The evening passed away in a very pleasant and agreeable manner. We had rare nuts, and apples, and pears, of Mr. Saltonstall's raising, wonderfully sweet and luscious. Our young gentlemen, moreover, seemed to think the wine and ale of good quality; for, long after we had gone to our beds, we could hear them talking and laughing in the great hall below, notwithstanding that Mr. Ward, when he took leave, bade Dr. Thompson take heed to his own hint concerning the

"Wines from France and Muscovado too";

to which the young wit replied, that there was Scripture warrant for his drinking, inasmuch as the command was, *to give wine to those that be of heavy heart. Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more;* and, for his part, he had been little better than miserable ever since he heard of Rebecca's betrothal. A light, careless man, but of good parts, and as brave a talker as I have heard since I have been in the Colony.

November 24th.

Mr. Ward's negro girl Dinah came for me yesterday, saying that her master did desire to see me. So, marvelling greatly what he wanted, I went with her, and was shown into the study. Mr. Ward said he had sent for me to have some dis-

course in regard to my brother Leonard, who he did greatly fear was likely to make shipwreck of the faith; and that Mr. Richardson had written him concerning the young man, telling him that he did visit the Quakers when at Newbury, and even went over to their conventicle at Hampton, on the Lord's day, in the company of the Brewster family, noted Quakers and ranters. He had the last evening had some words with the lad, but with small satisfaction. Being sorely troubled by this account, I begged him to send for Leonard, which he did, and, when he did come into the room, Mr. Ward told him that he might see by the plight of his sister (for I was in tears) what a great grief he was like to bring upon his family and friends, by running out into heresies. Leonard said he was sorry to give trouble to any one, least of all to his beloved sister; that he did indeed go to the Quakers' meeting, on one occasion, to judge for himself concerning this people, who are everywhere spoken against; and that he must say he did hear or see nothing in their worship contrary to the Gospel. There was, indeed, but little said, but the words were savory and Scriptural. "But they deny the Scriptures," cried Mr. Ward, "and set above them what they call the Light, which I take to be nothing better than their own imaginations." "I do not so understand them," said Leonard; "I think they do diligently study the Scripture, and seek to conform their lives to its teachings; and for the Light of which they speak, it is borne wit-

ness to not only in the Bible, but by the early fathers and devout men of all ages. I do not go to excuse the Quakers in all that they have done, nor to defend all their doctrines and practices, many of which I see no warrant in Scripture for, but believe to be pernicious and contrary to good order; yet I must need look upon them as a sober, earnest-seeking people, who do verily think themselves persecuted for righteousness' sake." Hereupon Mr. Ward struck his cane smartly on the floor, and, looking severely at my brother, bade him beware how he did justify these canting and false pretenders. "They are," he said, "either sad knaves, or silly enthusiasts, — they pretend to Divine Revelation, and set up as prophets; like the Rosicrucians and Gnostics, they profess to a knowledge of things beyond what plain Scripture reveals. The best that can be said of them is, that they are befooled by their own fancies, and the victims of distempered brains and ill habits of body. Then their ranting against the Gospel order of the Church, and against the ministers of Christ, calling us all manner of hirelings, wolves, and hypocrites; belching out their blasphemies against the ordinances and the wholesome laws of the land for the support of a sound ministry and faith, do altogether justify the sharp treatment they have met with; so that, if they have not all lost their ears, they may thank our clemency rather than their own worthiness to wear them. I do not judge of them ignorantly, for I have dipped into their books,

where, what is not downright blasphemy and heresy, is mystical and cabalistic. They affect a cloudy and canting style, as if to keep themselves from being confuted by keeping themselves from being understood. Their divinity is a riddle, a piece of black art; the Scripture they turn into allegory and parabolical conceits, and thus obscure and debauch the truth. Argue with them, and they fall to divining; reason with them, and they straightway prophesy. Then their silent meetings, so called, in the which they do pretend to justify themselves by quoting Revelation, "*There was silence in heaven*"; whereas they might find other authorities, — as, for instance, in Psalm 115, where hell is expressed by silence, and in the Gospel, where we read of a dumb devil. As to persecuting these people, we have been quite too charitable to them, especially of late, and they are getting bolder in consequence; as, for example, the behavior of that shameless young wench in Newbury, who disturbed Brother Richardson's church with her antics not long ago. She should have been tied to the cart-tail and whipped all the way to Rhode Island.

"Do you speak of Margaret Brewster?" asked Leonard, his face all a-crimson, and his lip quivering. "Let me tell you, Mr. Ward, that you greatly wrong one of Christ's little ones." And he called me to testify to her goodness and charity, and the blamelessness of her life.

"Don't talk to me of the blameless life of such an one," said Mr. Ward, in a loud, angry tone; "it is

the Devil's varnish for heresy. The Manichees, and the Pelagians, and Socinians, all did profess great strictness and sanctity of life; and there never was heretic yet, from they whom the Apostle makes mention of, who *fasted from meats, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils*, down to the Quakers, Dippers, and New Lights of this generation who have not, like their fathers of old, put on the shape of Angels of Light, and lived severe and over-strict lives. I grant that the Quakers are honest in their dealings, making great show of sobriety and self-denial, and abhor the practice of scandalous vices, being temperate, chaste, and grave in their behavior, and thereby they win upon unstable souls, and make plausible their damnable heresies. I warn you, young man, to take heed of them, lest you be ensnared and drawn into their way."

My brother was about to reply, but, seeing Mr. Ward so moved and vexed, I begged of him to say no more; and, company coming in, the matter was dropped, to my great joy. I went back much troubled and disquieted for my brother's sake.

November 28th, 1678.

Leonard hath left Mr. Ward, and given up the thought of fitting for the ministry. This will be a heavy blow for his friends in England. He tells me that Mr. Ward spake angrily to him after I left, but that, when he come to part with him, the old man wept over him, and prayed that the Lord

would enable him to see his error, and preserve him from the consequences thereof. I have discoursed with my brother touching his future course of life, and he tells me he shall start in a day or two to visit the Rhode Island, where he hath an acquaintance, one Mr. Easton, formerly of Newbury. His design is to purchase a small plantation there, and betake himself to farming, of the which he hath some little knowledge, believing that he can be as happy and do as much good to his fellow-creatures in that employment as in any other.

Here Cousin Rebecca, who was by, looking up with that sweet archness which doth so well become her, queried with him whether he did think to live alone on his plantation like a hermit, or whether he had not his eye upon a certain fair-haired young woman, as suitable to keep him company. Whereat he seemed a little disturbed; but she bade him not think her against his prospect, for she had known for some weeks that he did favor the young Brewster woman, who, setting aside her enthusiastic notions of religion, was worthy of any man's love; and turning to me, she begged of me to look at the matter as she did, and not set myself against the choice of my brother, which, in all respects save the one she had spoken of, she could approve with all her heart. Leonard goes back with us to-morrow to Newbury, so I shall have a chance of knowing how matters stand with him. The thought of his marrying a Quaker would have

been exceedingly grievous to me a few months ago; but this Margaret Brewster hath greatly won upon me by her beauty, gentleness, and her goodness of heart; and, besides, I know that she is much esteemed by the best sort of people in her neighborhood.

Dr. Thompson left this morning, but his friend Dr. Clark goes with us to Newbury. Rebecca found in her work-basket, after he had gone, some verses, which amused us not a little, and which I here copy.

"Gone hath the Spring, with all its flowers,
And gone the Summer's pomp and show,
And Autumn in his leafless bowers
Is waiting for the Winter's snow.

"I said to Earth, so cold and gray,
'An emblem of myself thou art':
'Not so,' the earth did seem to say,
'For Spring shall warm my frozen heart.'

"I soothe my wintry sleep with dreams
Of warmer sun and softer rain,
And wait to hear the sound of streams
And songs of merry birds again.

"But thou, from whom the Spring hath gone,
For whom the flowers no longer blow,
Who standest, blighted and forlorn,
Like Autumn waiting for the snow:

"No hope is thine of sunnier hours,
Thy winter shall no more depart;
No Spring revive thy wasted flowers,
Nor Summer warm thy frozen heart."

Dr. Clark, on hearing this read, told Rebecca she need not take its melancholy to heart, for he could assure her that there was no danger of his friend's acting on her account the sad part of the lover in the old song of Barbara Allen. As a medical man, he could safely warrant him to be heart-whole; and the company could bear him witness, that the poet himself seemed very little like the despairing one depicted in his verses.

The Indian Simon calling this forenoon, Rebecca and I went into the kitchen to see him. He looks fierce and cruel, but he thanked Madam Saltonstall for her gifts of food and clothing, and, giving her in return a little basket wrought of curiously stained stuff, he told her that if there were more like her, his heart would not be so bitter.

I ventured to ask him why he felt thus; whereupon he drew himself up, and, sweeping about him with his arms, said: "This all Indian land. The Great Spirit made it for Indians. He made the great river for them, and birch-trees to make their canoes of. All the fish in the ponds, and all the pigeons and deers and squirrels he made for Indians. He made land for white men too; but they left it, and took Indian's land, because it was better. My father was a chief; he had plenty meat and corn in his wigwam. But Simon is a dog. When they fight Eastern Indians, I try to live in peace; but they say, Simon, you rogue, you no go into woods to hunt; you keep at home. So when squaw like to starve, I shoot one of their hogs, and

then they whip me. Look!" And he lifted the blanket off from his shoulder, and showed the marks of the whip thereon.

"Well, well, Simon," said Mr. Saltonstall, "you do know that our people then were much frightened by what the Indians had done in other places, and they feared you would join them. But it is all over now, and you have all the woods to yourself to range in; and if you would let alone strong drink, you would do well."

"Who makes strong drink?" asked the Indian, with an ugly look. "Who takes the Indian's beaver-skins and corn for it?" Tell me that, Captain?"

So saying, he put his pack on his back, and calling a poor, lean dog, that was poking his hungry nose into Madam's pots and kettles, he went off talking to himself.

NEWBURY, December 6th.

We got back from Haverhill last night, Dr. Clark accompanying us, he having business in Newbury. When we came up to the door, Effie met us with a shy look, and told her mistress that Mrs. Prudence (uncle's spinster cousin) had got *a braw auld wooer* in the east room; and surely enough we found our ancient kinswoman and Deacon Dole, a widower of three years' standing, sitting at the supper-table. We did take note that the Deacon had on a stiff new coat; and as for

Aunt Prudence (for so she was called in the family), she was clad in her bravest, with a fine cap on her head. They both did seem a little disturbed by our coming, but plates being laid for us, we sat down with them. After supper, Rebecca had a fire kindled in uncle's room, whither we did betake ourselves; and being very merry at the thought of Deacon Dole's visit, it chanced to enter our silly heads that it would do no harm to stop the clock in the entry a while, and let the two old folks make a long evening of it. After a time Rebecca made an errand into the east room, to see how matters went, and coming back, said the twain were sitting on the same settle by the fire, smoking a pipe of tobacco together. Moreover, our foolish trick did work well, for Aunt Prudence coming at last into the entry to look at the clock, we heard her tell the Deacon that it was only a little past eight, when in truth it was near ten. Not long after there was a loud knocking at the door, and as Effie had gone to bed, Rebecca did open it, when, whom did she see but the Widow Hepsy Barnet, Deacon Dole's housekeeper, and with her the Deacon's son, Moses, and the minister, Mr. Richardson, with a lantern in his hand! "Dear me," says the woman, looking very dismal, "have you seen anything of the Deacon?" By this time we were all at the door, the Deacon and Aunt Prudence among the rest, when Moses, like a great lout as he is, pulled off his woollen cap and tossed it up in the air, crying out, "There, Goody Barnet,

did n't I tell ye so! There 's father now!" And the widow, holding up both her hands, said she never did in all her born days see the like of this, a man of the Deacon's years and station stealing away without letting folks know where to look for him; and then turning upon poor Mrs. Prudence, she said she had long known that some folks were sly and artful, and she was glad Mr. Richardson was here to see for himself. Whereupon Aunt Prudence, in much amazement, said, it was scarce past eight, as they might see by the clock; but Mr. Richardson, who could scarce keep a grave face, pulling out his watch, said it was past ten, and bade her note that the clock was stopped. He told Deacon Dole, that seeing Goody Barnet so troubled about him, he had offered to go along with her a little way, and that he was glad to find that the fault was in the clock. The Deacon, who had stood like one in a maze, here clapped on his hat, and snatched up his cane and went off, looking as guilty as if he had been caught a-housebreaking, the widow scolding him all the way. Now, as we could scarce refrain from laughing, Mr. Richardson, who tarried a moment, shook his head at Rebecca, telling her he feared by her looks she was a naughty girl, taking pleasure in other folk's trouble. We did both feel ashamed and sorry enough for our mischief, after it was all over; and poor Mistress Prudence is so sorely mortified, that she told Rebecca this morning not to mention Deacon Dole's name to her again, and that Widow Hepsy is welcome to him,

since he is so mean-spirited as to let her rule him as she doth.

December 8th.

Yesterday I did, at my brother's wish, go with him to Goodman Brewster's house, where I was kindly welcomed by the young woman and her parents. After some little tarry, I found means to speak privily with her touching my brother's regard for her, and to assure her that I did truly and freely consent thereunto; while I did hope, for his sake as well as her own, that she would, as far as might be consistent with her notion of duty, forbear to do or say anything which might bring her into trouble with the magistrates and those in authority. She said that she was very grateful for my kindness towards her, and that what I said was a great relief to her mind; for when she first met my brother, she did fear that his kindness and sympathy would prove a snare to her; and that she had been sorely troubled, moreover, lest by encouraging him she should not only do violence to her own conscience, but also bring trouble and disgrace upon one who was, she did confess, dear unto her, not only as respects outward things, but by reason of what she did discern of an innocent and pure inward life in his conversation and deportment. She had earnestly sought to conform her conduct in this, as in all things, to the mind of her Divine Master; and, as respected my caution touching those in authority, she knew not what the Lord

might require of her, and she could only leave all in his hands, being resigned even to deny herself of the sweet solace of human affection, and to take up the cross daily, if he did so will. "Thy visit and kind words," she continued, "have removed a great weight from me. The way seems more open before me. The Lord bless thee for thy kindness."

She said this with so much tenderness of spirit, and withal with such an engaging sweetness of look and voice, that I was greatly moved, and, pressing her in my arms, I kissed her, and bade her look upon me as her dear sister.

The family pressing us, we stayed to supper, and sitting down in silence at the table, I was about to speak to my brother, but he made a sign to check me, and I held my peace, although not then knowing wherefore. So we all sat still for a little space of time, which I afterwards found is the manner of these people at their meat. The supper was plain, but of exceeding good relish: warm rye loaves with butter and honey, and bowls of sweet milk, and roasted apples. Goodwife Brewster, who appeared much above her husband (who is a plain, unlearned man) in her carriage and discourse, talked with us very pleasantly, and Margaret seemed to grow more at ease, the longer we stayed.

On our way back we met Robert Pike, who hath returned from the eastward. He said Rebecca Rawson had just told him how matters stood with Leonard, and that he was greatly rejoiced to hear of his prospect. He had known Margaret Brew-

ster from a child, and there was scarce her equal in these parts for sweetness of temper and loveliness of person and mind; and, were she ten times a Quaker, he was free to say this in her behalf. I am more and more confirmed in the belief that Leonard hath not done unwisely in this matter, and do cheerfully accept of his choice, believing it to be in the ordering of Him who doeth all things well.

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BOSTON, December 31st.

It wanteth but two hours to the midnight, and the end of the year. The family are all abed, and I can hear nothing save the crackling of the fire now burning low on the hearth, and the ticking of the clock in the corner. The weather being sharp with frost, there is no one stirring in the streets, and the trees and bushes in the yard, being stripped of their leaves, look dismal enough above the white snow with which the ground is covered, so that one would think that all things must needs die with the year. But, from my window, I can see the stars shining with marvellous brightness in the clear sky, and the sight thereof doth assure me that God still watcheth over the work of His hands, and that in due season he will cause the *flowers to appear on the earth, and the time of singing-birds to come, and the voice of the turtle to be heard in the land.* And I have been led, while alone here, to think of the

many mercies which have been vouchsafed unto me in my travels and sojourn in a strange land, and a sense of the wonderful goodness of God towards me, and they who are dear unto me, both here and elsewhere, hath filled mine heart with thankfulness; and as of old time they did use to set up stones of memorial on the banks of deliverance, so would I at this season set up, as it were, in my poor journal, a like pillar of thanksgiving to the praise and honor of Him who hath so kindly cared for His unworthy handmaid.

January 16th, 1679.

Have just got back from Reading, a small town ten or twelve miles out of Boston, whither I went along with mine Uncle and Aunt Rawson, and many others, to attend the ordination of Mr. Brock, in the place of the worthy Mr. Hough, lately deceased. The weather being clear, and the travelling good, a great concourse of people got together. We stopped at the ordinary, which we found wellnigh filled; but uncle, by dint of scolding and coaxing, got a small room for aunt and myself, with a clean bed, which was more than we had reason to hope for. The ministers, of whom there were many and of note (Mr. Mather and Mr. Wilson of Boston, and Mr. Corbet of Ipswich, being among them), were already together at the house of one of the deacons. It was quite a sight the next morning to see the people coming in from the neighboring towns, and to note their odd

dresses, which were indeed of all kinds, from silks and velvets to coarsest homespun woollens, dyed with hemlock, or oil-nut bark, and fitting so ill that, if they had all cast their clothes into a heap, and then each snatched up whatsoever coat or gown came to hand, they could not have suited worse. Yet they were all clean and tidy, and the young people especially did look exceeding happy, it being with them a famous holiday. The young men came with their sisters or their sweethearts riding behind them on pillions; and the ordinary and all the houses about were soon noisy enough with merry talking and laughter. The meeting-house was filled long before the services did begin. There was a goodly show of honorable people in the forward seats, and among them that venerable magistrate, Simon Broadstreet, who acteth as Deputy-Governor since the death of Mr. Leverett; the Honorable Thomas Danforth; Mr. William Brown of Salem; and others of note, whose names I do not remember, all with their wives and families, bravely apparelled. The Sermon was preached by Mr. Higginson of Salem, the Charge was given by Mr. Phillips of Rowley, and the Right Hand of Fellowship by Mr. Corbet of Ipswich. When we got back to our inn, we found a great crowd of young roysterers in the yard, who had got Mr. Corbet's negro man, Sam, on the top of a barrel, with a bit of leather, cut in the shape of spectacles, astride of his nose, where he stood swinging his arms, and preaching, after the manner of his mas-

ter, mimicking his tone and manner very shrewdly, to the great delight and merriment of the young rogues who did set him on. We stood in the door a while to hear him, and, to say the truth, he did wonderfully well, being a fellow of good parts and much humor. But, just as he was describing the Devil, and telling his grinning hearers that he was not like a black but a white man, old Mr. Corbet, who had come up behind him, gave him a smart blow with his cane, whereupon Sam cried,

"Dare he be now!" at which all fell to laughing.

"You rascal," said Mr. Corbet, "get down with you; I'll teach you to compare me to the Devil."

"Beg pardon, massa!" said Sam, getting down from his pulpit, and rubbing his shoulder; "How you think Sam know you? He see nothing; he only feel de lick."

"You shall feel it again," said his master, striking at him a great blow, which Sam dodged.

"Nay, Brother Corbet," said Mr. Phillips, who was with him, "Sam's mistake was not so strange after all; for if Satan can transform himself into an Angel of Light, why not into the likeness of such unworthy ministers as you and I."

This put the old minister in a good humor, and Sam escaped without farther punishment than a grave admonition to behave more reverently for the future. Mr. Phillips, seeing some of his young people in the crowd, did sharply rebuke them for their folly, at which they were not a little abashed.

The inn being greatly crowded, and not a little

noisy, we were not unwilling to accept the invitation of the provider of the ordination-dinner, to sit down with the honored guests thereat. I waited, with others of the younger class, until the ministers and elderly people had made an end of their meal. Among those who sat at the second table, was a pert, talkative lad, a son of Mr. Increase Mather, who, although but sixteen years of age, graduated at the Harvard College last year, and hath the reputation of good scholarship and lively wit. He told some rare stories concerning Mr. Brock, the minister ordained, and of the marvellous efficacy of his prayers. He mentioned, among other things, that, when Mr. Brock lived on the Isles of Shoals, he persuaded the people there to agree to spend one day in a month, beside the Sabbath, in religious worship. Now, it so chanced that there was on one occasion a long season of stormy, rough weather, unsuitable for fishing; and when the day came which had been set apart, it proved so exceeding fair, that his congregation did desire him to put off the meeting, that they might fish. Mr. Brock tried in vain to reason with them, and show the duty of seeking first the kingdom of God, when all other things should be added thereto, but the major part determined to leave the meeting. Thereupon he cried out after them: "As for you who will neglect God's worship, go, *and catch fish if you can.*" There were thirty men who thus left, and only five remained behind, and to these he said: "*I will pray the Lord for you, that you may catch fish till you are*

weary." And it so fell out, that the thirty toiled all day, and caught only four fishes; while the five who stayed at meeting went out, after the worship was over, and caught five hundred; and ever afterwards the fishermen attended all the meetings of the minister's appointing. At another time, a poor man, who had made himself useful in carrying people to meeting in his boat, lost the same in a storm, and came lamenting his loss to Mr. Brock. "Go home, honest man," said the minister; "I will mention your case to the Lord: you will have your boat again to-morrow." And surely enough, the very next day, a vessel pulling up its anchor near where the boat sank, drew up the poor man's boat, safe and whole, after it.

We went back to Boston after dinner, but it was somewhat of a cold ride, especially after the night set in, a keen northerly wind blowing in great gusts, which did wellnigh benumb us. A little way from Reading, we overtook an old couple in the road; the man had fallen off his horse, and his wife was trying to get him up again to no purpose; so young Mr. Richards, who was with us, helped him up to the saddle again, telling his wife to hold him carefully, as her old man had drank too much flip. Thereupon the good wife set upon him with a vile tongue, telling him that her old man was none other than Deacon Rogers of Wenham, and as good and as pious a saint as there was out of heaven; and it did ill become a young, saucy rake and knave, to accuse him of drunkenness, and it would

be no more than his deserts if the bears did eat him before he got to Boston. As it was quite clear that the woman herself had had a taste of the mug, we left them and rode on, she fairly scolding us out of hearing. When we got home, we found Cousin Rebecca, whom we did leave ill with a cold, much better in health, sitting up and awaiting us.

January 21st, 1679.

Uncle Rawson came home to-day in a great passion, and, calling me to him, he asked me if I too was going to turn Quaker, and fall to prophesying? Whereat I was not a little amazed; and when I asked him what he did mean, he said: "Your brother Leonard hath gone off to them, and I dare say you will follow, if one of the ranters should take it into his head that you would make him a proper wife, or company-keeper, for there's never an honest marriage among them." Then looking sternly at me, he asked me why I did keep this matter from him, and thus allow the foolish young man to get entangled in the snares of Satan. Whereat I was so greatly grieved, that I could answer never a word.

"You may well weep," said my uncle, "for you have done wickedly. As to your brother, he will do well to keep where he is in the plantations; for if he come hither a *theeing* and *thouing* of me, I will spare him never a whit; and if I do not chastise him myself, it will be because the constable

can do it better at the cart-tail. As the Lord lives, I had rather he had turned Turk!"

I tried to say a word for my brother, but he cut me straightway short, bidding me not to mention his name again in his presence. Poor me! I have none here now to whom I can speak freely, Rebecca having gone to her sister's at Weymouth. My young cousin Grindall is below, with his college friend, Cotton Mather; but I care not to listen to their discourse, and aunt is busied with her servants in the kitchen, so that I must even sit alone with my thoughts, which be indeed but sad company.

The little book which I brought with me from the Maine, it being the gift of young Mr. Jordan, and which I have kept close hidden in my trunk, hath been no small consolation to me this day, for it aboundeth in sweet and goodly thoughts, although he who did write it was a monk. Especially in my low state, have these words been a comfort to me: —

"What thou canst not amend in thyself or others, bear thou with patience until God ordaineth otherwise. When comfort is taken away, do not presently despair. Stand with an even mind resigned to the will of God, whatever shall befall, because after winter cometh the summer; after the dark night the day shineth, and after the storm followeth a great calm. Seek not for consolation which shall rob thee of the grace of penitence; for all that is high is not holy, nor all that is pleasant

good; nor every desire pure; nor is what is pleasing to us always pleasant in the sight of God."

January 23d.

The weather is bitter cold, and a great snow on the ground. By a letter from Newbury, brought me by Mr. Sewall, who hath just returned from that place, I hear that Goodwife Morse hath been bound for trial as a witch. Mr. Sewall tells me the woman is now in the Boston jail. As to Caleb Powell, he hath been set at liberty, there being no proof of his evil practice. Yet, inasmuch as he did give grounds of suspicion by boasting of his skill in astrology and astronomy, the Court declared that he justly deserves to bear his own shame and the costs of his prosecution and lodging in jail.

Mr. Sewall tells me that Deacon Dole has just married his housekeeper, Widow Barnet, and that Moses says he never knew before his father to get the worst in a bargain.

January 30th.

Robert Pike called this morning, bringing me a letter from my brother, and one from Margaret Brewster. He hath been to the Providence Plantations and Rhode Island, and reporteth well of the prospects of my brother, who hath a goodly farm, and a house nigh upon finished, the neighbors being mostly Quakers, assisting him much therein. My brother's letter doth confirm this ac-

count of his temporal condition, although a great part of it is taken up with a defence of his new doctrines, for the which he doth ingeniously bring to mind many passages of Scripture. Margaret's letter being short, I here copy it: —

THE PLANTATIONS, 20th of the 1st mo., 1679.

"DEAR FRIEND: — I salute thee with much love from this new country, where the Lord hath spread a table for us in the wilderness. Here is a goodly company of Friends, who do seek to know the mind of Truth, and to live thereby, being held in favor and esteem by the rulers of the land, and so left in peace to worship God according to their consciences. The whole country being covered with snow, and the weather being extreme cold, we can scarce say much of the natural gifts and advantages of our new home; but it lieth on a small river, and there be fertile meadows, and old corn-fields of the Indians, and good springs of water, so that I am told it is a desirable and pleasing place in the warm season. My soul is full of thankfulness, and a sweet inward peace is my portion. Hard things are made easy to me; this desert place, with its lonely woods and wintry snows, is beautiful in mine eyes. For here we be no longer gazing-stocks of the rude multitude, we are no longer haled from our meetings, and railed upon as witches and possessed people. O how often have we been called upon heretofore to repeat the prayer of one formerly: '*Let me not fall into the hands of man.*' Sweet, beyond the power of words to express, hath been the change in this respect; and in view of the mercies vouchsafed unto us, what can we do but repeat the language of David, — '*Praise is comely; yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thank-*

ful. It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High! to show forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.'

"Thou hast doubtless heard that thy dear brother hath been favored to see the way of truth, according to our persuasion thereof, and hath been received into fellowship with us. I fear this hath been a trial to thee; but, dear heart, leave it in the hands of the Lord, whose work I do indeed count it. Nor needest thou to fear that thy brother's regard for thee will be lessened thereby, for the rather shall it be increased by a measure of that Divine love which, so far from destroying, doth but purify and strengthen the natural affections. Think, then, kindly of thy brother, for his love towards thee is very great; and of me, also, unworthy as I am, for his sake. And so, with salutations of love and peace, in which my dear mother joins, I remain thy loving friend,

MARGARET BREWSTER."

"The Morse woman, I hear, is in your jail, to be tried for a witch. She is a poor, weak creature, but I know no harm of her, and do believe her to be more silly than wicked in the matter of the troubles in her house. I fear she will suffer much at this cold season in the jail, she being old and weakly, and must needs entreat thee to inquire into her condition.

M. B."

February 10th.

Speaking of Goody Morse to-day, Uncle Rawson says she will, he thinks, be adjudged a witch, as there be many witnesses from Newbury to testify against her. Aunt sent the old creature some

warm blankets and other necessaries, which she stood much in need of, and Rebecca and I altered one of aunt's old gowns for her to wear, as she hath nothing seemly of her own. Mr. Richardson, her minister, hath visited her twice since she hath been in jail; but he saith she is hardened in her sin, and will confess nothing thereof.

February 14th.

The famous Mr. John Eliot, having business with my uncle, spent the last night with us, a truly worthy man, who, by reason of his great labors among the heathen Indians, may be called the chiefest of our apostles. He brought with him a young Indian lad, the son of a man of some note among his people, very bright and comely, and handsomely apparelled after the fashion of his tribe. This lad hath a ready wit, readeth and writeth, and hath some understanding of Scripture; indeed, he did repeat the Lord's Prayer in a manner edifying to hear.

The worshipful Major Gookins coming in to sup with us, there was much discourse concerning the affairs of the Province: both the Major and his friend Eliot being great sticklers for the rights and liberties of the people, and exceeding jealous of the rule of the home government, and in this matter my uncle did quite agree with them. In a special manner Major Gookins did complain of the Acts of Trade, as injurious to the interests of the Colony, and which he said ought not to be submit-

ted to, as the laws of England were bounded by the four seas, and did not justly reach America. He read a letter which he had from Mr. Stoughton, one of the agents of the Colony in England, showing how they had been put off from time to time, upon one excuse or another, without being able to get a hearing; and now the Popish Plot did so occupy all minds there, that Plantation matters were sadly neglected; but this much was certain, the laws for the regulating of trade must be consented to by the Massachusetts, if we would escape a total breach. My uncle struck his hand hard on the table at this, and said if all were of his mind they would never heed the breach; adding, that he knew his rights as a free-born Englishman, under Magna Charta, which did declare it the privilege of such to have a voice in the making of laws; whereas the Massachusetts had no voice in Parliament, and laws were thrust upon them by strangers.

"For mine own part," said Major Gookins, "I do hold our brother Eliot's book on the Christian Commonwealth, which the General Court did make haste to condemn on the coming in of the king, to be a sound and seasonable treatise, notwithstanding the author himself hath in some sort disowned it."

"I did truly condemn and deny the false and seditious doctrines charged upon it," said Mr. Eliot, "but for the book itself, rightly taken, and making allowance for some little heat of discourse and certain hasty and ill-considered words therein, I have

never seen cause to repent. I quite agree with what my lamented friend and fellow-laborer, Mr. Danforth, said, when he was told that the king was to be proclaimed at Boston: 'Whatever form of government may be deduced from Scripture, that let us yield to for conscience' sake, not forgetting at the same time that the Apostle hath said, *if thou mayest be free use it rather.*'"

My uncle said this was well spoken of Mr. Danforth, who was a worthy gentleman and a true friend to the liberties of the Colony; and he asked Rebecca to read some ingenious verses writ by him in one of his almanacs, which she had copied not long ago, wherein he compareth New England to a goodly tree or plant. Whereupon, Rebecca read them as followeth:—

"A skilful husbandman he was, who brought
This matchless plant from far, and here hath sought
A place to set it in; and for its sake
The wilderness a pleasant land doth make.
With pleasant aspect, Phœbus smiles upon
The tender buds and blooms that hang thereon;
At this tree's root Astrea sits and sings,
And waters it, whence upright *Justice* springs,
Which yearly shoots forth laws and liberties
That no man's will or wit may tyrannize.
Those birds of prey that sometime have oppressed
And stained the country with their filthy nest,
Justice abhors, and one day hopes to find
A way to make all promise-breakers grind.
On this tree's top hangs pleasant *Liberty*,
Not seen in Austria, France, Spain, Italy.
True Liberty 's there ripe, where all confess
They may do what they will, save wickedness.

Peace is another fruit which this tree bears,
The chiefest garland that the country wears,
Which o'er all house-tops, towns, and fields doth spread,
And stuffs the pillow for each weary head.
It bloomed in Europe once, but now 't is gone,
And glad to find a desert mansion.
Forsaken *Truth*, Time's daughter, groweth here, —
More precious fruit what tree did ever bear, —
Whose pleasant sight aloft hath many fed,
And what falls down knocks Error on the head."

After a little time, Rebecca found means to draw the good Mr. Eliot into some account of his labors and journeys among the Indians, and of their manner of life, ceremonies, and traditions, telling him that I was a stranger in these parts, and curious concerning such matters. So he did address himself to me very kindly, answering such questions as I ventured to put to him. And first, touching the Powahs, of whom I had heard much, he said they were manifestly witches, and such as had familiar spirits; but that, since the Gospel has been preached here, their power had in a great measure gone from them. "My old friend, Passaconaway, the Chief of the Merrimac River Indians," said he, "was, before his happy and marvellous conversion, a noted Powah and wizard. I once queried with him touching his sorceries, when he said he had done wickedly, and it was a marvel that the Lord spared his life, and did not strike him dead with his lightnings. And when I did press him to tell me how he did become a Powah, he said he liked not to speak of it, but would nevertheless tell

me. His grandmother used to tell him many things concerning the good and bad spirits, and in a special manner of the Abomako, or Chepian, whc had the form of a serpent, and who was the cause of sickness and pain, and of all manner of evils. And it so chanced that on one occasion, when hunting in the wilderness, three days' journey from home, he did lose his way, and wandered for a long time without food, and night coming on, he thought he did hear voices of men talking; but, on drawing near to the place whence the noise came, he could see nothing but the trees and rocks; and then he did see a light, as from a wigwam a little way off, but, going towards it, it moved away, and, following it, he was led into a dismal swamp, full of water, and snakes, and briers; and being in so sad a plight, he bethought him of all he had heard of evil demons and of Chepian, who, he doubted not was the cause of his trouble. At last, coming to a little knoll in the swamp, he lay down under a hemlock-tree, and being sorely tired, fell asleep. And he dreamed a dream, which was in this wise:—

"He thought he beheld a great snake crawl up out of the marsh, and stand upon his tail under a tall maple-tree; and he thought the snake spake to him, and bade him be of good cheer, for he would guide him safe out of the swamp, and make of him a great chief and Powah, if he would pray to him and own him as his god. All which he did promise to do; and when he awoke in the morning, he

beheld before him the maple-tree under which he had seen the snake in his dream, and, climbing to the top of it, he saw a great distance off the smoke of a wigwam, towards which he went, and found some of his own people cooking a plentiful meal of venison. When he got back to Patucket, he told his dream to his grandmother, who was greatly rejoiced, and went about from wigwam to wigwam, telling the tribe that Chepian had appeared to her grandson. So they had a great feast and dance, and he was thenceforth looked upon as a Powah. Shortly after, a woman of the tribe falling sick, he was sent for to heal her, which he did by praying to Chepian and laying his hands upon her; and at divers other times the Devil helped him in his enchantments and witcheries."

I asked Mr. Eliot whether he did know of any women who were Powahs. He confessed he knew none; which was the more strange, as in Christian countries the Old Serpent did commonly find instruments of his craft among the women.

To my query as to what notion the heathen had of God and a future state, he said that, when he did discourse them concerning the great and true God, who made all things, and of heaven and hell, they would readily consent thereto, saying that so their fathers had taught them; but when he spake to them of the destruction of the world by fire, and the resurrection of the body, they would not hear to it, for they pretend to hold that the spirit of the dead man goes forthwith, after death, to the happy

hunting-grounds made for good Indians, or to the cold and dreary swamps and mountains, where the bad Indians do starve and freeze, and suffer all manner of hardships.

There was, Mr. Eliot told us, a famous Powah, who, coming to Punkapog, while he was at that Indian town, gave out among the people there that a little humming-bird did come to him and peck at him when he did aught that was wrong, and sing sweetly to him when he did a good thing, or spake the right words; which coming to Mr. Eliot's ear, he made him confess, in the presence of the congregation, that he did only mean, by the figure of the bird, the sense he had of right and wrong in his own mind. This fellow was, moreover, exceeding cunning, and did often ask questions hard to be answered touching the creation of the Devil, and the fall of man.

I said to him that I thought it must be a great satisfaction to him to be permitted to witness the fruit of his long labors and sufferings in behalf of these people, in the hopeful conversion of so many of them to the light and knowledge of the Gospel; to which he replied that his poor labors had been indeed greatly blest, but it was all of the Lord's doing, and he could truly say he felt, in view of the great wants of these wild people, and their darkness and misery, that he had by no means done all his duty towards them. He said also, that whenever he was in danger of being puffed up with the praise of men, or the vanity of his own heart,

the Lord had seen meet to abase and humble him, by the falling back of some of his people to their old heathenish practices. The war, moreover, was a sore evil to the Indian churches, as some few of their number were enticed by Philip to join him in his burnings and slaughterings, and this did cause even the peaceful and innocent to be vehemently suspected and cried out against as deceivers and murderers. Poor, unoffending old men, and pious women, had been shot at and killed by our soldiers, their wigwams burned, their families scattered, and driven to seek shelter with the enemy; yea, many Christian Indians, he did believe, had been sold as slaves to the Barbadoes, which he did account a great sin, and a reproach to our people. Major Gookins said that a better feeling towards the Indians did now prevail among the people; the time having been when, because of his friendliness to them, and his condemnation of their oppressors, he was cried out against and stoned in the streets, to the great hazard of his life.

So, after some further discourse, our guests left us, Mr. Eliot kindly inviting me to visit his Indian congregation near Boston, whereby I could judge for myself of their condition.

February 22d, 1679.

The weather suddenly changing from a warm rain and mist to sharp, clear cold, the trees a little way from the house did last evening so shine with a wonderful brightness in the light of the moon,

now nigh unto its full, that I was fain to go out upon the hill-top to admire them. And truly it was no mean sight to behold every small twig be-crusted with ice, and glittering famously like silver-work or crystal, as the rays of the moon did strike upon them. Moreover, the earth was covered with frozen snow, smooth and hard like to marble, through which the long rushes, the hazles, and mulliens, and the dry blades of the grasses, did stand up bravely, bedight with frost. And, looking upward, there were the dark tops of the evergreen trees, such as hemlocks, pines, and spruces, starred and bespangled, as if wetted with a great rain of molten crystal. After admiring and marvelling at this rare entertainment and show of Nature, I said it did mind me of what the Spaniards and Portuguese relate of the great Incas of Guiana, who had a garden of pleasure in the Isle of Puna, whither they were wont to betake themselves when they would enjoy the air of the sea, in which they had all manner of herbs and flowers, and trees curiously fashioned of gold and silver, and so burnished that their exceeding brightness did dazzle the eyes of the beholders.

"Nay," said the worthy Mr. Mather, who did go with us, "it should rather, methinks, call to mind what the Revelator hath said of the Holy City. I never look upon such a wonderful display of the natural world without remembering the description of the glory of that city which *descended out of heaven from God, having the glory of God and her light*

like unto a stone most precious, even like unto a jasper stone, clear as crystal. And the building of the wall of it was of jasper, and the city was pure gold like unto clear glass. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls, every several gate was of one pearl, and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass.

"There never was a king's palace lighted up and adorned like this," continued Mr. Mather, as we went homewards. "It seemeth to be God's design to show how that He can glorify himself in the work of His hands, even at this season of darkness and death, when all things are sealed up, and there be no flowers, nor leaves, nor running brooks, to speak of His goodness and sing forth His praises. Truly hath it been said, *Great things doeth He, which we cannot comprehend. For He saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth; likewise to the small rain and the great rain of his strength. He sealeth up the hand of every man, that all men may know His work. Then the beasts go into their dens, and they remain in their places. Out of the south cometh the whirlwind, and cold out of the north. By the breath of God is the frost given, and the breadth of the waters straitened.*"

March 10th.

I have been now for many days afflicted with a great cold and pleurisy, although, by God's blessing on the means used, I am wellnigh free from pain, and much relieved, also, from a tedious

cough. In this sickness I have not missed the company and kind ministering of my dear cousin Rebecca, which was indeed a great comfort. She tells me to-day that the time hath been fixed upon for her marriage with Sir Thomas, which did not a little rejoice me, as I am to go back to mine own country in their company. I long exceedingly to see once again the dear friends from whom I have been separated by many months of time and a great ocean.

Cousin Torrey, of Weymouth, coming in yester day, brought with her a very bright and pretty Indian girl, one of Mr. Eliot's flock, of the Natick people. She was apparelled after the English manner, save that she wore leggings, called moccasins, in the stead of shoes, wrought over daintily with the quills of an animal called a porcupine, and hung about with small black and white shells. Her hair, which was exceeding long and black, hung straight down her back, and was parted from her forehead, and held fast by means of a strip of birch bark, wrought with quills and feathers, which did encircle her head. She speaks the English well, and can write somewhat, as well as read. Rebecca, for my amusement, did query much with her regarding the praying Indians; and on her desiring to know whether they did in no wise return to their old practices and worships, Wauwoonemeen (for so she was called by her people) told us that they did still hold their Keutikaw, or Dance for the Dead; and that the ministers, although

they did not fail to discourage it, had not forbidden it altogether, inasmuch as it was but a civil custom of the people, and not a religious rite. This dance did usually take place at the end of twelve moons after the death of one of their number, and finished the mourning. The guests invited bring presents to the bereaved family, of wampum, beaver-skins, corn, and ground-nuts, and venison. These presents are delivered to a speaker, appointed for the purpose, who takes them, one by one, and hands them over to the mourners, with a speech entreating them to be consoled by these tokens of the love of their neighbors, and to forget their sorrows. After which, they sit down to eat, and are merry together.

Now it had so chanced that at a Keutikaw held the present winter, two men had been taken ill, and had died the next day; and although Mr. Eliot, when he was told of it, laid the blame thereof upon their hard dancing until they were in a great heat, and then running out into the snow and sharp air to cool themselves, it was thought by many that they were foully dealt with and poisoned. So two noted old Powahs from Wauhktukook, on the great river Connecticut, were sent for to discover the murderers. Then these poor heathen got together in a great wigwam, where the old wizards undertook, by their spells and incantations, to consult the invisible powers in the matter. I asked Wauwoonemeen if she knew how they did practise on the occasion; whereupon she said that none but

men were allowed to be in the wigwam, but that she could hear the beating of sticks on the ground, and the groans and howlings and dismal mutterings of the Powahs, and that she, with another young woman, venturing to peep through a hole in the back of the wigwam, saw a great many people sitting on the ground, and the two Powahs before the fire, jumping and smiting their breasts, and rolling their eyes very frightfully.

"But what came of it?" asked Rebecca. "Did the Evil Spirit whom they thus called upon testify against himself, by telling who were his instruments in mischief?"

The girl said she had never heard of any discovery of the poisoners, if indeed there were such. She told us, moreover, that many of the best people in the tribe would have no part in the business, counting it sinful; and that the chief actors were much censured by the ministers, and so ashamed of it that they drove the Powahs out of the village, the women and boys chasing them and beating them with sticks and frozen snow, so that they had to take to the woods in a sorry plight.

We gave the girl some small trinkets, and a fair piece of cloth for an apron, whereat she was greatly pleased. We were all charmed with her good parts, sweetness of countenance, and discourse and ready wit, being satisfied thereby that Nature knoweth no difference between Europe and America in blood, birth, and bodies, as we read in Acts 17 that God hath made of one blood all mankind. I was

specially minded of a saying of that ingenious but schismatic man, Mr. Roger Williams, in the little book which he put forth in England on the Indian tongue : —

> "Boast not, proud English, of thy birth and blood,
> Thy brother Indian is by birth as good;
> Of one blood God made him and thee and all,
> As wise, as fair, as strong, as personal.
> By nature wrath 's his portion, thine, no more,
> Till grace his soul and thine in Christ restore.
> Make sure thy second birth, else thou shalt see
> Heaven ope to Indians wild, but shut to thee!"

March 15th.

One Master O'Shane, an Irish scholar, of whom my cousins here did learn the Latin tongue, coming in last evening, and finding Rebecca and I alone, (uncle and aunt being on a visit to Mr. Atkinson's) was exceeding merry, entertaining us rarely with his stories and songs. Rebecca tells me he is a learned man, as I can well believe, but that he is too fond of strong drink for his good, having thereby lost the favor of many of the first families here, who did formerly employ him. There was one ballad, which he saith is of his own making, concerning the selling of the daughter of a great Irish lord as a slave in this land, which greatly pleased me; and on my asking for a copy of it, he brought it to me this morning, in a fair hand. I copy it in my Journal, as I know that Oliver, who is curious in such things, will like it.

KATHLEEN.

O Norah! lay your basket down,
And rest your weary hand,
And come and hear me sing a song
Of our Old Ireland.

There was a lord of Galaway,
A mighty lord was he,
And he did wed a second wife,
A maid of low degree.

But he was old, and she was young,
And so in evil spite,
She baked the black bread for his kin,
And fed her own with white.

She whipped the maids, and starved the kern,
And drove away the poor;
"Ah, woe is me!" the old lord said,
"I rue my bargain sore!"

This lord he had a daughter fair,
Beloved of old and young,
And nightly round the shealing fires
Of her the gleeman sung.

"As sweet and good is young Kathleen
As Eve before her fall";
So sang the harper at the fair,
So harped he in the hall.

"O come to me, my daughter dear!
Come sit upon my knee,
For looking in your face, Kathleen,
Your mother's own I see!"

He smoothed and smoothed her hair away,
He kissed her forehead fair:
"It is my darling Mary's brow,
It is my darling's hair!"

O then spake up the angry dame,
"Get up, get up," quoth she,
"I'll sell ye over Ireland,
I'll sell ye o'er the sea!"

She clipped her glossy hair away,
That none her rank might know,
She took away her gown of silk
And gave her one of tow,

And sent her down to Limerick town
And to a captain sold
This daughter of an Irish lord
For ten good pounds in gold.

The lord he smote upon his breast,
And tore his beard so gray;
But he was old, and she was young,
And so she had her way.

Sure that same night the Banshee howled
To fright the evil dame,
And fairy folks, who loved Kathleen,
With funeral torches came.

She watched them glancing through the trees,
And glimmering down the hill;
They crept before the dead-vault door,
And there they all stood still!

"Get up, old man! the wake-lights shine!"
"Ye murthering witch," quoth he;
"So I'm rid of your tongue, I little care
If they shine for you or me.

"O whoso brings my daughter back,
My gold and land shall have!"
O then spake up his handsome page,
"No gold nor land I crave!

"But give to me your daughter dear,
And by the Holy Tree,
Be she on sea or on the land,
I 'll bring her back to thee."

"My daughter is a lady born,
And you of low degree,
But she shall be your bride the day
Ye bring her back to me."

He sailed east, he sailed west,
And north and south sailed he,
Until he came to Boston town,
Across the great salt sea.

"O have ye seen the young Kathleen,
The flower of Ireland?
Ye 'll know her by her eyes so blue,
And by her snow-white hand!"

Out spake an ancient man, "I know
The maiden whom ye mean;
I bought her of a Limerick man,
And she is called Kathleen.

"No skill hath she in household work,
Her hands are soft and white,
Yet well by loving looks and ways
She doth her cost requite."

So up they walked through Boston town,
And met a maiden fair,
A little basket on her arm,
So snowy-white and bare.

"Come hither child, and say hast thou
This young man ever seen?"
They wept within each other's arms,
The page and young Kathleen.

"O give to me this darling child,
And take my purse of gold":
"Nay, not by me," her master said,
"Shall sweet Kathleen be sold.

"We loved her in the place of one
The Lord hath early ta'en;
But since her heart 's in Ireland,
We give her back again!"

O for that same the saints in heaven
For his poor soul shall pray,
And Holy Mother wash with tears
His heresies away.

Sure now they dwell in Ireland,
As you go up Claremore
Ye 'll see their castle looking down
The pleasant Galway shore.

And the old lord's wife is dead and gone,
And a happy man is he,
For he sits beside his own Kathleen,
With her darling on his knee.

March 27, 1697.

Spent the afternoon and evening yesterday at Mr. Mather's, with uncle and aunt, Rebecca and Sir Thomas, and Mr. Torrey of Weymouth, and his wife; Mr. Thacher, the minister of the South Meeting, and Major Simon Willard of Concord, being present also. There was much discourse of certain Antinomians, whose loose and scandalous teachings in respect to works were strongly condemned, although Mr. Thacher thought there might be danger, on the other hand, of falling into the

error of the Socinians, who lay such stress upon works, that they do not scruple to undervalue and make light of faith. Mr. Torrey told of some of the Antinomians, who, being guilty of scandalous sins, did nevertheless justify themselves, and plead that they were no longer under the law. Sir Thomas drew Rebecca and I into a corner of the room, saying he was a-weary of so much disputation, and began relating somewhat which befell him in a late visit to the New Haven people. Among other things, he told us that while he was there, a maid of nineteen years was put upon trial for her life, by complaint of her parents of disobedience of their commands, and reviling them; that at first the mother of the girl did seem to testify strongly against her; but when she had spoken a few words, the accused crying out with a bitter lamentation, that she should be destroyed in her youth by the words of her own mother, the woman did so soften her testimony that the Court, being in doubt upon the matter, had a consultation with the ministers present, as to whether the accused girl had made herself justly liable to the punishment prescribed for stubborn and rebellious children in Deut. xxi. 20, 21. It was thought that this law did apply specially unto a rebellious *son*, according to the words of the text, and that a *daughter* could not be put to death under it; to which the Court did assent, and the girl, after being admonished, was set free. Thereupon, Sir Thomas told us, she ran sobbing into the arms of her moth-

er, who did rejoice over her as one raised from the dead, and did moreover mightily blame herself for putting her in so great peril, by complaining of her disobedience to the magistrates.

Major Willard, a pleasant, talkative man, being asked by Mr. Thacher some questions pertaining to his journey into the New Hampshire, in the year '52, with the learned and pious Mr. Edward Johnson, in obedience to an order of the General Court, for the finding the northernmost part of the river Merrimack, gave us a little history of the same, some parts of which I deemed noteworthy. The company, consisting of the two commissioners, and two surveyors, and some Indians, as guides and hunters, started from Concord about the middle of July, and followed the river on which Concord lies, until they came to the great Falls of the Merrimack, at Patucket, where they were kindly entertained at the wigwam of a chief Indian who dwelt there. They then went on to the Falls of the Amoskeag, a famous place of resort for the Indians, and encamped at the foot of a mountain, under the shade of some great trees, where they spent the next day, it being the Sabbath. Mr. Johnson read a portion of the Word, and a psalm was sung, the Indians sitting on the ground a little way off, in a very reverential manner. They then went to Annahookline, where were some Indian cornfields, and thence over a wild, hilly country, to the head of the Merrimack, at a place called by the Indians Aquedahcan, where they took an observation of the latitude,

and set their names upon a great rock, with that of the worshipful Governor, John Endicott. Here was the great Lake Winnepiseogee, as large over as an English county, with many islands upon it, very green with trees and vines, and abounding with squirrels and birds. They spent two days at the lake's outlet, one of them the Sabbath, a wonderfully still, quiet day of the midsummer. "It is strange," said the Major, "but so it is, that although a quarter of a century hath passed over me since that day, it is still very fresh and sweet in my memory. Many times, in my musings, I seem to be once more sitting under the beechen trees of Aquedahcan, with my three English friends, and I do verily seem to see the Indians squatted on the lake shore, round a fire, cooking their dishes, and the smoke thereof curling about among the trees over their heads; and beyond them is the great lake and the islands thereof, some big and others exceeding small, and the mountains that do rise on the other side, and whose woody tops show in the still water as in a glass. And, withal, I do seem to have a sense of the smell of flowers, which did abound there, and of the strawberries with which the old Indian cornfield near unto us was red, they being then ripe and luscious to the taste. It seems, also, as if I could hear the bark of my dog, and the chatter of squirrels, and the songs of the birds, in the thick woods behind us; and, moreover, the voice of my friend Johnson, as he did call to mind these words of the 104th Psalm: "*Bless the Lord, O my soul*,

who coverest thyself with light, as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain; who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds his chariot; and walketh upon the wings of the wind!" Ah me! I shall never truly hear that voice more, unless, through God's mercy, I be permitted to join the saints of light in praise and thanksgiving beside stiller waters and among greener pastures than are those of Aquedahcan."

"He was a shining light, indeed," said Mr. Mather, "and, in view of his loss and that of other worthies in Church and State, we may well say, as of old, *Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth!*"

Major Willard said that the works of Mr. Johnson did praise him, especially that monument of his piety and learning, "The History of New England; or, Wonder-Working Providence of Sion's Saviour," wherein he did show himself in verse and in prose a workman not to be ashamed. There was a piece which Mr. Johnson writ upon birchen bark at the head of the Merrimack, during the journey of which he had spoken, which had never been printed, but which did more deserve that honor than much of the rhymes with which the land now aboundeth. Mr. Mather said he had the piece of bark then in his possession, on which Mr. Johnson did write; and, on our desiring to see it, he brought it to us, and, as we could not well make out the writing thereon, he read it as followeth: —

This lonesome lake, like to a sea, among the mountains lies,
And like a glass doth show their shapes, and eke the clouds and skies.
God lays his chambers' beams therein, that all his power may know,
And holdeth in his fist the winds, that else would mar the show.

The Lord hath blest this wilderness with meadows, streams, and springs,
And like a garden planted it with green and growing things.
And filled the woods with wholesome meats, and eke with fowls the air,
And sown the land with flowers and herbs, and fruits of savor rare.

But here the nations know him not, and come and go the days,
Without a morning prayer to him, or evening song of praise;
The heathen fish upon the lake, or hunt the woods for meat,
And like the brutes do give no thanks for wherewithal to eat.

They dance in shame and nakedness, with horrid yells to hear,
And like to dogs they make a noise, or screeching owls anear
Each tribe, like Micah, doth its priest or cunning Powah keep
Yea, wizards who, like them of old, do mutter and do peep.

A cursèd and an evil race, whom Satan doth mislead,
And rob them of Christ's hope, whereby he makes them poor indeed;
They hold the waters and the hills, and clouds, and stars to be
Their gods; for, lacking faith, they do believe but what they see.

Yet God on them his sun and rain doth evermore bestow,
And ripens all their harvest-fields and pleasant fruits also.
For them he makes the deer and moose, for them the fishes swim,
And all the fowls in woods and air are goodly gifts from him

Yea, more; for them, as for ourselves, hath Christ a ransom paid,
And on himself, their sins and ours, a common burden laid.
By nature, vessels of God's wrath, 't is he alone can give
To English or to Indians wild the grace whereby we live.

O, let us pray that in these wilds the Gospel may be preached,
And these poor Gentiles of the woods may by its truth be reached;
That ransomed ones the tidings glad may sound with joy abroad,
And lonesome Aquedahcan hear the praises of the Lord!

March 18th.

My cough still troubling me, an ancient woman, coming in yesterday, did so set forth the worth and virtue of a sirup of her making, that Aunt Rawson sent Effie over to the woman's house for a bottle of it. The woman sat with us a pretty while, being a lively talking body, although now wellnigh fourscore years of age. She could tell many things of the old people of Boston, for, having been in youth the wife of a man of some note and substance, and being herself a notable housewife, and of good natural parts, she was well looked upon by the better sort of people. After she became a widow, she was for a little time in the family of Governor Endicott, at Naumkeag, whom she describeth as a just and goodly man, but exceeding exact in the ordering of his household, and of fiery temper withal. When displeasured, he would pull hard at the long tuft of hair which he wore upon his chin; and on one occasion, while sitting in the court, he plucked off his velvet cap, and cast it in the face of

one of the assistants, who did profess conscientious scruples against the putting to death of the Quakers.

"I have heard say his hand was heavy upon these people," I said.

"And well it might be," said the old woman, "for more pestilent and provoking strollers and ranters you shall never find than these same Quakers. They were such a sore trouble to the Governor, that I do believe his days were shortened by reason of them. For, neither the jail, nor whipping, nor cropping of ears, did suffice to rid him of them. At last, when a law was made by the General Court, banishing them on pain of death, the Governor, coming home from Boston, said that he now hoped to have peace in the Colony, and that this sharpness would keep the land free from these troublers. I remember it well, how the next day he did invite the ministers and chief men, and in what a pleasant frame he was. In the morning I had mended his best velvet breeches for him, and he praised my work not a little, and gave me six shillings over and above my wages; and, says he to me:—'Goody Lake,' says he, 'you are a worthy woman, and do feel concerned for the good of Zion, and the orderly carrying of matters in Church and State, and hence I know you will be glad to hear that, after much ado, and in spite of the strivings of evil-disposed people, the General Court have agreed upon a law for driving the Quakers out of the jurisdiction, on pain of death; so that, if any come after this, their blood be upon their own

heads. It is what I have wrestled with the Lord for this many a month, and I do count it a great deliverance, and special favor; yea, I may truly say, with David; — "*Thou hast given me my heart's desire, and hast not withholden the prayer of my lips. Thy hand shall find out all thine enemies; thou shalt make them as a fiery oven in the time of thine anger; the Lord shall swallow them up in his wrath, and the fire shall devour them.*" You will find these words, Goody Lake,' says he, 'in the 21st Psalm, where what is said of the King will serve for such as be in authority at this time.' For you must know, young woman, that the Governor was mighty in Scripture, more especially in his prayers, when you could think that he had it all at his tongue's end.

"There was a famous dinner at the Governor's that day, and many guests, and the Governor had ordered from his cellar some wine, which was a gift from a Portuguese captain, and of rare quality, as I know of mine own tasting, when word was sent to the Governor that a man wished to see him, whom he bid wait awhile. After dinner was over, he went into the hall, and who should be there but Wharton, the Quaker, who, without pulling off his hat, or other salutation, cried out: 'John Endicott, hearken to the word of the Lord, in whose fear and dread I am come. Thou, and thy evil counsellors, the priests, have framed iniquity by law, but it shall not avail you. Thus saith the Lord, *Evil shall slay the wicked, and they that hate the righteous*

shall be desolate!' Now, when the Governor did hear this, he fell, as must needs be, into a rage, and, seeing me by the door, he bade me call the servants from the kitchen, which I did, and they running up, he bade them lay hands on the fellow, and take him away; and then, in a great passion, he called for his horse, saying he would not rest until he had seen forty stripes save one laid upon that cursed Quaker, and that he should go to the gallows yet for his sauciness. So they had him to jail, and the next morning he was soundly whipped, and ordered to depart the jurisdiction."

I, being curious to know more concerning the Quakers, asked her if she did ever talk with any of them who were dealt with by the authorities, and what they said for themselves.

"O they never lacked words," said she, "but cried out for liberty of conscience, and against persecution, and prophesied all manner of evil upon such as did put in force the law. Sometime about the year '56, there did come two women of them to Boston, and brought with them certain of their blasphemous books, which the constables burnt in the street, as I well remember by this token, that, going near the fire, and seeing one of the books not yet burnt, I stooped to pick it up, when one of the constables gave me a smart rap with his staff, and snatched it away. The women being sent to the jail, the Deputy-Governor, Mr. Bellingham, and the Council, thinking they might be witches, were for having them searched; and Madame Belling-

ham naming me and another woman to her husband, he sent for us, and bade us go to the jail and search them, to see if there was any witch-mark on their bodies. So we went, and told them our errand, at which they marvelled not a little, and one of them, a young, well-favored woman, did entreat that they might not be put to such shame, for the jailer stood all the time in the yard, looking in at the door; but we told them such was the order, and so, without more ado, stripped them of their clothes, but found nothing save a mole on the left breast of the younger, into which Goodwife Page thrust her needle, at which the woman did give a cry as of pain, and the blood flowed; whereas, if it had been a witch's mark, she would not have felt the prick, nor would it have caused blood. So, finding nothing that did look like witchcraft, we left them; and on being brought before the Court, Deputy-Governor Bellingham asked us what we had to say concerning the women. Whereupon Goodwife Page, being the oldest of us, told him that we did find no appearance of witches upon their bodies, save the mole on the younger woman's breast, (which was but natural,) but that otherwise she was fair as Absalom, who had no blemish from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head. Thereupon the Deputy-Governor dismissed us, saying that it might be that the Devil did not want them for witches, because they could better serve him as Quakers; whereat all the Court fell to laughing."

"And what did become of the women?" I asked.

"They kept them in jail awhile," said Nurse Lake, "and then sent them back to England. But the others that followed fared harder, — some getting whipped at the cart-tail, and others losing their ears. The hangman's wife showed me once the ears of three of them, which her husband cut off in the jail that very morning."

"This is dreadful!" said I, for I thought of my dear brother and sweet Margaret Brewster, and tears filled mine eyes.

"Nay; but they were sturdy knaves and vagabonds," answered Nurse Lake, "although one of them was the son of a great officer in the Barbadoes, and accounted a gentleman before he did run out into his evil practices. But cropping of ears did not stop these headstrong people, and they still coming, some were put to death. There were three of them to be hanged at one time. I do remember it well, for it was a clear warm day about the last of October, and it was a brave sight to behold. There was Marshall Michelson, and Captain Oliver, with two hundred soldiers afoot, besides many on horse of our chief people, and among them the minister, Mr. Wilson, looking like a saint as he was, with a pleasant and joyful countenance, and a great multitude of people, men, women, and children, not only of Boston, but from the towns round about. I got early on to the ground, and when they were going to the gallows I kept as near to the condemned ones as I could. There were two young, well-favored men, and a woman

with gray hairs. As they walked hand in hand, the woman in the middle, the Marshall, who was riding beside them, and who was a merry drolling man, asked her if she was n't ashamed to walk hand in hand between two young men; whereupon, looking upon him solemnly, she said she was not ashamed, for this was to her an hour of great joy, and that no eye could see, no ear hear, no tongue speak, and no heart understand, the sweet incomes and refreshings of the Lord's spirit, which she did then feel. This she spake aloud, so that all about could hear, whereat Captain Oliver bid the drums to beat and drown her voice. Now, when they did come to the gallows ladder, on each side of which the officers and chief people stood, the two men kept on their hats, as is the ill manner of their sort, which so provoked Mr. Wilson, the minister, that he cried out to them: 'What! shall such Jacks as you come before authority with your hats on?' To which one of them said: 'Mind you, it is for not putting off our hats that we are put to death.' The two men then went up the ladder, and tried to speak; but I could not catch a word, being outside of the soldiers, and much fretted and worried by the crowd. They were presently turned off, and then the woman went up the ladder, and they tied her coats down to her feet, and put the halter on her neck, and, lacking a handkerchief to tie over her face, the minister lent the hangman his. Just then your Uncle Rawson comes a-riding up to the gallows, waving his hand, and crying out, 'Stop!

she is reprieved!' So they took her down, although she said she was ready to die as her brethren did, unless they would undo their bloody laws. I heard Captain Oliver tell her it was for her son's sake that she was spared. So they took her to jail, and after a time sent her back to her husband in Rhode Island, which was a favor she did in no wise deserve; but good Governor Endicott, much as he did abhor these people, sought not their lives, and spared no pains to get them peaceably out the country; but they were a stubborn crew, and must needs run their necks into the halter, as did this same woman; for, coming back again, under pretence of pleading for the repeal of the laws against Quakers, she was not long after put to death. The excellent Mr. Wilson made a brave ballad on the hanging, which I have heard the boys in the street sing many a time.

"A great number, both men and women, were whipped and put in the stocks," continued the woman, "and I once beheld two of them, one a young, and the other an aged woman, in a cold day in winter, tied to the tail of a cart, going through Salem Street, stripped to their waists as naked as they were born, and their backs all covered with red whip-marks; but there was a more pitiful case of one Hored Gardner, a young married woman, with a little child and her nurse, who, coming to Weymouth, was laid hold of and sent to Boston, where both were whipped, and, as I was often at the jail to see the keeper's wife, it so chanced that

I was there at the time. The woman, who was young and delicate, when they were stripping her, held her little child in her arms; and when the jailer plucked it from her bosom, she looked round anxiously, and, seeing me, said, 'Good woman, I know thou 'lt have pity on the babe,' and asked me to hold it, which I did. She was then whipped with a threefold whip, with knots in the ends, which did tear sadly into her flesh; and, after it was over, she kneeled down, with her back all bleeding, and prayed for them she called her persecutors. I must say I did greatly pity her, and I spoke to the jailer's wife, and we washed the poor creature's back, and put on it some famous ointment, so that she soon got healed."

Aunt Rawson now coming in, the matter was dropped; but, on my speaking to her of it after Nurse Lake had left, she said it was a sore trial to many, even those in authority, and who were charged with the putting in force of the laws against these people. She furthermore said, that Uncle Rawson and Mr. Broadstreet were much cried out against by the Quakers and their abettors on both sides of the water, but they did but their duty in the matter, and for herself she had always mourned over the coming of these people, and was glad when the Court did set any of them free. When the woman was hanged, my aunt spent the whole day with Madam Broadstreet, who was so wrought upon that she was fain to take to her bed, refusing to be comforted, and counting it the heaviest day of her life.

"Looking out of her chamber window," said Aunt Rawson, "I saw the people who had been to the hanging coming back from the training-field; and when Anne Broadstreet did hear the sound of their feet in the road, she groaned, and said that it did seem as if every foot fell upon her heart. Presently Mr. Broadstreet came home, bringing with him the minister, Mr. John Norton. They sat down in the chamber, and for some little time there was scarce a word spoken. At length Madam Broadstreet, turning to her husband, and laying her hand on his arm, as was her loving manner, asked him if it was indeed all over. 'The woman is dead,' said he; 'but I marvel, Anne, to see you so troubled about her. Her blood is upon her own head, for we did by no means seek her life. She hath trodden under foot our laws, and misused our great forbearance, so that we could do no otherwise than we have done. So under the Devil's delusion was she, that she wanted no minister or elder to pray with her at the gallows, but seemed to think herself sure of heaven, heeding in no wise the warnings of Mr. Norton, and other godly people.' 'Did she rail at, or cry out against, any?' asked his wife. 'Nay, not to my hearing,' he said, 'but she carried herself as one who had done no harm, and who verily believed that she had obeyed the Lord's will.'

"'This is very dreadful,' said she, 'and I pray that the death of that poor misled creature may not rest heavy upon us.'

"Hereupon Mr. Norton lifted up his head, which had been bowed down upon his hand; and I shall never forget how his pale and sharp features did seem paler than their wont, and his solemn voice seemed deeper and sadder.

"'Madam!' he said, 'it may well befit your gentleness and sweetness of heart to grieve over the sufferings even of the froward and ungodly, when they be cut off from the congregation of the Lord, as his holy and just law enjoineth, for verily I also could weep for the condemned one, as a woman and a mother; and, since her coming, I have wrestled with the Lord, in prayer and fasting, that I might be his instrument in snatching her as a brand from the burning. But, as a watchman on the walls of Zion, when I did see her casting poison into the wells of life, and enticing unstable souls into the snares and pitfalls of Satan, what should I do but sound an alarm against her? And the magistrate, such as your worthy husband, who is also appointed of God, and set for the defence of the truth, and the safety of the Church and the State, what can he do but faithfully to execute the law of God, which is a terror to evil doers? The natural pity which we feel must give place unto the duty we do severally owe to God and his Church, and the government of his appointment. It is a small matter to be judged of man's judgment, for, though certain people have not scrupled to call me cruel and hard of heart, yet the Lord knows I have wept in secret places over these misguided men and women.'

"'But might not life be spared?' asked Madam Broadstreet. 'Death is a great thing.'

"'It is appointed unto all to die,' said Mr. Norton, 'and after death cometh the judgment. The death of these poor bodies is a bitter thing, but the death of the soul is far more dreadful; and it is better that these people should suffer, than that hundreds of precious souls should be lost through their evil communication. The care of the dear souls of my flock lieth heavily upon me, as many sleepless nights and days of fasting do bear witness. I have not taken counsel of flesh and blood in this grave matter, nor yielded unto the natural weakness of my heart. And while some were for sparing these workers of iniquity, even as Saul spared Agag, I have been strengthened, as it were, to hew them in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal. O, madam, your honored husband can tell you what travail of spirit, what sore trials, these disturbers have cost us; and as you do know in his case, so believe also in mine, that what we have done hath been urged, not by hardness and cruelty of heart, but rather by our love and tenderness towards the Lord's heritage in this land. Through care and sorsow I have grown old before my time; few and evil have been the days of my pilgrimage, and the end seems not far of; and though I have many sins and shortcomings to answer for, I do humbly trust that the blood of the souls of the flock committed to me will not then be found upon my garments.'

"Ah, me! I shall never forget these words of

that godly man," continued my aunt, "for, as he said, his end was not far off. He died very suddenly, and the Quakers did not scruple to say that it was God's judgment upon him for his severe dealing with their people. They even go so far as to say that the land about Boston is cursed because of the hangings and whippings, inasmuch as wheat will not now grow here, as it did formerly, and, indeed, many, not of their way, do believe the same thing."

April 24th.

A vessel from London has just come to port, bringing Rebecca's dresses for the wedding, which will take place about the middle of June, as I hear. Uncle Rawson has brought me a long letter from Aunt Grindall, with one also from Oliver, pleasant and lively, like himself. No special news from abroad that I hear of. My heart longs for Old England more and more.

It is supposed that the freeholders have chosen Mr. Broadstreet for their Governor. The vote, uncle says, is exceeding small, very few people troubling themselves about it.

May 2d.

Mr. John Easton, a man of some note in the Providence Plantations, having occasion to visit Boston yesterday, brought me a message from my brother, to the effect that he was now married and settled, and did greatly desire me to make the

journey to his house in the company of his friend, John Easton, and his wife's sister. I feared to break the matter to my uncle, but Rebecca hath done so for me, and he hath, to my great joy, consented thereto; for, indeed, he refuseth nothing to her. My aunt fears for me, that I shall suffer from the cold, as the weather is by no means settled, although the season is forward, as compared with the last; but I shall take good care as to clothing; and John Easton saith we shall be but two nights on the way.

THE PLANTATIONS, May 10th, 1679.

We left Boston on the 4th, at about sunrise, and rode on at a brisk trot, until we came to the banks of the river, along which we went near a mile before we found a suitable ford, and even there the water was so deep that we only did escape a wetting by drawing our feet up to the saddle-trees. About noon, we stopped at a farmer's house, in the hope of getting a dinner; but the room was dirty as an Indian wigwam, with two children in it, sick with the measles, and the woman herself in a poor way, and we were glad to leave as soon as possible, and get into the fresh air again. Aunt had provided me with some cakes, and Mr. Easton, who is an old traveller, had with him a roasted fowl, and a good loaf of Indian bread; so, coming to a spring of excellent water, we got off our horses, and, spreading our napkins on the grass and dry leaves, had a

comfortable dinner. John's sister is a widow, a lively, merry woman, and proved rare company for me. Afterwards we rode until the sun was nigh setting, when we came to a little hut on the shore of a broad lake at a place called Massapog. It had been dwelt in by a white family formerly, but it was now empty, and much decayed in the roof, and as we did ride up to it we saw a wild animal of some sort leap out of one of its windows, and run into the pines. Here Mr. Easton said we must make shift to tarry through the night, as it was many miles to the house of a white man. So, getting off our horses, we went into the hut, which had but one room, with loose boards for a floor; and as we sat there in the twilight, it looked dismal enough; but presently Mr. Easton coming in with a great load of dried boughs, struck a light in the stone fireplace, and we soon had a roaring fire. His sister broke off some hemlock boughs near the door, and made a broom of them, with which she swept up the floor, so that when we sat down on blocks by the hearth, eating our poor supper, we thought ourselves quite comfortable and tidy. It was a wonderful clear night, the moon rising, as we judged, about eight of the clock, over the tops of the hills on the easterly side of the lake, and shining brightly on the water in a long line of light, as if a silver bridge had been laid across it. Looking out into the forest, we could see the beams of the moon, falling here and there through the thick tops of the pines and hemlocks, and showing their tall

trunks, like to so many pillars in a church or temple. There was a westerly wind blowing, not steadily, but in long gusts, which, sounding from a great distance through the pine leaves, did make a solemn and not unpleasing music, to which I listened at the door until the cold drove me in for shelter. Our horses having been fed with corn, which Mr. Easton took with him, were tied at the back of the building, under the cover of a thick growth of hemlocks, which served to break off the night wind. The widow and I had a comfortable bed in the corner of the room, which we made of small hemlock sprigs, having our cloaks to cover us, and our saddle-bags for pillows. My companions were soon asleep, but the exceeding strangeness of my situation did keep me a long time awake. For, as I lay there looking upward, I could see the stars shining down a great hole in the roof, and the moonlight streaming through the seams of the logs, and mingling with the red glow of the coals on the hearth. I could hear the horses stamping, just outside, and the sound of the water on the lake shore, the cry of wild animals in the depth of the woods, and, over all, the long and very wonderful murmur of the pines in the wind. At last, being sore weary, I fell asleep, and waked not until I felt the warm sun shining in my face, and heard the voice of Mr. Easton bidding me rise, as the horses were ready.

After riding about two hours we came upon an Indian camp, in the midst of a thick wood of maples. Here were six spacious wigwams; but the

men were away, except two very old and infirm ones. There were five or six women, and perhaps twice as many children, who all came out to see us. They brought us some dried meat, as hard nigh upon as chips of wood, and which, although hungry, I could feel no stomach for; but I bought of one of the squaws two great cakes of sugar, made from the sap of the maples which abound there, very pure and sweet, and which served me instead of their unsavory meat and cakes of pounded corn, of which Mr. Easton and his sister did not scruple to partake. Leaving them, we had a long and hard ride to a place called Winnicinnit, where, to my great joy, we found a comfortable house and Christian people, with whom we tarried. The next day we got to the Plantations; and about noon, from the top of a hill, Mr. Easton pointed out the settlement where my brother dwelt, — a fair, pleasant valley, through which ran a small river, with the houses of the planters on either side. Shortly after, we came to a new frame house, with a great oak tree left standing on each side of the gate, and a broad meadow before it, stretching down to the water. Here Mr. Easton stopped; and now, who should come hastening down to us but my new sister, Margaret, in her plain but comely dress, kindly welcoming me; and soon my brother came up from the meadow, where he was busy with his men. It was indeed a joyful meeting.

The next day, being the Sabbath, I went with my brother and his wife to the meeting, which was

held in a large house of one of their Quaker neighbors. About a score of grave, decent people did meet there, sitting still and quiet for a pretty while, when one of their number, a venerable man, spake a few words, mostly Scripture; then a young woman, who, I did afterwards learn, had been hardly treated by the Plymouth people, did offer a few words of encouragement and exhortation from this portion of the 34th Psalm: "*The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.*" When the meeting was over, some of the ancient women came and spake kindly to me, inviting me to their houses. In the evening certain of these people came to my brother's, and were kind and loving towards me. There was, nevertheless, a gravity and a certain staidness of deportment which I could but ill conform unto, and I was not sorry when they took leave. My Uncle Rawson need not fear my joining with them; for, although I do judge them to be a worthy and pious people, I like not their manner of worship, and their great gravity and soberness do little accord with my natural temper and spirits.

May 16th.

This place is in what is called the Narraganset country, and about twenty miles from Mr. Williams's town of Providence, a place of no small note. Mr. Williams, who is now an aged man, more than fourscore, was the founder of the Province, and is held in great esteem by the people,

who be of all sects and persuasions, as the Government doth not molest any in worshipping according to conscience; and hence you will see in the same neighborhood Anabaptists, Quakers, New Lights, Brownists, Antinomians, and Socinians, — nay, I am told there be Papists also. Mr. Williams is a Baptist, and holdeth mainly with Calvin and Beza, as respects the decrees, and hath been a bitter reviler of the Quakers, although he hath oftimes sheltered them from the rigor of the Massachusetts Bay Magistrates, who he saith have no warrant to deal in matters of conscience and religion, as they have done.

Yesterday came the Governor of the Rhode Island, Nicholas Easton, the father of John, with his youngest daughter Mary, as fair and as ladylike a person as I have seen for many a day. Both her father and herself do meet with the "Friends," as they call themselves, at their great house on the Island, and the Governor sometimes speaks therein, having, as one of the elders here saith of him, "a pretty gift in the ministry." Mary, who is about the age of my brother's wife, would fain persuade us to go back with them on the morrow to the Island, but Leonard's business will not allow it, and I would by no means lose his company while I tarry in these parts, as I am so soon to depart for home, where a great ocean will separate us, it may be for many years. Margaret, who hath been to the Island, saith that the Governor's house is open to all new-comers, who are there enter-

tained with rare courtesy, he being a man of substance, having a great plantation, with orchards and gardens, and a stately house on an hill overlooking the sea on either hand, where, six years ago, when the famous George Fox was on the Island, he did entertain and lodge no less than fourscore persons, beside his own family and servants.

Governor Easton, who is a pleasant talker, told a story of a magistrate who had been a great persecutor of his people. On one occasion, after he had cast a worthy Friend into jail, he dreamed a dream in this wise: He thought he was in a fair, delightsome place, where were sweet springs of water and green meadows, and rare fruit-trees and vines with ripe clusters thereon, and in the midst thereof flowed a river whose waters were clearer than crystal. Moreover, he did behold a great multitude walking on the river's bank, or sitting lovingly in the shade of the trees which grew thereby. Now, while he stood marvelling at all this, he beheld in his dream the man he had cast into prison sitting with his hat on, side by side with a minister then dead, whom the magistrate had held in great esteem while living; whereat, feeling his anger stirred within him, he went straight and bade the man take off his hat in the presence of his betters. Howbeit the twain did give no heed to his words, but did continue to talk lovingly together as before; whereupon he waxed exceeding wroth, and would have laid hands upon the man. But, hearing a voice calling upon him to forbear, he did look

about him, and behold one, with a shining countenance, and clad in raiment so white that it did dazzle his eyes to look upon it, stood before him. And the shape said, "Dost thou well to be angry?" Then said the Magistrate, "Yonder is a Quaker with his hat on talking to a godly minister." "Nay," quoth the shape, "thou seest but after the manner of the world and with the eyes of flesh. Look yonder and tell me what thou seest." So he looked again, and lo! two men in shining raiment, like him who talked with him, sat under the tree. "Tell me," said the shape, "if thou canst, which of the twain is the Quaker and which is the Priest?" And when he could not, but stood in amazement confessing he did see neither of them, the shape said, "Thou sayest well, for here be neither Priest nor Quaker, Jew nor Gentile, but all are one in the Lord." Then he awoke, and pondered long upon his dream, and when it was morning he went straightway to the jail, and ordered the man to be set free, and hath ever since carried himself lovingly towards the Quakers.

My brother's lines have indeed fallen unto him in a pleasant place. His house is on a warm slope of a hill, looking to the southeast, with a great wood of oaks and walnuts behind it, and before it many acres of open land, where formerly the Indians did plant their corn, much of which is now ploughed and seeded. From the top of the hill one can see the waters of the great Bay; at the foot of it runs a small river noisily over the rocks,

making a continual murmur. Going thither this morning, I found a great rock hanging over the water, on which I sat down, listening to the noise of the stream, and the merriment of the birds in the trees, and admiring the green banks, which were besprinkled with white and yellow flowers. I called to mind that sweet fancy of the lamented Anne Broadstreet, the wife of the new Governor of Massachusetts, in a little piece which she nameth "Contemplations," being written on the banks of a stream, like unto the one whereby I was then sitting, in the which the writer first describeth the beauties of the wood, and the flowing water, with the bright fishes therein, and then the songs of birds in the boughs over her head, in this sweet and pleasing verse, which I have often heard repeated by Cousin Rebecca:—

"While musing thus, with contemplation fed,
And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
A sweet-tongued songster perched above my head,
And chanted forth her most melodious strain;
Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,
I judged my hearing better than my sight,
And wished me wings with her a while to take my flight.

"O merry bird! said I, that fears no snares,
That neither toils nor hoards up in the barn,
Feels no sad thoughts, nor cruciating cares,
To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm.
Thy clothes ne'er wear, thy meat is everywhere,
Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water clear,
Reminds not what is past, nor what 's to come dost fear.

"The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,
Sets hundred notes unto thy feathered crew,
So each one tunes his pretty instrument,
And, warbling out the old, begins the new.
And thus they pass their youth in summer season,
Then follow thee unto a better region,
Where winter 's never felt by that sweet airy legion."

Now, while I did ponder these lines, hearing a step in the leaves, I looked up, and behold there was an old Indian close beside me; and, being much affrighted, I gave a loud cry, and ran towards the house. The old man laughed at this, and calling after me, said he would not harm me; and Leonard, hearing my cries, now coming up, bade me never fear the Indian, for he was a harmless creature, who was well known to him. So he kindly saluted the old man, asking me to shake hands with him, which I did, when he struck across the field to a little cleared spot on the side of the hill. My brother bidding me note his actions, I saw him stoop down on his knees, with his head to the ground, for some space of time, and then, getting up, he stretched out his hands towards the south-west, as if imploring some one whom I could not see. This he repeated for nigh upon half an hour, when he came back to the house, where he got some beer and bread to eat, and a great loaf to carry away. He said but little until he rose to depart, when he told my brother that he had been to see the graves of his father and his mother, and that he was glad to find them as he did leave them the last year; for he knew that the spirits of the dead would

be sore grieved, if the white man's hoe touched their bones.

My brother promised him that the burial-place of his people should not be disturbed, and that he would find it as now, when he did again visit it.

"Me never come again," said the old Indian. "No. Umpachee is very old. He has no squaw; he has no young men who call him father. Umpachee is like that tree"; and he pointed, as he spoke, to a birch, which stood apart in the field, from which the bark had fallen, and which did show no leaf nor bud.

My brother hereupon spake to him of the great Father of both white and red men, and of his love towards them, and of the measure of light which he had given unto all men, whereby they might know good from evil, and by living in obedience to which they might be happy in this life and in that to come; exhorting him to put his trust in God, who was able to comfort and sustain him in his old age, and not to follow after lying Powahs, who did deceive and mislead him.

"My young brother's talk is good," said the old man. "The Great Father sees that his skin is white, and that mine is red. He sees my young brother when he sits in his praying-house, and me when me offer him corn and deer's flesh in the woods, and he says good. Umpachee's people have all gone to one place. If Umpachee go to a praying-house, the Great Father will send him to the white man's place, and his father and his moth-

er and his sons will never see him in their hunting-ground. No. Umpachee is an old beaver that sits in his own house, and swims in his own pond. He will stay where he is, until his Father calls him.

Saying this, the old savage went on his way. As he passed out of the valley, and got to the top of the hill on the other side, we, looking after him, beheld him standing still a moment, as if bidding farewell to the graves of his people.

May 24th.

My brother goes with me to-morrow on my way to Boston. I am not a little loath to leave my dear sister Margaret, who hath greatly won upon me by her gentleness and loving deportment, and who doth at all times, even when at work in ordering her household affairs, and amidst the cares and perplexities of her new life, show forth that sweetness of temper and that simplicity wherewith I was charmed when I first saw her. She hath naturally an ingenious mind, and, since her acquaintance with my brother, hath dipped into such of his studies and readings as she had leisure and freedom to engage in, so that her conversation is in no wise beneath her station. Nor doth she, like some of her people, especially the more simple and unlearned, affect a painful and melancholy look, and a canting tone of discourse, but lacketh not for cheerfulness, and a certain natural ease and grace of demeanor; and the warmth and goodness of her heart doth at times break the usual quiet of her

countenance, like to sunshine and wind on a still water, and she hath the sweetest smile I ever saw. I have often thought, since I have been with her, that if Uncle Rawson could see and hear her as I do for a single day, he would confess that my brother might have done worse than to take a Quaker to wife.

BOSTON, May 28th, 1679.

Through God's mercy, I got here safe and well, saving great weariness, and grief at parting with my brother and his wife. The first day we went as far as a place they call Rehoboth, where we tarried over night, finding but small comfort therein; for the house was so filled, that Leonard and a friend who came with us, were fain to lie all night in the barn, on the mow before their horses; and, for mine own part, I had to choose between lying in the large room, where the man of the house and his wife and two sons, grown men, did lodge, or to climb into the dark loft, where was barely space for a bed, — which last I did make choice of, although the woman thought it strange, and marvelled not a little at my unwillingness to sleep in the same room with her husband and boys, as she called them. In the evening, hearing loud voices in a house near by, we inquired what it meant, and were told that some people from Providence were holding a meeting there, the owner of the house being accounted a Quaker. Whereupon, I went thither with Leonard,

and found nigh upon a score of people gathered, and a man with loose hair and beard speaking to them. My brother whispered to me that he was no Friend, but a noted ranter, a noisy unsettled man. He screamed exceeding loud, and stamped with his feet, and foamed at the mouth, like one possessed with an evil spirit, crying against all order in State or Church, and declaring that the Lord had a controversy with Priests and Magistrates, the prophets who prophesy falsely, and the priests who bear rule by their means, and the people who love to have it so. He spake of the Quakers as a tender and hopeful people in their beginning, and while the arm of the wicked was heavy upon them; but now he said that they, even as the rest, were settled down into a dead order, and heaping up worldly goods, and speaking evil of the Lord's messengers. They were a part of Babylon, and would perish with their idols; they should drink of the wine of God's wrath; the day of their visitation was at hand. After going on thus for a while, up gets a tall, wild-looking woman, as pale as a ghost, and trembling from head to foot, who, stretching out her long arms towards the man who had spoken, bade the people take notice that this was the angel spoken of in Revelation, flying through the midst of heaven, and crying, *Woe! woe! to the inhabitants of the earth!* with more of the like wicked rant, whereat I was not a little discomposed, and, beckoning my brother, left them to foam out their shame to themselves.

The next morning, we got upon our horses at an early hour, and after a hard, and long ride, reached Mr. Torrey's, at Weymouth, about an hour after dark. Here we found Cousin Torrey in bed with her second child, a boy, whereat her husband is not a little rejoiced. My brother here took his leave of me, going back to the Plantations. My heart is truly sad and heavy with the great grief of parting.

May 30th.

Went to the South meeting to-day, to hear the sermon preached before the worshipful Governor, Mr. Broadstreet, and his Majesty's Council, it being the election day. It was a long sermon, from Esther x. 3. Had much to say concerning the duty of Magistrates to support the Gospel and its ministers, and to put an end to schism and heresy. Very pointed, also, against time-serving Magistrates.

June 1st.

Mr. Michael Wigglesworth, the Malden minister, at uncle's house last night. Mr. Wigglesworth told aunt that he had preached a sermon against the wearing of long hair, and other like vanities, which he hoped with God's blessing might do good. It was from Isaiah iii. 16, and so on to the end of the chapter. Now, while he was speaking of the sermon, I whispered Rebecca that I would like to ask him a question, which he overhearing, turned to me, and bade me never heed, but speak out. So I told him that I was but a child in years and

knowledge, and he a wise and learned man ; but if he would not deem it forward in me, I would fain know whether the Scripture did anywhere lay down the particular fashion of wearing the hair.

Mr. Wigglesworth said that there were certain general rules laid down, from which we might make a right application to particular cases. The wearing of long hair by men is expressly forbidden in 1 Corinthians xi. 14, 15 ; and there is a special word for women, also, in 1 Tim. ii. 9.

Hereupon Aunt Rawson told me she thought I was well answered ; but I, (foolish one that I was,) being unwilling to give up the matter so, ventured further to say that there were the Nazarites, spoken of in Numbers vi. 5, upon whose heads, by the appointment of God, no razor was to come.

"Nay," said Mr. Wigglesworth, "that was by a special appointment only, and proveth the general rule and practice."

Uncle Rawson said that long hair might, he judged, be lawfully worn, where the bodily health did require it, to guard the necks of weakly people from the cold.

"Where there seems plainly a call of nature for it," said Mr. Wigglesworth, "as a matter of bodily comfort, and for the warmth of the head and neck, it is nowise unlawful. But for healthy, sturdy young people to make this excuse for their sinful vanity, doth but add to their condemnation. If a man go any whit beyond God's appointment and the comfort of nature, I know not where he will

stop, until he grows to be the veriest ruffian in the world. It is a wanton and shameful thing for a man to liken himself to a woman, by suffering his hair to grow, and curling and parting it in a seam, as is the manner of too many. It betokeneth pride and vanity, and causeth no small offence to godly, sober people.

"The time hath been," continued Mr. Wigglesworth, "when God's people were ashamed of such vanities, both in the home country, and in these parts; but since the Bishops and the Papists have had their way, and such as feared God are put down from authority, to give place to scorners and wantons, there hath been a sad change."

He furthermore spake of the gay apparel of the young women of Boston, and their lack of plainness and modesty in the manner of wearing and ordering their hair; and said he could in no wise agree with some of his brethren in the ministry, that this was a light matter, inasmuch as it did most plainly appear from Scripture, that the pride and haughtiness of the daughters of Zion did provoke the judgments of the Lord, not only upon them, but upon the men also. Now, the special sin of women is pride and haughtiness, and that because they be generally more ignorant, being the weaker vessel; and this sin venteth itself in their gesture, their hair and apparel. Now, God abhors all pride, especially pride in base things; and hence the conduct of the daughters of Zion does greatly provoke his wrath, first against themselves, second-

ly their fathers and husbands, and thirdly against the land they do inhabit.

Rebecca here roguishly pinched my arm, saying apart, that after all, we weaker vessels did seem to be of great consequence, and nobody could tell but that our head-dresses would yet prove the ruin of the country.

June 4th.

Robert Pike, coming into the harbor with his sloop, from the Pemaquid country, looked in upon us yesterday. Said that since coming to the town he had seen a Newbury man, who told him that old Mr. Wheelwright, of Salisbury, the famous Boston minister in the time of Sir Harry Vane and Madam Hutchinson, was now lying sick, and nigh unto his end. Also, that Goodman Morse was so crippled, by a fall in his barn, that he cannot get to Boston to the trial of his wife, which is a sore affliction to him. The trial of the witch is now going on, and uncle saith it looks much against her, especially the testimony of the Widow Goodwin about her child, and of John Gladding about seeing one half of the body of Goody Morse flying about in the sun, as if she had been cut in twain, or as if the Devil did hide the lower part of her. Robert Pike saith such testimony ought not to hang a cat, the widow being little more than a fool; and as for the fellow Gladding, he was no doubt in his cups, for he had often seen him in such a plight that he could not have told Goody Morse from the Queen of Sheba.

June 8th.

The Morse woman having been found guilty by the Court of Assistants, she was brought out to the North Meeting, to hear the Thursday Lecture, yesterday, before having her sentence. The house was filled with people, they being curious to see the witch. The Marshal and the constables brought her in, and set her in front of the pulpit; the old creature, looking round her wildly, as if wanting her wits, and then covering her face with her dark wrinkled hands; a dismal sight! The minister took his text in Romans xiii. 3, 4, especially the last clause of the 4th verse, relating to rulers: *For he beareth not the sword in vain*, &c. He dwelt upon the power of the ruler as a Minister of God, and as a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil; and showeth that the punishment of witches, and such as covenant with the Devil, is one of the duties expressly enjoined upon rulers by the Word of God, inasmuch as a witch was not to be suffered to live.

He then did solemnly address himself to the condemned woman, quoting 1 Tim. v. 20: "*Them that sin, rebuke before all, that others also may fear.*" The woman was greatly moved, for no doubt the sharp words of the preacher did prick her guilty conscience, and the terrors of hell did take hold of her, so that she was carried out, looking scarcely alive. They took her when the lecture was over to the Court, where the Governor did pronounce sentence of death upon her. But uncle tells me there

be many who are stirring to get her respited for a time at least, and he doth himself incline to favor it, especially as Rebecca hath labored much with him to that end, as also hath Major Pike and Major Saltonstall with the Governor, who himself sent for uncle last night, and they had a long talk together, and looked over the testimony against the woman, and neither did feel altogether satisfied with it. Mr. Norton adviseth for the hanging; but Mr. Willard, who has seen much of the woman, and hath prayed with her in the jail, thinks she may be innocent in the matter of witchcraft, inasmuch as her conversation was such as might become a godly person in affliction, and the reading of the Scripture did seem greatly to comfort her.

June 9th.

Uncle Rawson being at the jail to-day, a messenger, who had been sent to the daughter of Goody Morse, who is the wife of one Hate Evil Nutter, on the Cocheco, to tell her that her mother did greatly desire to see her once more before she was hanged, coming in, told the condemned woman that her daughter bade him say to her, that inasmuch as she had sold herself to the Devil, she did owe her no further love or service, and that she could not complain of this, for as she had made her bed, so she must lie. Whereat the old creature set up a miserable cry, saying that to have her own flesh and blood turn against her, was more bitter than death itself. And she begged Mr. Willard to pray for her, that

her trust in the Lord might not be shaken by this new affliction.

June 10th.

The condemned woman hath been reprieved by the Governor and the Magistrates, until the sitting of the Court in October. Many people, both men and women, coming in from the towns about to see the hanging, be sore disappointed, and do vehemently condemn the conduct of the Governor therein. For mine own part, I do truly rejoice that mercy hath been been shown to the poor creature; for even if she is guilty, it affordeth her a season for repentance; and if she be innocent, it saveth the land from a great sin. The sorrowful look of the old creature at the Lecture, hath troubled me ever since, so forlorn and forsaken did she seem. Major Pike, (Robert's father,) coming in this morning, says, next to the sparing of Goody Morse's life, it did please him to see the bloodthirsty rabble so cheated out of their diversion; for example, there was Goody Matson, who had ridden bare-backed, for lack of a saddle, all the way from Newbury, on Deacon Dole's hard-trotting horse, and was so galled and lame of it, that she could scarce walk. The Major said he met her at the head of King Street yesterday, with half a score more of her sort, scolding and railing about the reprieve of the witch, and prophesying dreadful judgments upon all concerned in it. He said he bade her shut her mouth and go home, where she belonged; telling her that

if he heard any more of her railing, the Magistrates should have notice of it, and she would find that laying by the heels in the stocks was worse than riding Deacon Dole's horse.

June 14th.

Yesterday the wedding took place. It was an exceeding brave one; most of the old and honored families being at it, so that the great house wherein my uncle lives, was much crowded. Among them were Governor Broadstreet, and many of the honorable Magistrates, with Mr. Saltonstall and his worthy lady; Mr. Richardson, the Newbury minister, joining the twain in marriage, in a very solemn and feeling manner. Sir Thomas was richly apparelled, as became one of his rank, and Rebecca in her white silk, looked comely as an angel. She wore the lace collar I wrought for her last winter, for my sake, although I fear me she had prettier ones of her own working. The day was wet and dark, with an easterly wind blowing in great gusts from the bay, exceeding cold for the season.

Rebecca, or Lady Hale, as she is now called, had invited Robert Pike to her wedding, but he sent her an excuse for not coming, to the effect that urgent business did call him into the eastern country as far as Monhegan and Pemaquid. His letter, which was full of good wishes for her happiness and prosperity, I noted saddened Rebecca a good deal; and she was, moreover, somewhat disturbed

by certain things that did happen yesterday; the great mirror in the hall being badly broken, and the family arms hanging over the fire-place thrown down, so that it was burned by the coals kindled on the hearth, on account of the dampness; which were looked upon as ill signs by most people. Grindall, a thoughtless youth, told his sister of the burning of the arms, and that nothing was left save the head of the raven in the crest, at which she grew very pale, and said it was strange, indeed, and, turning to me, asked me if I did put faith in what was said of signs and prognostics. So, seeing her troubled, I laughed at the matter, although I secretly did look upon it as an ill omen, especially as I could never greatly admire Sir Thomas. My brother's wife, who seemed fully persuaded that he is an unworthy person, sent by me a message to Rebecca, to that effect; but I had not courage to speak of it, as matters had gone so far, and uncle and aunt did seem so fully bent upon making a great lady of their daughter.

The vessel in which we are to take our passage is near upon ready for the sea. The bark is a London one, called "The Three Brothers," and is commanded by an old acquaintance of Uncle Rawson. I am happy with the thought of going home, yet, as the time of departure draws nigh, I do confess some regrets at leaving this country, where I have been so kindly cared for and entertained, and where I have seen so many new and strange things. The great solemn woods, as wild and natural as they

were thousands of years ago, the fierce suns of the summer season, and the great snows of the winter, and the wild beasts, and the heathen Indians, — these be things the memory whereof will ever abide with me. To-day the weather is again clear and warm, the sky wonderfully bright, the green leaves flutter in the wind, and the birds are singing sweetly. The waters of the bay, which be yet troubled by the storm of last night, are breaking in white foam on the rocks of the main land, and on the small islands covered with trees and vines; and many boats and sloops going out with the west wind, to their fishing, do show their white sails in the offing. How I wish I had skill to paint the picture of all this for my English friends! My heart is pained, as I look upon it, with the thought that after a few days I shall never see it more.

June 18th.

To-morrow we embark for home. Wrote a long letter to my dear brother and sister, and one to my cousins at York. Mr. Richardson hath just left us, having come all the way from Newbury to the wedding. The excellent Governor Broadstreet hath this morning sent to Lady Hale a handsome copy of his first wife's book, entitled "Several Poems by a Gentlewoman of New England," with these words on the blank page thereof, from Proverbs xxxi. 30, "*A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised,*" written in the Governor's own hand. All the great folks hereabout have not failed to visit

my cousin since her marriage ; but I do think she is better pleased with some visits she hath had from poor widows and others who have been in times past relieved and comforted by her charities and kindness, the gratitude of these people affecting her unto tears. Truly it may be said of her, as of Job : "*When the ear heard her then it blessed her, and when the eye saw her it gave witness to her : because she delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon her ; and she caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.*"

[Here the diary ends somewhat abruptly. It appears as if some of the last pages have been lost. Appended to the manuscript I find a note, in another handwriting, signed "R. G.," dated at Malton Rectory, 1747. One Rawson Grindall, M. A., was curate of Malton at this date, and the initials are undoubtedly his. The sad sequel to the history of the fair Rebecca Rawson is confirmed by papers now on file in the State-House at Boston, in which she is spoken of as "one of the most beautiful, polite, and accomplished young ladies in Boston." — *Editor.*]

"These papers of my honored and pious grandmother, Margaret Smith, who, soon after her return from New England, married her cousin, Oliver

Grindall, Esq., of Hilton Grange, Crowell, in Oxfordshire, (both of whom have within the last ten years departed this life, greatly lamented by all who knew them,) having come into my possession, I have thought it not amiss to add to them a narrative of what happened to her friend and cousin, as I have had the story often from her own lips.

"It appears that the brave gallant, calling himself Sir Thomas Hale, for all his fair seeming and handsome address, was but a knave and impostor, deceiving with abominable villany Rebecca Rawson and most of her friends, (although my grandmother was never satisfied with him, as is seen in her journal.) When they got to London, being anxious, on account of sea-sickness and great weariness, to leave the vessel as soon as possible, they went ashore to the house of a kinsman to lodge, leaving their trunks and clothing on board. Early on the next morning, he that called himself Sir Thomas left his wife, taking with him the keys of her trunks, telling her he would send them up from the vessel in season for her to dress for dinner. The trunks came as he said, but, after waiting impatiently for the keys until near the dinner-hour, and her husband not returning, she had them broken open, and, to her grief and astonishment, found nothing therein but shavings and other combustible matter. Her kinsman forthwith ordered his carriage, and went with her to the inn where they first stopped on landing from the vessel, where she inquired for Sir Thomas Hale. The landlord told

her there was such a gentleman, but he had not seen him for some days. 'But he was at your house last night,' said the astonished young woman. 'He is my husband, and I was with him.' The landlord then said that one Thomas Rumsey was at his house, with a young lady, the night before, but that she was not his lawful wife, for he had one already in Kent. At this astounding news, the unhappy woman swooned outright, and, being taken back to her kinsman's, she lay grievously ill for many days, during which time, by letters from Kent, it was ascertained that this Rumsey was a graceless young spendthrift, who had left his wife and his two children, three years before, and gone to parts unknown.

"My grandmother, who affectionately watched over her, and comforted her in her great affliction, has often told me that, on coming to herself, her poor cousin said it was a righteous judgment upon her, for her pride and vanity, which had led her to discard worthy men for one of great show and pretensions, who had no solid merit to boast of. She had sinned against God, and brought disgrace upon her family, in choosing him. She begged that his name might never be mentioned again in her hearing, and that she might only be known as a poor relative of her English kinsfolk, and find a home among them until she could seek out some employment for her maintenance, as she could not think of going back to Boston, to become the laughing-stock of the thoughtless, and the reproach of her father's family.

"After the marriage of my grandmother, Rebecca was induced to live with her for some years. My great aunt, Martha Grindall, an ancient spinster, now living, remembers her well, at that time, describing her as a young woman, of a sweet and gentle disposition, and much beloved by all the members of the family. Her father, hearing of her misfortunes, wrote to her, kindly inviting her to return to New England, and live with him, and she at last resolved to do so. My great-uncle, Robert, having an office under the government at Port Royal, in the island of Jamaica, she went out with him, intending to sail from thence to Boston. From that place she wrote to my grandmother a letter, which I have also in my possession, informing her of her safe arrival, and of her having seen an old friend, Captain Robert Pike, whose business concerns had called him to the island, who had been very kind and considerate in his attention to her, offering to take her home in his vessel, which was to sail in a few days. She mentions, in a postscript to her letter, that she found Captain Pike to be much improved in his appearance and manners, — a true natural gentleman; and she does not forget to notice the fact that he was still single. She had, she said, felt unwilling to accept his offer of a passage home, holding herself unworthy of such civilities at his hands; but he had so pressed the matter that she had, not without some misgivings, consented to it.

"But it was not according to the inscrutable wis-

dom of Providence that she should ever be restored to her father's house. Among the victims of the great earthquake which destroyed Port Royal a few days after the date of her letter, was this unfortunate lady. It was a heavy blow to my grandmother, who entertained for her cousin the tenderest affection, and, indeed, she seems to have been every way worthy of it,—lovely in person, amiable in deportment, and of a generous and noble nature. She was, especially after her great trouble, of a somewhat pensive and serious habit of mind, contrasting with the playfulness and innocent lightheartedness of her early life, as depicted in the diary of my grandmother, yet she was ever ready to forget herself, in ministering to the happiness and pleasure of others. She was not, as I learn, a member of the church, having some scruples in respect to the rituals, as was natural from her education in New England, among Puritanic schismatics; but she lived a devout life, and her quiet and unostentatious piety exemplified the truth of the language of one of the greatest of our divines, the Bishop of Down and Connor, 'Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the issue of a quiet mind, the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness.' *Optimus animus est pulcherimus Dei cultus.*

"R. G."

OLD PORTRAITS

AND

MODERN SKETCHES.

TO

DR. G. BAILEY,

OF THE NATIONAL ERA, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THESE Sketches, many of which originally appeared in the columns of the paper under his editorial supervision, are, in their present form, offered as a token of the esteem and confidence which years of political and literary communion have justified and confirmed, on the part of his friend and associate,

THE AUTHOR.

JOHN BUNYAN.

"Wouldst see
A man i' the clouds, and hear him speak to thee?"

WHO has not read PILGRIM'S PROGRESS? Who has not, in childhood, followed the wandering Christian on his way to the Celestial City? Who has not laid at night his young head on the pillow, to paint on the walls of darkness pictures of the Wicket Gate and the Archers, the Hill of Difficulty, the Lions and Giants, Doubting Castle and Vanity Fair, the sunny Delectable Mountains and the Shepherds, the Black River and the wonderful glory beyond it; and at last fallen asleep, to dream over the strange story, to hear the sweet welcomings of the sisters at the House Beautiful, and the song of birds from the window of that "upper chamber which opened towards the sunrising?" And who, looking back to the green spots in his childish experiences, does not bless the good Tinker of Elstow?

And who, that has reperused the story of the Pilgrim at a maturer age, and felt the plummet of its truth sounding in the deep places of the soul, has not reason to bless the author for some timely warning or grateful encouragement? Where is the

scholar, the poet, the man of taste and feeling, who does not, with Cowper,

> "Even in transitory life's late day,
> Revere the man whose PILGRIM marks the road,
> And guides the PROGRESS of the soul to God!"

We have just been reading, with no slight degree of interest, that simple but wonderful piece of autobiography, entitled "Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners," from the pen of the author of Pilgrim's Progress. It is the record of a journey more terrible than that of the ideal Pilgrim; "truth stranger than fiction"; the painful upward struggling of a spirit from the blackness of despair and blasphemy, into the high, pure air of Hope and Faith. More earnest words were never written. It is the entire unveiling of a human heart; the tearing off of the fig-leaf covering of its sin. The voice which speaks to us from these old pages seems not so much that of a denizen of the world in which we live, as of a soul at the last solemn confessional. Shorn of all ornament, simple and direct as the contrition and prayer of childhood, when for the first time the Spectre of Sin stands by its bedside, the style is that of a man dead to self-gratification, careless of the world's opinion, and only desirous to convey to others, in all truthfulness and sincerity, the lesson of his inward trials, temptations, sins, weaknesses, and dangers; and to give glory to Him who had mercifully led him through all, and enabled him, like his own Pilgrim, to leave behind the Valley of the Shadow

of Death, the snares of the Enchanted Ground, and the terrors of Doubting Castle, and to reach the land of Beulah, where the air was sweet and pleasant, and the birds sang and the flowers sprang up around him, and the Shining Ones walked in the brightness of the not distant Heaven. In the introductory pages he says: "I could have dipped into a style higher than this in which I have discoursed, and could have adorned all things more than here I have seemed to do; but I dared not. God did not play in tempting me; neither did I play when I sunk, as it were, into a bottomless pit, when the pangs of hell took hold on me; wherefore, I may not play in relating of them, but be plain and simple, and lay down the thing as it was."

This book, as well as "Pilgrim's Progress," was written in Bedford prison, and was designed especially for the comfort and edification of his "children, whom God had counted him worthy to beget in faith by his ministry." In his introduction he tells them, that, although taken from them, and tied up, "sticking, as it were, between the teeth of the lions of the wilderness," he once again, as before, from the top of Shemer and Hermon, so now, from the lion's den and the mountain of leopards, would look after them with fatherly care and desires for their everlasting welfare. "If," said he, "you have sinned against light; if you are tempted to blaspheme; if you are drowned in despair; if you think God fights against you; or if Heaven

is hidden from your eyes, remember it was so with your father. But out of all the Lord delivered me."

He gives no dates; he affords scarcely a clew to his localities; of the man, as he worked, and ate, and drank, and lodged, of his neighbors and contemporaries, of all he saw and heard of the world about him, we have only an occasional glimpse, here and there, in his narrative. It is the story of his inward life only that he relates. What had time and place to do with one who trembled always with the awful consciousness of an immortal nature, and about whom fell alternately the shadows of hell and the splendors of heaven? We gather, indeed, from his record, that he was not an idle on-looker in the time of England's great struggle for freedom, but a soldier of the Parliament, in his young years, among the praying sworders and psalm-singing pikemen, the Greathearts and Holdfasts whom he has immortalized in his allegory; but the only allusion which he makes to this portion of his experience is by way of illustration of the goodness of God in preserving him on occasions of peril.

He was born at Elstow, in Bedfordshire, in 1628; and, to use his own words, his "father's house was of that rank which is the meanest and most despised of all the families of the land." His father was a tinker, and the son followed the same calling, which necessarily brought him into association with the lowest and most depraved classes of English society. The estimation in which the

tinker and his occupation were held, in the seventeenth century, may be learned from the quaint and humorous description of Sir Thomas Overbury. "The tinker," saith he, "is a movable, for he hath no abiding in one place; he seems to be devout, for his life is a continual pilgrimage, and sometimes, in humility, goes barefoot, therein making necessity a virtue; he is a gallant, for he carries all his wealth upon his back; or a philosopher, for he bears all his substance with him. He is always furnished with a song, to which his hammer, keeping tune, proves that he was the first founder of the kettle-drum; where the best ale is, there stands his music most upon crotchets. The companion of his travel is some foul, sun-burnt quean, that, since the terrible statute, has recanted gypsyism, and is turned pedlaress. So marches he all over England, with his bag and baggage; his conversation is irreprovable, for he is always mending. He observes truly the statutes, and therefore had rather steal than beg. He is so strong an enemy of idleness, that in mending one hole he would rather make three than want work; and when he hath done, he throws the wallet of his faults behind him. His tongue is very voluble, which, with canting, proves him a linguist. He is entertained in every place, yet enters no farther than the door, to avoid suspicion. To conclude, if he escape Tyburn and Banbury, he dies a beggar."

Truly, but a poor beginning for a pious life was

the youth of John Bunyan. As might have been expected, he was a wild, reckless, swearing boy, as his father doubtless was before him. "It was my delight," says he, "to be taken captive by the Devil. I had few equals, both for cursing and swearing, lying and blaspheming." Yet, in his ignorance and darkness, his powerful imagination early lent terror to the reproaches of conscience. He was scared, even in childhood, with dreams of hell and apparitions of devils. Troubled with fears of eternal fire, and the malignant demons who fed it in the regions of despair, he says that he often wished either that there was no hell, or that he had been born a devil himself, that he might be a tormenter rather than one of the tormented.

At an early age he appears to have married. His wife was as poor as himself, for he tells us that they had not so much as a dish or spoon between them; but she brought with her two books on religious subjects, the reading of which seems to have had no slight degree of influence on his mind. He went to church regularly, adored the priest and all things pertaining to his office, being, as he says, "overrun with superstition." On one occasion, a sermon was preached against the breach of the Sabbath by sports or labor, which struck him at the moment as especially designed for himself; but by the time he had finished his dinner, he was prepared to "shake it out of his mind, and return to his sports and gaming."

"But the same day," he continues, "as I was in the midst of a game of cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it a second time, a voice did suddenly dart from Heaven into my soul, which said, 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?' At this, I was put to an exceeding maze; wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to Heaven, and it was, as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus look down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for those and other ungodly practices.

"I had no sooner thus conceived in my mind, but suddenly this conclusion fastened on my spirit, (for the former hint did set my sins again before my face,) that I had been a great and grievous sinner, and that it was now too late for me to look after Heaven; for Christ would not forgive me nor pardon my transgressions. Then, while I was thinking of it, and fearing lest it should be so, I felt my heart sink in despair, concluding it was too late; and therefore I resolved in my mind to go on in sin; for thought I, if the case be thus, my state is surely miserable; miserable if I leave my sins, and but miserable if I follow them; I can but be damned; and if I must be so, I had as good be damned for many sins as be damned for few."

The reader of Pilgrim's Progress cannot fail here to call to mind the wicked suggestions of the

Giant to Christian, in the dungeon of Doubting Castle.

"I returned," he says, "desperately to my sport again; and I well remember, that presently this kind of despair did so possess my soul, that I was persuaded I could never attain to other comfort than what I should get in sin; for Heaven was gone already, so that on that I must not think; wherefore, I found within me great desire to take my fill of sin, that I might taste the sweetness of it; and I made as much haste as I could to fill my belly with its delicates, lest I should die before I had my desires; for that I feared greatly. In these things, I protest before God, I lie not, neither do I frame this sort of speech; these were really, strongly, and with all my heart, my desires; the good Lord, whose mercy is unsearchable, forgive my transgressions."

One day, while standing in the street, cursing and blaspheming, he met with a reproof which startled him. The woman of the house in front of which the wicked young tinker was standing, herself, as he remarks, "a very loose, ungodly wretch," protested that his horrible profanity made her tremble; that he was the ungodliest fellow for swearing she had ever heard, and able to spoil all the youth of the town who came in his company. Struck by this wholly unexpected rebuke, he at once abandoned the practice of swearing; although previously he tells us that "he had never known how to speak, unless he put an oath before and another behind."

The good name which he gained by this change was now a temptation to him. "My neighbors," he says, "were amazed at my great conversion from prodigious profaneness to something like a moral life and sober man. Now, therefore, they began to praise, to commend, and to speak well of me, both to my face and behind my back. Now I was, as they said, become godly; now I was become a right honest man. But O! when I understood those were their words and opinions of me, it pleased me mighty well; for though as yet I was nothing but a poor painted hypocrite, yet I loved to be talked of as one that was truly godly. I was proud of my godliness, and, indeed, I did all I did either to be seen of or well spoken of by men; and thus I continued for about a twelvemonth or more."

The tyranny of his imagination at this period is seen in the following relation of his abandonment of one of his favorite sports.

"Now, you must know, that before this I had taken much delight in ringing, but my conscience beginning to be tender, I thought such practice was but vain, and therefore forced myself to leave it; yet my mind hankered; wherefore, I would go to the steeple-house and look on, though I durst not ring; but I thought this did not become religion neither; yet I forced myself, and would look on still. But quickly after, I began to think, 'How if one of the bells should fall?' Then I chose to stand under a main beam, that lay over-

thwart the steeple, from side to side, thinking here I might stand sure ; but then I thought again, should the bell fall with a swing, it might first hit the wall, and then, rebounding upon me, might kill me for all this beam. This made me stand in the steeple door ; and now, thought I, I am safe enough ; for if a bell should then fall, I can slip out behind these thick walls, and so be preserved notwithstanding.

"So after this I would yet go to see them ring, but would not go any farther than the steeple-door. But then it came in my head, 'How if the steeple-itself should fall?' And this thought (it may, for aught I know, when I stood and looked on) did continually so shake my mind, that I durst not stand at the steeple-door any longer, but was forced to flee, for fear the steeple should fall upon my head."

About this time, while wandering through Bedford in pursuit of employment, he chanced to see three or four poor old women sitting at a door, in the evening sun, and, drawing near them, heard them converse upon the things of God ; of His work in their hearts ; of their natural depravity ; of the temptations of the Adversary ; and of the joy of believing, and of the peace of reconciliation. The words of the aged women found a response in the soul of the listener. "He felt his heart shake," to use his own words ; he saw that he lacked the true tokens of a Christian. He now forsook the company of the profane and licentious, and sought

that of a poor man who had the reputation of piety, but, to his grief, he found him "a devilish ranter, given up to all manner of uncleanness; he would laugh at all exhortations to sobriety, and deny that there was a God, an angel, or a spirit."

"Neither," he continues, "was this man only a temptation to me, but, my calling lying in the country, I happened to come into several people's company, who, though strict in religion formerly, yet were also drawn away by these ranters. These would also talk with me of their ways, and condemn me as illegal and dark; pretending that they only had attained to perfection, that could do what they would, and not sin. O! these temptations were suitable to my flesh, I being but a young man, and my nature in its prime; but God, who had, as I hope, designed me for better things, kept me in the fear of his name, and did not suffer me to accept such cursed principles."

At this time he was sadly troubled to ascertain whether or not he had that faith which the Scriptures spake of. Travelling one day from Elstow to Bedford, after a recent rain, which had left pools of water in the path, he felt a strong desire to settle the question, by commanding the pools to become dry, and the dry places to become pools. Going under the hedge, to pray for ability to work the miracle, he was struck with the thought, that if he failed he should know, indeed, that he was a castaway, and give himself up to despair. He dared not attempt the experiment, and went on his

way, to use his own forcible language, "tossed up and down between the Devil and his own ignorance."

Soon after, he had one of those visions which foreshadowed the wonderful dream of his Pilgrim's Progress. He saw some holy people of Bedford on the sunny side of an high mountain, refreshing themselves in the pleasant air and sunlight, while he was shivering in cold and darkness, amidst snows and never-melting ices, like the victims of the Scandinavian hell. A wall compassed the mountain, separating him from the blessed, with one small gap or doorway, through which, with great pain and effort, he was at last enabled to work his way into the sunshine, and sit down with the saints, in the light and warmth thereof.

But now a new trouble assailed him. Like Milton's metaphysical spirits, who sat apart,

> "And reasoned of foreknowledge, will, and fate,"

he grappled with one of those great questions which have always perplexed and baffled human inquiry, and upon which much has been written to little purpose. He was tortured with anxiety to know whether, according to the Westminster formula, he was elected to salvation or damnation. His old adversary vexed his soul with evil suggestions, and even quoted Scripture to enforce them. "It may be you are not elected," said the Tempter; and the poor tinker thought the supposition altogether too probable. "Why, then," said Satan, "you had as

good leave off, and strive no farther; for if, indeed, you should not be elected and chosen of God, there is no hope of your being saved; for it is neither in him that willeth nor in him that runneth, but in God who showeth mercy." At length when, as he says, he was about giving up the ghost of all his hopes, this passage fell with weight upon his spirit: "Look at the generations of old, and see; did ever any trust in God, and were confounded?" Comforted by these words, he opened his Bible to note them, but the most diligent search and inquiry of his neighbors failed to discover them. At length his eye fell upon them in the Apocryphal book of Ecclesiasticus. This, he says, somewhat doubted him at first, as the book was not canonical; but in the end he took courage and comfort from the passage. "I bless God," he says, "for that word; it was good for me. That word doth still oftentimes shine before my face."

A long and weary struggle was now before him. "I cannot," he says, "express with what longings and breathings of my soul I cried unto Christ to call me. Gold! could it have been gotten by gold, what would I have given for it. Had I a whole world, it had all gone ten thousand times over for this, that my soul might have been in a converted state. How lovely now was every one in my eyes, that I thought to be converted men and women. They shone, they walked like a people who carried the broad seal of Heaven with them."

With what force and intensity of language does

he portray in the following passage the reality and earnestness of his agonizing experience :—

"While I was thus afflicted with the fears of my own damnation, there were two things would make me wonder : the one was, when I saw old people hunting after the things of this life, as if they should live here always ; the other was, when I found professors much distressed and cast down, when they met with outward losses ; as of husband, wife, or child. Lord, thought I, what seeking after carnal things by some, and what grief in others for the loss of them ! If they so much labor after and shed so many tears for the things of this present life, how am I to be bemoaned, pitied, and prayed for ! My soul is dying, my soul is damning. Were my soul but in a good condition, and were I but sure of it, ah ! how rich should I esteem myself, though blessed but with bread and water ! I should count these but small afflictions, and should bear them as little burdens. 'A wounded spirit who can bear !'"

He looked with envy, as he wandered through the country, upon the birds in the trees, the hares in the preserves, and the fishes in the streams. They were happy in their brief existence, and their death was but a sleep. He felt himself alienated from God, a discord in the harmonies of the universe. The very rooks which fluttered around the old church spire seemed more worthy of the Creator's love and care than himself. A vision of the infernal fire, like that glimpse of hell which was

afforded to Christian by the Shepherds, was continually before him, with its "rumbling noise, and the cry of some tormented, and the scent of brimstone." Whithersoever he went, the glare of it scorched him, and its dreadful sound was in his ears. His vivid but disturbed imagination lent new terrors to the awful figures by which the sacred writers conveyed the idea of future retribution to the Oriental mind. Bunyan's World of Woe, if it lacked the colossal architecture and solemn vastness of Milton's Pandemonium, was more clearly defined; its agonies were within the pale of human comprehension; its victims were men and women, with the same keen sense of corporeal suffering which they possessed in life; and who, to use his own terrible description, had "all the loathed variety of hell to grapple with; fire unquenchable, a lake of choking brimstone, eternal chains, darkness more black than night, the everlasting gnawing of the worm, the sight of devils, and the yells and outcries of the damned."

His mind at this period was evidently shaken in some degree from its balance. He was troubled with strange, wicked thoughts, confused by doubts and blasphemous suggestions, for which he could only account by supposing himself possessed of the Devil. He wanted to curse and swear, and had to clap his hands on his mouth to prevent it. In prayer, he felt, as he supposed, Satan behind him, pulling his clothes, and telling him to have done, and break off; suggesting that he had better

pray to him, and calling up before his mind's eye the figures of a bull, a tree, or some other object, instead of the awful idea of God.

He notes here, as cause of thankfulness, that, even in this dark and clouded state, he was enabled to see the "vile and abominable things fomented by the Quakers," to be errors. Gradually, the shadow wherein he had so long

> "Walked beneath the day's broad glare,
> A darkened man,"

passed from him, and for a season he was afforded an "evidence of his salvation from Heaven, with many golden seals thereon hanging in his sight." But, ere long, other temptations assailed him. A strange suggestion haunted him, to sell or part with his Saviour. His own account of this hallucination is too painfully vivid to awaken any other feeling than that of sympathy and sadness.

"I could neither eat my food, stoop for a pin, chop a stick, or cast mine eye to look on this or that, but still the temptation would come, Sell Christ for this, or sell Christ for that; sell him, sell him.

"Sometimes it would run in my thoughts, not so little as a hundred times together, Sell him, sell him; against which, I may say, for whole hours together, I have been forced to stand as continually leaning and forcing my spirit against it, lest haply, before I were aware, some wicked thought might arise in my heart, that might consent thereto; and sometimes the tempter would make me

believe I had consented to it; but then I should be as tortured upon a rack, for whole days together.

"This temptation did put me to such scares, lest I should at sometimes, I say, consent thereto, and be overcome therewith, that, by the very force of my mind, my very body would be put into action or motion, by way of pushing or thrusting with my hands or elbows; still answering, as fast as the destroyer said, Sell him, I will not, I will not, I will not; no, not for thousands, thousands, thousands of worlds; thus reckoning, lest I should set too low a value on him, even until I scarce well knew where I was, or how to be composed again.

"But to be brief: one morning, as I did lie in my bed, I was, as at other times, most fiercely assaulted with this temptation, to sell and part with Christ; the wicked suggestion still running in my mind, Sell him, sell him, sell him, sell him, sell him, as fast as a man could speak; against which, also, in my mind, as at other times, I answered, No, no, not for thousands, thousands, thousands, at least twenty times together; but at last, after much striving, I felt this thought pass through my heart, *Let him go if he will;* and I thought also, that I felt my heart freely consent thereto. O the diligence of Satan! O the desperateness of man's heart!

"Now was the battle won, and down fell I, as a bird that is shot from the top of a tree, into great guilt, and fearful despair. Thus getting out of my

bed, I went moping into the field ; but God knows with as heavy a heart as mortal man, I think, could bear ; where, for the space of two hours, I was like a man bereft of life ; and, as now, past all recovery, and bound over to eternal punishment.

"And withal, that Scripture did seize upon my soul : 'Or profane person, as Esau, who, for one morsel of meat, sold his birthright ; for ye know, how that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected ; for he found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.'"

For two years and a half, as he informs us, that awful Scripture sounded in his ears like the knell of a lost soul. He believed that he had committed the unpardonable sin. His mental anguish was united with bodily illness and suffering. His nervous system became fearfully deranged ; his limbs trembled ; and he supposed this visible tremulousness and agitation to be the mark of Cain. Troubled with pain and distressing sensations in his chest, he began to fear that his breast-bone would split open, and that he should perish like Judas Iscariot. He feared that the tiles of the houses would fall upon him as he walked in the streets. He was like his own Man in the Cage at the House of the Interpreter, shut out from the promises, and looking forward to certain judgment. "Methought," he says, "the very sun that shineth in heaven did grudge to give me light." And still the dreadful words, "He found no place

for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears," sounded in the depths of his soul. They were, he says, like fetters of brass to his legs, and their continual clanking followed him for months. Regarding himself elected and predestined for damnation, he thought that all things worked for his damage and eternal overthrow, while all things wrought for the best, and to do good to the elect and called of God unto salvation. God and all His universe had, he thought, conspired against him; the green earth, the bright waters, the sky itself, were written over with His irrevocable curse.

Well was it said by Bunyan's contemporary, the excellent Cudworth, in his eloquent sermon before the Long Parliament, that "We are nowhere commanded to pry into the secrets of God, but the wholesome advice given us is this: 'To *make* our calling and election sure.' We have no warrant from Scripture to peep into the hidden rolls of eternity, to spell out our names among the stars." "Must we say that God sometimes, to exercise His uncontrollable dominion, delights rather in plunging wretched souls down into infernal night and everlasting darkness? What, then, shall we make the God of the whole world? Nothing but a cruel and dreadful *Erinnys*, with curled fiery snakes about His head, and firebrands in His hand; thus governing the world! Surely, this will make us either secretly think there is no God in the world, if He must needs be such, or else to wish heartily there were none." It was thus at times with Bun-

yan. He was tempted, in this season of despair, to believe that there was no resurrection and no judgment.

One day he tells us a sudden rushing sound, as of wind or the wings of angels, came to him through the window, wonderfully sweet and pleasant; and it was as if a voice spoke to him from heaven words of encouragement and hope, which, to use his language, commanded, for the time, "a silence in his heart to all those tumultuous thoughts that did use, like masterless hell-hounds, to roar and bellow and make a hideous noise within him." About this time, also, some comforting passages of Scripture were called to mind; but he remarks, that whenever he strove to apply them to his case, Satan would thrust the curse of Esau in his face, and wrest the good word from him. The blessed promise, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out," was the chief instrumentality in restoring his lost peace. He says of it: "If ever Satan and I did strive for any word of God in all my life, it was for this good word of Christ; he at one end, and I at the other; O, what work we made! It was for this in John, I say, that we did so tug and strive; he pulled, and I pulled, but, God be praised! I overcame him; I got sweetness from it. O! many a pull hath my heart had with Satan for this blessed sixth chapter of John!"

Who does not here call to mind the struggle between Christian and Apollyon in the valley! That was no fancy sketch; it was the narrative of the

author's own grapple with the Spirit of Evil. Like his ideal Christian, he "conquered through Him that loved him." Love wrought the victory: the Scripture of Forgiveness overcame that of Hatred.

He never afterwards relapsed into that state of religious melancholy from which he so hardly escaped. He speaks of his deliverance, as the waking out of a troublesome dream. His painful experience was not lost upon him; for it gave him, ever after, a tender sympathy for the weak, the sinful, the ignorant, and desponding. In some measure, he had been "touched with the feeling of their infirmities." He could feel for those in the bonds of sin and despair, as bound with them. Hence his power as a preacher; hence the wonderful adaptation of his great allegory to all the variety of spiritual conditions. Like Fearing, he had lain a month in the Slough of Despond, and had played, like him, the long melancholy bass of spiritual heaviness. With Feeble-mind, he had fallen into the hands of Slay-good, of the nature of Man-eaters: and had limped along his difficult way upon the crutches of Ready-to-halt. Who better than himself could describe the condition of Despondency, and his daughter Much-afraid, in the dungeon of Doubting Castle? Had he not also fallen among thieves, like Little-faith?

His account of his entering upon the solemn duties of a preacher of the Gospel is at once curious and instructive. He deals honestly with himself, exposing all his various moods, weaknesses,

doubts, and temptations. "I preached," he says, "what I felt; for the terrors of the law and the guilt of transgression lay heavy on my conscience. I have been as one sent to them from the dead. I went, myself in chains, to preach to them in chains; and carried that fire in my conscience which I persuaded them to beware of." At times, when he stood up to preach, blasphemies and evil doubts rushed into his mind, and he felt a strong desire to utter them aloud to his congregation; and at other seasons, when he was about to apply to the sinner some searching and fearful text of Scripture, he was tempted to withhold it, on the ground that it condemned himself also; but, withstanding the suggestion of the Tempter, to use his own simile, he bowed himself like Samson to condemn sin wherever he found it, though he brought guilt and condemnation upon himself thereby, choosing rather to die with the Philistines than to deny the truth.

Foreseeing the consequences of exposing himself to the operation of the penal laws by holding conventicles and preaching, he was deeply afflicted at the thought of the suffering and destitution to which his wife and children might be exposed by his death or imprisonment. Nothing can be more touching than his simple and earnest words on this point. They show how warm and deep were his human affections, and what a tender and loving heart he laid as a sacrifice on the altar of duty.

"I found myself a man compassed with infirmi-

ties; the parting with my wife and poor children hath often been to me in this place, as the pulling the flesh from the bones; and also it brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants, that my poor family was like to meet with, should I be taken from them, especially my poor blind child, who lay nearer my heart than all beside. O, the thoughts of the hardships I thought my poor blind one might go under, would break my heart to pieces.

"Poor child! thought I, what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world! thou must be beaten, must beg, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure the wind should blow upon thee. But yet, thought I, I must venture you all with God, though it goeth to the quick to leave you: oh! I saw I was as a man who was pulling down his house upon the heads of his wife and children; yet I thought on those 'two milch kine that were to carry the ark of God into another country, and to leave their calves behind them.'

"But that which helped me in this temptation was divers considerations: the first was, the consideration of those two Scriptures, 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive;' and let thy widows trust in me': and again, 'The Lord said, verily it shall go well with thy remnant; verily I will cause the enemy to entreat them well in the time of evil.'"

He was arrested in 1660, charged with "devil-

ishly and perniciously abstaining from church," and of being "a common upholder of conventicles." At the Quarter Sessions, where his trial seems to have been conducted somewhat like that of Faithful at Vanity Fair, he was sentenced to perpetual banishment. This sentence, however, was never executed, but he was remanded to Bedford jail, where he lay a prisoner for twelve years.

Here, shut out from the world, with no other books than the Bible and Fox's Martyrs, he penned that great work which has attained a wider and more stable popularity than any other book in the English tongue. It is alike the favorite of the nursery and the study. Many experienced Christians hold it only second to the Bible; the infidel himself would not willingly let it die. Men of all sects read it with delight, as in the main a truthful representation of the Christian pilgrimage, without indeed assenting to all the doctrines which the author puts in the mouth of his fighting sermonizer, Great-heart, or which may be deduced from some other portions of his allegory. A recollection of his fearful sufferings, from misapprehension of a single text in the Scriptures, relative to the question of election, we may suppose gave a milder tone to the theology of his Pilgrim than was altogether consistent with the Calvinism of the seventeenth century. "Religion," says Macaulay, "has scarcely ever worn a form so calm and soothing as in Bunyan's allegory." In composing it, he seems never to have altogether

lost sight of the fact, that, in his life-and-death struggle with Satan for the blessed promise recorded by the Apostle of Love, the adversary was generally found on the Genevan side of the argument.

Little did the short-sighted persecutors of Bunyan dream, when they closed upon him the door of Bedford jail, that God would overrule their poor spite and envy, to His own glory and the world-wide renown of their victim. In the solitude of his prison, the ideal forms of beauty and sublimity, which had long flitted before him vaguely, like the vision of the Temanite, took shape and coloring; and he was endowed with power to reduce them to order, and arrange them in harmonious groupings. His powerful imagination, no longer self-tormenting, but under the direction of reason and grace, expanded his narrow cell into a vast theatre, lighted up for the display of its wonders. To this creative faculty of his mind might have been aptly applied the language which George Wither, a contemporary prisoner, addressed to his Muse: —

> "The dull loneness, the black shade
> Which these hanging vaults have made,
> The rude portals that give light
> More to terror than delight;
> This my chamber of neglect,
> Walled about with disrespect, —
> From all these, and this dull air,
> A fit object for despair,
> She hath taught me by her might,
> To draw comfort and delight."

That stony cell of his was to him like the rock of Padan-aram to the wandering Patriarch. He saw angels ascending and descending. The House Beautiful rose up before him, and its holy sisterhood welcomed him. He looked, with his Pilgrim, from the Chamber of Peace. The Valley of Humiliation lay stretched out beneath his eye, and he heard "the curious, melodious note of the country birds, who sing all the day long in the spring time, when the flowers appear, and the sun shines warm, and make the woods and groves and solitary places glad." Side by side with the good Christiana and the loving Mercy, he walked through the green and lowly valley, "fruitful as any the crow flies over," through "meadows beautiful with lilies"; the song of the poor but fresh-faced shepherd-boy, who lived a merry life, and wore the herb *heart's-ease* in his bosom, sounded through his cell:—

> "He that is down need fear no fall;
> He that is low no pride."

The broad and pleasant "river of the Water of Life" glided peacefully before him, fringed "on either side with green trees, with all manner of fruit," and leaves of healing, with "meadows beautified with lilies, and green all the year long"; he saw the Delectable Mountains, glorious with sunshine, overhung with gardens and orchards and vineyards; and beyond all, the Land of Beulah, with its eternal sunshine, its song of birds, its music of fountains, its purple clustered vines, and

groves through which walked the Shining Ones, silver-winged and beautiful.

What were bars and bolts and prison-walls to him, whose eyes were anointed to see, and whose ears opened to hear, the glory and the rejoicing of the City of God, when the pilgrims were conducted to its golden gates, from the black and bitter river, with the sounding trumpeters, the transfigured harpers with their crowns of gold, the sweet voices of angels, the welcoming peal of bells in the holy city, and the songs of the redeemed ones? In reading the concluding pages of the first part of Pilgrim's Progress, we feel as if the mysterious glory of the Beatific Vision was unveiled before us. We are dazzled with the excess of light. We are entranced with the mighty melody; overwhelmed by the great anthem of rejoicing spirits. It can only be adequately described in the language of Milton in respect to the Apocalypse, as "a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."

Few who read Bunyan now-a-days think of him as one of the brave old English confessors, whose steady and firm endurance of persecution baffled, and in the end overcame the tyranny of the Established Church in the reign of Charles II. What Milton and Penn and Locke wrote in defence of Liberty, Bunyan lived out and acted. He made no concessions to worldly rank. Dissolute lords and proud bishops he counted less than the humblest and poorest of his disciples at Bedford.

When first arrested and thrown into prison, he supposed he should be called to suffer death for his faithful testimony to the truth; and his great fear was, that he should not meet his fate with the requisite firmness, and so dishonor the cause of his Master. And when dark clouds came over him, and he sought in vain for a sufficient evidence that in the event of his death it would be well with him, he girded up his soul with the reflection, that, as he suffered for the word and way of God, he was engaged not to shrink one hair's breadth from it. "I will leap," he says, "off the ladder blindfold into eternity, sink or swim, come heaven, come hell. Lord Jesus, if thou wilt catch me, do; if not, I will venture in thy name!"

The English revolution of the seventeenth century, while it humbled the false and oppressive aristocracy of rank and title, was prodigal in the development of the real nobility of the mind and heart. Its history is bright with the footprints of men whose very names still stir the hearts of free men, the world over, like a trumpet peal. Say what we may of its fanaticism, laugh as we may at its extravagant enjoyment of newly acquired religious and civil liberty, who shall now venture to deny that it was the golden age of England? Who that regards freedom above slavery, will now sympathize with the outcry and lamentation of those interested in the continuance of the old order of things, against the prevalence of sects and schism, but who, at the same time, as Milton

shrewdly intimates, dreaded more the rending of their pontifical sleeves than the rending of the Church? Who shall now sneer at Puritanism, with the "Defence of Unlicensed Printing" before him? Who scoff at Quakerism over the Journal of George Fox? Who shall join with debauched lordlings and fat-witted prelates in ridicule of Anabaptist levellers and dippers, after rising from the perusal of Pilgrim's Progress? "There were giants in those days." And foremost amidst that band of liberty-loving and God-fearing men,

> "The slandered Calvinists of Charles's time,
> Who fought, and won it, Freedom's holy fight,"

stands the subject of our sketch, the Tinker of Elstow. Of his high merit as an author there is no longer any question. The Edinburgh Review expressed the common sentiment of the literary world, when it declared that the two great creative minds of the seventeenth century were those which produced PARADISE LOST and the PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

THOMAS ELLWOOD.

COMMEND us to autobiographies! Give us the veritable notchings of Robinson Crusoe on his stick, the indubitable records of a life long since swallowed up in the blackness of darkness, traced by a hand the very dust of which has become undistinguishable. The foolishest egotist who ever chronicled his daily experiences, his hopes and fears, poor plans and vain reachings after happiness, speaking to us out of the Past, and thereby giving us to understand that it was quite as real as our Present, is in no mean sort our benefactor, and commands our attention, in spite of his folly. We are thankful for the very vanity which prompted him to bottle up his poor records, and cast them into the great sea of Time, for future voyagers to pick up. We note, with the deepest interest, that in him too was enacted that miracle of a conscious existence, the reproduction of which in ourselves awes and perplexes us. He, too, had a mother; he hated and loved; the light from old-quenched hearths shone over him; he walked in the sunshine over the dust of those who had gone before him, just as we are now walking over his. These records of him remain, the footmarks of a

long-extinct life, not of mere animal organism, but of a being like ourselves, enabling us, by studying their hieroglyphic significance, to decipher and see clearly into the mystery of existence centuries ago. The dead generations live again in these old self-biographies. Incidentally, unintentionally, yet in the simplest and most natural manner, they make us familiar with all the phenomena of life in the by-gone ages. We are brought in contact with actual flesh-and-blood men and women, not the ghostly outline figures which pass for such, in what is called History. The horn lantern of the biographer, by the aid of which, with painful minuteness, he chronicled, from day to day, his own outgoings and incomings, making visible to us his pitiful wants, labors, trials, and tribulations, of the stomach and of the conscience, sheds, at times, a strong clear light upon contemporaneous activities; what seemed before half fabulous, rises up in distinct and full proportions; we look at statesmen, philosophers, and poets, with the eyes of those who lived perchance their next door neighbors, and sold them beer, and mutton, and household stuffs, had access to their kitchens, and took note of the fashion of their wigs and the color of their breeches. Without some such light, all history would be just about as unintelligible and unreal as a dimly remembered dream.

The journals of the early Friends or Quakers are in this respect invaluable. Little, it is true, can be said, as a general thing, of their literary merits.

Their authors were plain, earnest men and women, chiefly intent upon the substance of things, and having withal a strong testimony to bear against carnal wit and outside show and ornament. Yet, even the scholar may well admire the power of certain portions of George Fox's Journal, where a strong spirit clothes its utterance in simple, downright Saxon words; the quiet and beautiful enthusiasm of Pennington; the torrent energy of Edward Burrough; the serene wisdom of Penn; the logical acuteness of Barclay; the honest truthfulness of Sewell; the wit and humor of John Roberts, (for even Quakerism had its apostolic jokers and drab-coated Robert Halls;) and last, not least, the simple beauty of Woolman's Journal, the modest record of a life of good works and love.

Let us look at the "Life of Thomas Ellwood." The book before us is a hardly-used Philadelphia reprint, bearing date of 1775. The original was published some sixty years before. It is not a book to be found in fashionable libraries, or noticed in fashionable reviews, but is none the less deserving of attention.

Ellwood was born in 1639, in the little town of Crowell, in Oxfordshire. Old Walter, his father, was of "gentlemanly lineage, and held a commission of the peace under Charles I. One of his most intimate friends was Isaac Pennington, a gentleman of estate and good reputation, whose wife, the widow of Sir John Springette, was a

lady of superior endowments. Her only daughter, Gulielma, was the playmate and companion of Thomas. On making this family a visit, in 1658, in company with his father, he was surprised to find that they had united with the Quakers, a sect then little known, and everywhere spoken against. Passing through the vista of nearly two centuries, let us cross the threshold, and look with the eyes of young Ellwood upon this Quaker family. It will doubtless give us a good idea of the earnest and solemn spirit of that age of religious awakening.

"So great a change from a free, debonair, and courtly sort of behavior, which we had formerly found there, into so strict a gravity as they now received us with, did not a little amuse us, and disappointed our expectations of such a pleasant visit as we had promised ourselves.

"For my part, I sought, and at length found, means to cast myself into the company of the daughter, whom I found gathering flowers in the garden, attended by her maid, also a Quaker. But when I addressed her after my accustomed manner, with intention to engage her in discourse on the foot of our former acquaintance, though she treated me with a courteous mien, yet, as young as she was, the gravity of her looks and behavior struck such an awe upon me, that I found myself not so much master of myself as to pursue any further converse with her.

"We staid dinner, which was very handsome,

and lacked nothing to recommend it to me but the want of mirth and pleasant discourse, which we could neither have with them, nor, by reason of them, with one another; the weightiness which was upon their spirits and countenances keeping down the lightness that would have been up in ours."

Not long after, they made a second visit to their sober friends, spending several days, during which they attended a meeting, in a neighboring farm-house, where we are introduced by Ellwood to two remarkable personages, Edward Burrough, the friend and fearless reprover of Cromwell, and by far the most eloquent preacher of his sect; and James Nayler, whose melancholy after-history of fanaticism, cruel sufferings, and beautiful repentance, is so well known to the readers of English history under the Protectorate. Under the preaching of these men, and the influence of the Pennington family, young Ellwood was brought into fellowship with the Quakers. Of the old Justice's sorrow and indignation at this sudden blasting of his hopes and wishes in respect to his son, and of the trials and difficulties of the latter in his new vocation, it is now scarcely worth while to speak. Let us step forward a few years, to 1662, considering meantime how matters, political and spiritual, are changed in that brief period. Cromwell, the Maccabeus of Puritanism, is no longer among men; Charles the Second sits in his place; profane and licentious cavaliers have thrust aside the sleek

haired, painful-faced Independents, who used to groan approval to the Scriptural illustrations of Harrison and Fleetwood; men easy of virtue, without sincerity, either in religion or politics, occupying the places made honorable by the Miltons, Whitlocks, and Vanes of the Commonwealth. Having this change in view, the light which the farthing candle of Ellwood sheds upon one of these illustrious names will not be unwelcome. In his intercourse with Penn, and other learned Quakers, he had reason to lament his own deficiencies in scholarship, and his friend Pennington undertook to put him in a way of remedying the defect.

"He had," says Ellwood, "an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Paget, a physician of note in London, and he with John Milton, a gentleman of great note for learning throughout the learned world, for the accurate pieces he had written on various subjects and occasions.

"This person, having filled a public station in the former times, lived a private and retired life in London, and, having lost his sight, kept always a man to read for him, which usually was the son of some gentleman of his acquaintance, whom, in kindness, he took to improve in his learning.

"Thus, by the mediation of my friend Isaac Pennington with Dr. Paget, and through him with John Milton, was I admitted to come to him, not as a servant to him, nor to be in the house with him, but only to have the liberty of coming to his

house at certain hours when I would, and read to him what books he should appoint, which was all the favor I desired.

"He received me courteously, as well for the sake of Dr. Paget, who introduced me, as of Isaac Pennington, who recommended me, to both of whom he bore a good respect. And, having inquired divers things of me, with respect to my former progression in learning, he dismissed me, to provide myself with such accommodations as might be most suitable to my studies.

"I went, therefore, and took lodgings as near to his house (which was then in Jewen Street) as I conveniently could, and from thenceforward went every day in the afternoon, except on the first day of the week, and, sitting by him in his dining-room, read to him such books in the Latin tongue as he pleased to have me read.

"He perceiving with what earnest desire I had pursued learning, gave me not only all the encouragement, but all the help he could. For, having a curious ear, he understood by my tone when I understood what I read and when I did not, and accordingly would stop me, examine me, and open the most difficult passages to me."

Thanks, worthy Thomas, for this glimpse into John Milton's dining-room!

He had been with "Master Milton," as he calls him, only a few weeks, when, being one "first day morning," at the Bull and Mouth meeting, Aldersgate, the train-bands of the city, "with great noise

and clamor," headed by Major Rosewell, fell upon him and his friends. The immediate cause of this onslaught upon quiet worshippers was the famous plot of the Fifth Monarchy men, grim old fanatics, who (like the Millerites of the present day) had been waiting long for the personal reign of Christ and the saints upon earth, and in their zeal to hasten such a consummation, had sallied into London streets with drawn swords and loaded matchlocks. The government took strong measures for suppressing dissenters' meetings or "conventicles"; and the poor Quakers, although not at all implicated in the disturbance, suffered more severely than any others. Let us look at the "freedom of conscience and worship" in England under that irreverent Defender of the Faith, Charles II. Ellwood says: "He that commanded the party gave us first a general charge to come out of the room. But we, who came thither at God's requiring to worship Him, (like that good man of old, who said, *we ought to obey God rather than man,*) stirred not, but kept our places. Whereupon, he sent some of his soldiers among us, with command to drag or drive us out, which they did roughly enough." Think of it: grave men and women, and modest maidens, sitting there with calm, impassive countenances, motionless as death, the pikes of the soldiery closing about them in a circle of bristling steel! Brave and true ones! Not in vain did ye thus oppose God's silence to the Devil's uproar; Christian endurance and calm

persistence in the exercise of your rights as Englishmen and men to the hot fury of impatient tyranny! From your day down to this, the world has been the better for your faithfulness.

Ellwood and some thirty of his friends were marched off to prison in Old Bridewell, which, as well as nearly all the other prisons, was already crowded with Quaker prisoners. One of the rooms of the prison was used as a torture chamber. "I was almost affrighted," says Ellwood, "by the dismalness of the place; for, besides that the walls were all laid over with black, from top to bottom, there stood in the middle a great whipping-post.

"The manner of whipping there is, to strip the party to the skin, from the waist upward, and, having fastened him to the whipping-post, (so that he can neither resist nor shun the strokes,) to lash his naked body with long, slender twigs of holly, which will bend almost like thongs around the body; and these, having little knots upon them, tear the skin and flesh, and give extreme pain."

To this terrible punishment aged men and delicately nurtured young females were often subjected, during this season of hot persecution.

From the Bridewell, Ellwood was at length removed to Newgate, and thrust in, with other "Friends," amidst the common felons. He speaks of this prison, with its thieves, murderers, and prostitutes, its over-crowded apartments, and loathsome cells, as "a hell upon earth." In a closet, adjoin-

ing the room where he was lodged, lay for several days the quartered bodies of Phillips, Tongue, and Gibbs, the leaders of the Fifth Monarchy rising, frightful and loathsome, as they came from the bloody hand of the executioners! These ghastly remains were at length obtained by the friends of the dead, and buried. The heads were ordered to be prepared for setting up in different parts of the city. Read this grim passage of description:—

"I saw the heads when they were brought to be boiled. The hangman fetched them in a dirty basket, out of some by-place, and, setting them down among the felons, he and they made sport of them. They took them by the hair, flouting, jeering, and laughing at them; and then giving them some ill names, boxed them on their ears and cheeks; which done, the hangman put them into his kettle, and parboiled them with bay-salt and cummin-seed; *that* to keep them from putrefaction, and *this* to keep off the fowls from seizing upon them. The whole sight, as well that of the bloody quarters first, as this of the heads afterwards, was both frightful and loathsome, and begat an abhorrence in my nature."

At the next session of the municipal court at the Old Bailey, Ellwood obtained his discharge. After paying a visit to "my Master Milton," he made his way to Chalfont, the home of his friends the Penningtons, where he was soon after engaged as a Latin teacher. Here he seems to have had his trials and temptations. Gulielma Springette, the

daughter of Pennington's wife, his old playmate, had now grown to be "a fair woman of marriageable age," and, as he informs us, "very desirable, whether regard was had to her outward person, which wanted nothing to make her completely comely, or to the endowments of her mind, which were every way extraordinary, or to her outward fortune, which was fair." From all which, we are not surprised to learn that "she was secretly and openly sought for by many of almost every rank and condition." "To whom," continues Thomas, "in their respective turns, (till he at length came for whom she was reserved,) she carried herself with so much evenness of temper, such courteous freedom, guarded by the strictest modesty, that as it gave encouragement or ground of hope to none, so neither did it administer any matter of offence or just cause of complaint to any."

Beautiful and noble maiden! How the imagination fills up this outline limning by her friend, and, if truth must be told, admirer! Serene, courteous, healthful; a ray of tenderest and blandest light, shining steadily in the sober gloom of that old household! Confirmed Quaker as she is, shrinking from none of the responsibilities and dangers of her profession, and therefore liable at any time to the penalties of prison and whipping-post, under that plain garb and in spite of that "certain gravity of look and behavior," which, as we have seen, on one occasion awed young Ellwood into silence, youth, beauty, and refinement assert their preroga-

tives; love knows no creed; the gay, and titled, and wealthy crowd around her, suing in vain for her favor.

> "Followed, like the tided moon,
> She moves as calmly on,"

"until he at length comes for whom she was reserved," and her name is united with that of one worthy even of her, the world-renowned William Penn.

Meantime, one cannot but feel a good degree of sympathy with young Ellwood, her old schoolmate and playmate, placed, as he was, in the same family with her, enjoying her familiar conversation and unreserved confidence; and, as he says, the "advantageous opportunities of riding and walking abroad with her, by night as well as by day, without any other company than her maid; for, so great, indeed, was the confidence that her mother had in me, that she thought her daughter safe, if I was with her, even from the plots and designs of others upon her." So near, and yet, alas! in truth, so distant! The serene and gentle light which shone upon him, in the sweet solitudes of Chalfont, was that of a star, itself unapproachable. As he himself meekly intimates, she was reserved for another. He seems to have fully understood his own position in respect to her; although, to use his own words, "others measuring him by the propensity of their own inclinations, concluded he would steal her, run away with her and marry her." Little did these jealous surmisers know of the true and

really heroic spirit of the young Latin master. His own apology and defence of his conduct, under circumstances of temptation which St. Anthony himself could have scarcely better resisted, will not be amiss.

"I was not ignorant of the various fears which filled the jealous heads of some concerning me, neither was I so stupid nor so divested of all humanity as not to be sensible of the real and innate worth and virtue which adorned that excellent dame, and attracted the eyes and hearts of so many, with the greatest importunity, to seek and solicit her; nor was I so devoid of natural heat as not to feel some sparklings of desire, as well as others; but the force of truth and sense of honor suppressed whatever would have risen beyond the bounds of fair and virtuous friendship. For I easily foresaw, that, if I should have attempted anything in a dishonorable way, by fraud or force, upon her, I should have thereby brought a wound upon mine own soul, a foul scandal upon my religious profession, and an infamous stain upon mine honor, which was far more dear unto me than my life. Wherefore, having observed how some others had befooled themselves, by misconstruing her common kindness (expressed in an innocent, open, free, and familiar conversation, springing from the abundant affability, courtesy, and sweetness of her natural temper) to be the effect of a singular regard and peculiar affection to them, I resolved to shun the rock whereon they split; and, remembering the saying of the poet —

'Felix quem faciunt aliena Pericula cantum,'

I governed myself in a free yet respectful carriage towards her, thereby preserving a fair reputation with my friends, and enjoying as much of her favor and kindness, in a virtuous and firm friendship, as was fit for her to show or for me to seek."

Well and worthily said, poor Thomas! Whatever might be said of others, thou, at least, wast no coxcomb. Thy distant and involuntary admiration of "the fair Guli" needs, however, no excuse. Poor human nature, guard it as one may, with strictest discipline and painfully cramping environment, will sometimes act out itself; and, in thy case, not even George Fox himself, knowing thy beautiful young friend, (and doubtless admiring her too, for he was one of the first to appreciate and honor the worth and dignity of woman,) could have found it in his heart to censure thee!

At this period, as was indeed most natural, our young teacher solaced himself with occasional appeals to what he calls "the Muses." There is reason to believe, however, that the Pagan sisterhood whom he ventured to invoke seldom graced his study with their personal attendance. In these rhyming efforts, scattered up and down his Journal, there are occasional sparkles of genuine wit, and passages of keen sarcasm, tersely and fitly expressed. Others breathe a warm, devotional feeling; in the following brief prayer, for instance, the wants of the humble Christian are condensed in a manner worthy of Quarles or Herbert: —

"Oh! that mine eye might closed be
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That Truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thought might ever rest
Or be conceived in my breast;
That by each word and deed and thought,
Glory may to my God be brought!
But what are wishes? Lord, mine eye
On Thee is fixed, to Thee I cry:
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part;
And when 't is clean, Lord, keep it too,
For that is more than I can do."

The thought in the following extracts from a poem written on the death of his friend Pennington's son, is trite, but not inaptly or inelegantly expressed: —

"What ground, alas, has any man
To set his heart on things below,
Which, when they seem most like to stand,
Fly like the arrow from the bow!
Who 's now atop ere long shall feel
The circling motion of the wheel!

"The world cannot afford a thing
Which to a well-composed mind
Can any lasting pleasure bring,
But in itself its grave will find.
All things unto their centre tend —
What had beginning must have end!

"No disappointment can befall
Us, having Him who 's ALL IN ALL!

What can of pleasure him prevent
Who hath the Fountain of Content?"

In the year 1663 a severe law was enacted against the "sect called Quakers," prohibiting their meetings, with the penalty of banishment for the third offence! The burden of the prosecution which followed fell upon the Quakers of the metropolis, large numbers of whom were heavily fined, imprisoned, and sentenced to be banished from their native land. Yet, in time, our worthy friend Ellwood came in for his own share of trouble, in consequence of attending the funeral of one of his friends. An evil-disposed justice of the county obtained information of the Quaker gathering; and, while the body of the dead was "borne on Friends' shoulders through the street, in order to be carried to the burying-ground, which was at the town's end," says Ellwood, "he rushed out upon us with the constables and a rabble of rude fellows whom he had gathered together, and having his drawn sword in his hand, struck one of the foremost of the bearers with it, commanding them to set down the coffin. But the Friend, who was so stricken, being more concerned for the safety of the dead body than for his own, lest it should fall, and any indecency thereupon follow, held the coffin fast; which the justice observing, and being enraged that his word was not forthwith obeyed, set his hand to the coffin, and with a forcible thrust threw it off from the bearers' shoulders, so that it fell to the ground in the middle of the

street, and there we were forced to leave it; for the constables and rabble fell upon us, and drew some and drove others into the inn. Of those thus taken," continues Ellwood, "I was one. They picked out ten of us, and sent us to Aylesbury jail.

"They caused the body to lie in the open street and cartway, so that all travellers that passed, whether horsemen, coaches, carts, or wagons, were fain to break out of the way to go by it, until it was almost night. And then, having caused a grave to be made in the *unconsecrated* part of what is called the Churchyard, they forcibly took the body from the widow, and buried it there."

He remained a prisoner only about two months, during which period he comforted himself by such verse-making as follows, reminding us of similar enigmas in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress: —

"Lo! a Riddle for the wise,
In the which a Mystery lies.

RIDDLE.

Some men are free whilst they in prison lie;
Others who ne'er saw prison, captives die.

CAUTION.

He that can receive it may,
He that cannot, let him stay,
Not be hasty, but suspend
Judgment till he sees the end.

SOLUTION.

He 's only free indeed, who 's free from sin,
And he is fastest bound, that 's bound therein."

In the meantime, where is our "Master Milton?"

We left him deprived of his young companion and reader, sitting lonely in his small dining-room, in Jewen Street. It is now the year 1665 ; is not the pestilence in London? A sinful and godless city, with its bloated bishops, fawning around the Nell Gwyns of a licentious and profane Defender of the Faith ; its swaggering and drunken cavaliers ; its ribald jesters ; its obscene ballad-singers ; its loathsome prisons, crowded with God-fearing men and women ; is not the measure of its iniquity already filled up? Three years only have passed since the terrible prayer of Vane went upward from the scaffold on Tower Hill : "When my blood is shed upon the block, let it, O God, have a voice afterward!" Audible to thy ear, O bosom friend of the martyr! has that blood cried from earth ; and now, how fearfully is it answered! Like the ashes which the Seer of the Hebrews cast towards Heaven, it has returned in boils and blains upon the proud and oppressive city. John Milton, sitting blind in Jewen Street, has heard the toll of the death-bells, and the night-long rumble of the burial-carts, and the terrible summons, "*Bring out your dead!*" The Angel of the Plague, in yellow mantle, purple-spotted, walks the streets. Why should he tarry in a doomed city, forsaken of God! Is not the command, even to him, "Arise! and flee for thy life." In some green nook of the quiet country, he may finish the great work which his hands have found to do. He bethinks him of his old friends, the Penningtons, and his young

Quaker companion, the patient and gentle Ellwood. "Wherefore," says the latter, "some little time before I went to Aylesbury jail, I was desired by my quondam Master Milton to take an house for him in the neighborhood where I dwelt, that he might go out of the city for the safety of himself and his family, the pestilence then growing hot in London. I took a pretty box for him in Giles Chalfont, a mile from me, of which I gave him notice, and intended to have waited on him and seen him well settled, but was prevented by that imprisonment. But now being released and returned home, I soon made a visit to him, to welcome him into the country. After some common discourse had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his, which, having brought, he delivered to me, bidding me take it home with me and read it at my leisure, and when I had so done, return it to him with my judgment thereupon."

Now, what does the reader think young Ellwood carried in his gray coat pocket across the dikes and hedges and through the green lanes of Giles Chalfont that autumn day? Let us look farther: "When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entitled *Paradise Lost.* After I had, with the best attention, read it through, I made him another visit; and, returning his book with due acknowledgment of the favor he had done me in communicating it to me, he asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely

told him ; and, after some farther discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, 'Thou hast said much here of Paradise *Lost;* what hast thou to say of Paradise *Found?*' He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse, then brake off that discourse, and fell upon another subject."

"I modestly but freely told him what I thought" of Paradise Lost! What he told him remains a mystery. One would like to know more precisely what the first critical reader of that song "of Man's first disobedience" thought of it. Fancy the young Quaker and blind Milton sitting some pleasant afternoon of the autumn of that old year, in "the pretty box" at Chalfont, the soft wind through the open window lifting the thin hair of the glorious old Poet! Backslidden England, plague-smitten, and accursed with her faithless Church and libertine King, knows little of poor "Master Milton," and takes small note of his Puritanic verse-making. Alone, with his humble friend, he sits there, conning over that poem which, he fondly hoped, the world, which had grown all dark and strange to the author, "would not willingly let die." The suggestion in respect to Paradise Found, to which, as we have seen, "he made no answer, but sat some time in a muse," seems not to have been lost ; for, "after the sickness was over," continues Ellwood, "and the city well cleansed, and become safely habitable again, he returned thither ; and when afterwards I waited on him there, which I seldom failed of doing when-

ever my occasions drew me to London, he showed me his second poem, called PARADISE GAINED; and, in a pleasant tone, said to me, 'This is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of.'"

Golden days were these for the young Latin reader, even if it be true, as we suspect, that he was himself very far from appreciating the glorious privilege which he enjoyed, of the familiar friendship and confidence of Milton. But they could not last. His amiable host, Isaac Pennington, a blameless and quiet country gentleman, was dragged from his house by a military force, and lodged in Aylesbury jail; his wife and family forcibly ejected from their pleasant home, which was seized upon by the government as security for the fines imposed upon its owner. The plague was in the village of Aylesbury, and in the very prison itself; but the noble-hearted Mary Pennington followed her husband, sharing with him the dark peril. Poor Ellwood, while attending a monthly meeting at Hedgerly, with six others, (among them one Morgan Watkins, a poor old Welshman, who, painfully endeavoring to utter his testimony in his own dialect, was suspected by the Dogberry of a justice of being a Jesuit trolling over his Latin,) was arrested, and committed to Wiccomb House of Correction.

This was a time of severe trial for the sect with which Ellwood had connected himself. In the

very midst of the pestilence, when thousands perished weekly in London, fifty-four Quakers were marched through the almost deserted streets, and placed on board a ship, for the purpose of being conveyed, according to their sentence of banishment, to the West Indies. The ship lay for a long time, with many others similarly situated, a helpless prey to the pestilence. Through that terrible autumn, the prisoners sat waiting for the summons of the ghastly Destroyer; and, from their floating dungeon,

> "Heard the groan
> Of agonizing ships from shore to shore;
> Heard nightly plunged beneath the sullen wave
> The frequent corse."

When the vessel at length set sail, of the fifty-four who went on board, twenty-seven only were living. A Dutch privateer captured her, when two days out, and carried the prisoners to North Holland, where they were set at liberty. The condition of the jails in the city, where were large numbers of Quakers, was dreadful in the extreme. Ill ventilated, crowded, and loathsome with the accumulated filth of centuries, they invited the disease which daily decimated their cells. "Go on!" says Pennington, writing to the King and Bishops from his plague-infected cell in the Aylesbury prison: "try it out with the Spirit of the Lord! come forth with your laws, and prisons, and spoiling of goods, and banishment and death, if the Lord please, and see if ye can carry it! Whom the Lord loveth,

He can save at His pleasure. Hath He begun to break our bonds and deliver us, and shall we now distrust Him? Are we in a worse condition than Israel was when the sea was before them, the mountains on either side, and the Egyptians behind, pursuing them?"

Brave men and faithful! It is not necessary that the present generation, now quietly reaping the fruit of your heroic endurance, should see eye to eye with you in respect to all your testimonies and beliefs, in order to recognize your claim to gratitude and admiration. For, in an age of hypocritical hollowness and mean self-seeking, when, with noble exceptions, the very Puritans of Cromwell's Reign of the Saints were taking profane lessons from their old enemies, and putting on an outside show of conformity, for the sake of place or pardon, ye maintained the austere dignity of virtue, and, with King and Church and Parliament arrayed against you, vindicated the Rights of Conscience, at the cost of home, fortune, and life. English liberty owes more to your unyielding firmness than to the blows stricken for her at Worcester and Naseby.

In 1667, we find the Latin teacher in attendance at a great meeting of Friends, in London, convened at the suggestion of George Fox, for the purpose of settling a little difficulty which had arisen among the Friends, even under the pressure of the severest persecution, relative to the very important matter of "wearing the hat." George Fox, in his love

of truth and sincerity, in word and action, had discountenanced the fashionable doffing of the hat, and other flattering obeisances towards men holding stations in Church or State, as savoring of man-worship, giving to the creature the reverence only due to the Creator, as undignified and wanting in due self-respect, and tending to support unnatural and oppressive distinctions among those equal in the sight of God. But some of his disciples evidently made much more of this "hat testimony" than their teacher. One John Perrott, who had just returned from an unsuccessful attempt to convert the Pope, at Rome, (where that dignitary, after listening to his exhortations, and finding him in no condition to be benefited by the spiritual physicians of the Inquisition, had quietly turned him over to the temporal ones of the Insane Hospital,) had broached the doctrine that, in public or private worship, the hat was not to be taken off, without an immediate revelation or call to do so! Ellwood himself seems to have been on the point of yielding to this notion, which appears to have been the occasion of a good deal of dissension and scandal. Under these circumstances, to save truth from reproach, and an important testimony to the essential equality of mankind from running into sheer fanaticism, Fox summoned his tried and faithful friends together, from all parts of the United Kingdom, and, as it appears, with the happiest result. Hat-revelations were discountenanced, good order and harmony re-established, and John

Perrott's beaver, and the crazy head under it, were from thenceforth powerless for evil. Let those who are disposed to laugh at this notable Ecumenical Council of the Hat, consider that ecclesiastical history has brought down to us the records of many larger and more imposing convocations, wherein grave bishops and learned fathers took each other by the beard upon matters of far less practical importance.

In 1669, we find Ellwood engaged in escorting his fair friend, Gulielma, to her uncle's residence in Sussex. Passing through London, and taking the Tunbridge road, they stopped at Seven Oak to dine. The Duke of York was on the road, with his guards and hangers-on, and the inn was filled with a rude company. "Hastening," says Ellwood, "from a place where we found nothing but rudeness, the roysterers who swarmed there, besides the damning oaths they belched out against each other, looked very sourly upon us, as if they grudged us the horses which we rode and the clothes we wore." They had proceeded but a little distance, when they were overtaken by some half dozen drunken rough-riding cavaliers, of the Wildrake stamp, in full pursuit after the beautiful Quakeress. One of them impudently attempted to pull her upon his horse before him, but was held at bay by Ellwood, who seems, on this occasion, to have relied somewhat upon his "stick," in defending his fair charge. Calling up Gulielma's servant, he bade him ride on one side of his mistress, while

he guarded her on the other. "But he," says Ellwood, "not thinking it perhaps decent to ride so near his mistress, left room enough for another to ride between." In dashed the drunken retainer, and Gulielma was once more in peril. It was clearly no time for exhortations and expostulations, "so," says Ellwood, "I chopped in upon him, by a nimble turn, and kept him at bay. I told him I had hitherto spared him, but wished him not to provoke me further. This I spoke in such a tone as bespoke an high resentment of the abuse put upon us, and withal, pressed him so hard with my horse, that I suffered him not to come up again to Guli." By this time, it became evident to the companions of the ruffianly assailant that the young Quaker was in earnest, and they hastened to interfere. "For they," says Ellwood, "seeing the con test rise so high, and probably fearing it would rise higher, not knowing where it might stop, came in to part us ; which they did, by taking him away."

Escaping from these sons of Belial, Ellwood and his fair companion rode on through Tunbridge Wells, "the street thronged with men, who looked very earnestly at them, but offered them no affront," and arrived, late at night, in a driving rain, at the mansion-house of Herbert Springette. The fiery old gentleman was so indignant at the insult offered to his niece, that he was with difficulty dissuaded from demanding satisfaction at the hands of the Duke of York.

This seems to have been his last ride with Guli-

elma. She was soon after married to William Penn, and took up her abode at Worminghurst, in Sussex. How blessed and beautiful was that union may be understood from the following paragraph of a letter, written by her husband, on the eve of his departure for America to lay the foundations of a Christian colony.

"My dear Wife! remember thou wast the love of my youth, and much the joy of my life, the most beloved, as well as the most worthy of all my earthly comforts; and the reason of that love was more thy inward than thy outward excellences, which yet were many. God knows, and thou knowest it, I can say it was a match of Providence's making; and God's image in us both was the first thing and the most amiable and engaging ornament in our eyes."

About this time our friend Thomas, seeing that his old playmate at Chalfont was destined for another, turned his attention towards a "young Friend, named Mary Ellis." He had been for several years acquainted with her, but now he "found his heart secretly drawn and inclining towards her." "At length," he tells us, "as I was sitting all alone, waiting upon the Lord for counsel and guidance in this, in itself and to me, important affair, I felt a word sweetly arise in me, as if I had heard a Voice which said, *Go, and prevail!* and Faith springing in my heart at the word, I immediately rose and went, nothing doubting." On arriving at her residence, he states that he "solemn-

ly opened his mind to her, which was a great surprisal to her, for she had taken in an apprehension, as others had also done," that his eye had been fixed elsewhere and nearer home. "I used not many words to her," he continues, "but I felt a Divine Power went along with the words, and fixed the matter expressed by them so fast in her breast, that, as she afterwards acknowledged to me, she could not shut it out."

"I continued," he says, "my visits to my best-beloved Friend until we married, which was on the 28th day of the eighth month, 1669. We took each other in a select meeting of the ancient and grave Friends of that country. A very solemn meeting it was, and in a weighty frame of spirit we were." His wife seems to have had some estate; and Ellwood, with that nice sense of justice which marked all his actions, immediately made his will, securing to her, in case of his decease, all her own goods and moneys, as well as all that he had himself acquired before marriage. "Which," he tells, "was indeed but little, yet, by all that little, more than I had ever given her ground to expect with me." His father, who was yet unreconciled to the son's religious views, found fault with his marriage, on the ground that it was unlawful and unsanctioned by priest or liturgy; and consequently, refused to render him any pecuniary assistance. Yet, in spite of this and other trials, he seems to have preserved his serenity of spirit. After an unpleasant interview with his father, on one occasion, he wrote, at

his lodgings in an inn, in London, what he calls "A Song of Praise." An extract from it will serve to show the spirit of the good man in affliction :—

"Unto the Glory of Thy Holy Name,
Eternal God ! whom I both love and fear,
I hereby do declare, I never came
Before Thy throne, and found Thee loath to hear,
But always ready with an open ear,
And, though sometimes Thou seem'st Thy face to hide,
As one that had withdrawn his love from me,
'T is that my Faith may to the full be tried,
And that I thereby may the better see
How weak I am when not upheld by Thee !"

The next year, 1670, an act of Parliament, in relation to "Conventicles," provided that any person who should be present at any meeting, under color or pretence of any exercise of religion, in other manner than according to the liturgy and practice of the Church of England, "should be liable to fines of from five to ten shillings ; and any person preaching at or giving his house for the meeting, to a fine of twenty pounds ; one third of the fines being received by the informer or informers." As a natural consequence of such a law, the vilest scoundrels in the land set up the trade of informers and heresy-hunters. Wherever a dissenting meeting or burial took place, there was sure to be a mercenary spy, ready to bring a complaint against all in attendance. The Independents and Baptists ceased, in a great measure, to hold public meetings, yet even they did not escape prosecution. Bunyan, for instance, in these days, was dreaming,

like another Jacob, of angels ascending and descending, in Bedford prison. But upon the poor Quakers fell, as usual, the great force of the unjust enactment. Some of these spies or informers, men of sharp wit, close countenances, pliant tempers, and skill in dissimulation, took the guise of Quakers, Independents, or Baptists, as occasion required, thrusting themselves into the meetings of the proscribed sects, ascertaining the number who attended, their rank and condition, and then informing against them. Ellwood, in his journal for 1670, describes several of these emissaries of evil. One of them came to a Friend's house, in Bucks, professing to be a brother in the faith, but, overdoing his counterfeit Quakerism, was detected and dismissed by his host. Betaking himself to the inn, he appeared in his true character, drank and swore roundly, and confessed over his cups that he had been sent forth on his mission by the Rev. Dr. Mew, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. Finding little success in counterfeiting Quakerism, he turned to the Baptists, where, for a time, he met with better success. Ellwood, at this time, rendered good service to his friends, by exposing the true character of these wretches, and bringing them to justice for theft, perjury, and other misdemeanors.

While this storm of persecution lasted, (a period of two or three years,) the different dissenting sects felt, in some measure, a common sympathy, and, while guarding themselves against their common foe, had little leisure for controversy with each

other ; but, as was natural, the abatement of their mutual suffering and danger was the signal for renewing their suspended quarrels. The Baptists fell upon the Quakers, with pamphlet and sermon ; the latter replied in the same way. One of the most conspicuous of the Baptist disputants was the famous JEREMY IVES, with whom our friend Ellwood seems to have had a good deal of trouble. "His name," says Ellwood, "was up for a topping Disputant. He was well read in the fallacies of logic, and was ready in framing syllogisms. His chief art lay in tickling the humor of rude, unlearned, and injudicious hearers."

The following piece of Ellwood's, entitled "An Epitaph for Jeremy Ives," will serve to show that wit and drollery were sometimes found even among the proverbially sober Quakers of the seventeenth century : —

"Beneath this stone, depressed doth lie
The Mirror of Hypocrisy —
Ives, whose mercenary tongue
Like a Weathercock was hung,
And did this or that way play,
As Advantage led the way.
If well hired, he would dispute,
Otherwise he would be mute.
But, he 'd bawl for half a day,
If he knew and liked his pay.

"For his person, let it pass ;
Only note his face was brass.
His heart was like a pumice-stone,
And for Conscience he had none.

Of *Earth* and *Air* he was composed,
With *Water* round about enclosed.
Earth in him had greatest share,
Questionless, his life lay there;
Thence his cankered Envy sprung,
Poisoning both his heart and tongue.

"Air made him frothy, light, and vain,
And puffed him with a proud disdain.
Into the Water oft he went,
And through the Water many sent,
That was, ye know, his element!
The greatest odds that did appear
Was this, for aught that I can hear,
That he in *cold* did others dip,
But did himself *hot* water sip.

"And his cause he 'd never doubt,
If well soak'd o'er night in Stout;
But, meanwhile, he must not lack,
Brandy, and a draught of Sack.
One dispute would shrink a bottle
Of three pints, if not a pottle.
One would think he fetched from thence
All his dreamy eloquence.

"Let us now bring back the Sot
To his Aqua Vita pot,
And observe, with some content,
How he framed his argument.
That his whistle he might wet,
The bottle to his mouth he set,
And, being Master of that Art,
Thence he drew the *Major* part,
But left the *Minor* still behind;
Good reason why, he wanted wind;
If his breath would have held out,
He had *Conclusion* drawn, no doubt."

The residue of Ellwood's life seems to have glided on in serenity and peace. He wrote, at intervals, many pamphlets in defence of his Society, and in favor of Liberty of Conscience. At his hospitable residence, the leading spirits of the sect were warmly welcomed. George Fox and William Penn seem to have been frequent guests. We find that, in 1683, he was arrested for seditious publications, when on the eve of hastening to his early friend, Gulielma, who, in the absence of her husband, Governor Penn, had fallen dangerously ill. On coming before the judge, "I told him," says Ellwood, "that I had that morning received an express out of Sussex, that William Penn's wife (with whom I had an intimate acquaintance and strict friendship, *ab ipsis fere incunabilis*, at least, *a teneris unguiculis*) lay now ill, not without great danger, and that she had expressed her desire that I would come to her as soon as I could." The judge said, "He was very sorry for Madam Penn's illness," of whose virtues he spoke very highly, but not more than was her due. Then he told me, "that, for her sake, he would do what he could to further my visit to her." Escaping from the hands of the law, he visited his friend, who was by this time in a way of recovery, and, on his return, learned that the prosecution had been abandoned.

At about this date his narrative ceases. We learn, from other sources, that he continued to write and print in defence of his religious views up to the year of his death, which took place in

1713. One of his productions, a poetical version of the Life of David, may be still met with, in the old Quaker libraries. On the score of poetical merit, it is about on a level with Michael Drayton's verses on the same subject. As the history of one of the firm confessors of the old struggle for religious freedom, of a genial-hearted and pleasant scholar, the friend of Penn and Milton, and the suggester of *Paradise Regained*, we trust our hurried sketch has not been altogether without interest; and that, whatever may be the religious views of our readers, they have not failed to recognize a good and true man in THOMAS ELLWOOD.

JAMES NAYLER.

"You will here read the true story of that much injured, ridiculed man, James Nayler; what dreadful sufferings, with what patience he endured, even to the boring of the tongue with hot irons, without a murmur; and with what strength of mind, when the delusion he had fallen into, which they stigmatized as blasphemy, had given place to clearer thoughts, he could renounce his error in a strain of the beautifullest humility."—*Essays of Elia.*

"WOULD that Carlyle could now try his hand at the English Revolution!" was our exclamation, on laying down the last volume of his remarkable "History of the French Revolution," with its brilliant and startling word-pictures still flashing before us. To some extent this wish has been realized in the "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell." Yet we confess that the perusal of these volumes has disappointed us. Instead of giving himself free scope, as in his French Revolution, and transferring to his canvas all the wild and ludicrous, the terrible and beautiful phases of that moral phenomenon; he has here concentrated all his artistic skill upon a single figure, whom he seems to have regarded as the embodiment and hero of the great event. All else on his canvas is subordinated to the grim image of the colossal Puritan. Intent upon presenting him as the fitting object of that "Hero-

Worship," which, in its blind admiration and adoration of mere abstract Power, seems to us at times nothing less than Devil-Worship, he dwarfs, casts into the shadow, nay, in some instances, caricatures and distorts the figures which surround him. To excuse Cromwell in his usurpation, Henry Vane, one of those exalted and noble characters, upon whose features the lights held by historical friends or foes detect no blemish, is dismissed with a sneer, and an utterly unfounded imputation of dishonesty. To reconcile, in some degree, the discrepancy between the declarations of Cromwell, in behalf of freedom of conscience, and that mean and cruel persecution which the Quakers suffered under the Protectorate, the generally harmless fanaticism of a few individuals, bearing that name, is gravely urged. Nay, the fact that some weak-brained enthusiasts undertook to bring about the Millennium, by associating together, cultivating the earth, and "dibbling beans" for the New-Jerusalem market, is regarded by our author as the "germ of Quakerism"; and furnishes an occasion for sneering at "my poor friend Dry-as-dust, lamentably tearing his hair over the intolerance of that old time to Quakerism and such like."

The readers of this (with all its faults) powerfully written Biography, cannot fail to have been impressed with the intensely graphic description (Part I., Vol. II., pp. 184, 185,) of the entry of the poor fanatic, James Nayler, and his forlorn and

draggled companions into Bristol. Sadly ludicrous is it; affecting us like the actual sight of tragic insanity enacting its involuntary comedy, and making us smile through our tears.

In another portion of the work, a brief account is given of the trial and sentence of Nayler, also in the serio-comic view; and the poor man is dismissed with the simple intimation, that after his punishment, he "repented, and confessed himself mad." It was no part of the author's business, we are well aware, to waste time and words upon the history of such a man as Nayler; he was of no importance to him, otherwise than as one of the disturbing influences in the government of the Lord Protector. But in our mind the story of James Nayler has always been one of interest; and in the belief that it will prove so to others, who, like Charles Lamb, can appreciate the beautiful humility of a forgiven spirit, we have taken some pains to collect and embody the facts of it.

James Nayler was born in the parish of Ardesley, in Yorkshire, 1616. His father was a substantial farmer, of good repute and competent estate; and he, in consequence, received a good education. At the age of twenty-two, he married and removed to Wakefield parish, which has since been made classic ground by the pen of Goldsmith. Here, an honest, God-fearing farmer, he tilled his soil, and alternated between cattle-markets and Independent conventicles. In 1641, he obeyed the summons of "my Lord Fairfax" and the Par-

liament, and joined a troop of horse composed of sturdy Independents, doing such signal service against "the man of Belial, Charles Stuart," that he was promoted to the rank of quartermaster, in which capacity he served under General Lambert, in his Scottish campaign. Disabled at length by sickness, he was honorably dismissed from the service, and returned to his family in 1649.

For three or four years, he continued to attend the meetings of the Independents, as a zealous and devout member. But it so fell out, that in the winter of 1651, George Fox, who had just been released from a cruel imprisonment in Derby jail, felt a call to set his face towards Yorkshire. "So travelling," says Fox, in his journal, "through the countries, to several places, preaching Repentance and the Word of Life, I came into the parts about Wakefield, where James Nayler lived." The worn and weary soldier, covered with the scars of outward battle, received, as he believed, in the cause of God and his people, against Antichrist and oppression, welcomed with thankfulness the veteran of another warfare; who, in conflict with "principalities and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places," had made his name a familiar one in every English hamlet. "He and Thomas Goodyear," says Fox, "came to me, and were both convinced, and received the truth." He soon after joined the Society of Friends. In the spring of the next year he was in his field following his plough, and meditating, as he was wont, on the

great questions of life and duty, when he seemed to hear a voice bidding him go out from his kindred and his father's house, with an assurance that the Lord would be with him, while laboring in his service. Deeply impressed, he left his employment, and, returning to his house, made immediate preparations for a journey. But hesitation and doubt followed; he became sick from anxiety of mind, and his recovery, for a time, was exceedingly doubtful. On his restoration to bodily health, he obeyed what he regarded as a clear intimation of duty, and went forth a preacher of the doctrines he had embraced. The Independent minister of the society to which he had formerly belonged sent after him the story, that he was the victim of sorcery; that George Fox carried with him a bottle, out of which he made people drink; and that the draught had the power to change a Presbyterian or Independent into a Quaker at once; that in short, the Arch-Quaker, Fox, was a wizard, and could be seen at the same moment of time riding on the same black horse, in two places widely separated! He had scarcely commenced his exhortations, before the mob, excited by such stories, assailed him. In the early summer of the year we hear of him in Appleby jail. On his release, he fell in company with George Fox. At Walney Island, he was furiously assaulted, and beaten with clubs and stones; the poor priest-led fishermen being fully persuaded that they were dealing with a wizard. The spirit of the man, under these circumstances,

may be seen in the following extract from a letter to his friends, dated at "Killet, in Lancashire, the 30th of 8th Month, 1652."

"Dear friends! Dwell in patience, and wait upon the Lord, who will do his own work. Look not at man who is in the work, nor at any man opposing it; but rest in the will of the Lord, that so ye may be furnished with patience, both to do and to suffer what ye shall be called unto, that your end in all things may be His praise. Meet often together; take heed of what exalteth itself above its brother; but keep low, and serve one another in love."

Laboring thus, interrupted only by persecution, stripes, and imprisonment, he finally came to London, and spoke with great power and eloquence in the meetings of Friends in that city. Here, he for the first time found himself surrounded by admiring and sympathizing friends. He saw, and rejoiced in the fruits of his ministry. Profane and drunken cavaliers, intolerant Presbyters, and blind Papists, owned the truths which he uttered, and counted themselves his disciples. Women, too, in their deep trustfulness, and admiring reverence, sat at the feet of the eloquent stranger. Devout believers in the doctrine of the inward light and manifestation of God in the heart of man, these latter, at length, thought they saw such unmistakable evidences of the true life in James Nayler, that they felt constrained to declare that Christ was, in an especial manner, within him, and to

call upon all to recognize in reverent adoration this new incarnation of the divine and heavenly. The wild enthusiasm of his disciples had its effect on the teacher. Weak in body, worn with sickness, fasting, stripes, and prison-penance, and naturally credulous and imaginative, is it strange that in some measure he yielded to this miserable delusion? Let those who would harshly judge him, or ascribe his fall to the peculiar doctrines of his sect, think of Luther, engaged in personal combat with the Devil, or conversing with him on points of theology in his bed-chamber, or of Bunyan at actual fisticuffs with the adversary; or of Fleetwood and Vane and Harrison millennium-mad, and making preparations for an earthly reign of King Jesus. It was an age of intense religious excitement. Fanaticism had become epidemic. Cromwell swayed his Parliaments by "revelations" and Scripture phrases in the painted chamber; stout generals and sea-captains exterminated the Irish, and swept Dutch navies from the ocean, with old Jewish war-cries, and hymns of Deborah and Miriam; country justices charged juries in Hebraisms, and cited the laws of Palestine oftener than those of England. Poor Nayler found himself in the very midst of this seething and confused moral Maelstrom. He struggled against it for a time, but human nature was weak; he became, to use his own words, "bewildered and darkened," and the floods went over him.

Leaving London with some of his more zealous

followers, not without solemn admonition and rebuke from Francis Howgill and Edward Burrough, who at that period were regarded as the most eminent and gifted of the Society's ministers, he bent his steps towards Exeter. Here, in consequence of the extravagance of his language and that of his disciples, he was arrested and thrown into prison. Several infatuated women surrounded the jail, declaring that "Christ was in prison," and on being admitted to see him, knelt down and kissed his feet, exclaiming, "Thy name shall be no more called James Nayler, but Jesus!" Let us pity him and them. They, full of grateful and extravagant affection for the man whose voice had called them away from worldly vanities, to what they regarded as eternal realities, whose hand they imagined had for them swung back the pearl gates of the celestial city, and flooded their atmosphere with light from heaven: he, receiving their homage, (not as offered to a poor, weak, sinful Yorkshire trooper, but rather to the hidden man of the heart, the "Christ within" him,) with that self-deceiving humility which is but another name for spiritual pride. Mournful, yet natural; such as is still in greater or less degree manifested between the Catholic enthusiast and her confessor; such as the careful observer may at times take note of in our Protestant revivals and camp meetings.

How Nayler was released from Exeter jail does not appear, but the next we hear of him, is at Bristol, in the fall of the year. His entrance into that

city shows the progress which he and his followers had made in the interval. Let us look at Carlyle's description of it. "A procession of eight persons — one, a man on horseback riding single, the others, men and women partly riding double, partly on foot, in the muddiest highway in the wettest weather; singing, all but the single rider, at whose bridle walk and splash two women, 'Hosannah! Holy, holy! Lord God of Sabaoth,' and other things, 'in a buzzing tone,' which the impartial hearer could not make out. The single rider is a raw-boned male figure, 'with lank hair reaching below his cheeks,' hat drawn close over his brows, 'nose rising slightly in the middle,' of abstruse 'down look,' and large dangerous jaws strictly closed: he sings not, sits there covered, and is sung to by the others bare. Amid pouring deluges and mud knee-deep, 'so that the rain ran in at their necks and vented it at their hose and breeches': a spectacle to the West of England and posterity! Singing as above; answering no question except in song. From Bedminster to Ratcliffgate, along the streets to the High Cross of Bristol: at the High Cross they are laid hold of by the authorities: turn out to be James Nayler and Company."

Truly, a more pitiful example of "hero-worship" is not well to be conceived of. Instead of taking the rational view of it, however, and mercifully shutting up the actors in a mad-house, the authorities of that day, conceiving it to be a stupendous

blasphemy, and themselves God's avengers in the matter, sent Nayler under strong guard up to London, to be examined before the Parliament. After long and tedious examinations and cross-questionings, and still more tedious debates, some portion of which, not uninstructive to the reader, may still be found in "Burton's Diary," the following horrible resolution was agreed upon :—

"That James Nayler be set in the pillory, with his head in the pillory in the Palace Yard, Westminster, during the space of two hours on Thursday next ; and be whipped by the hangman through the streets from Westminster to the Old Exchange, and there, likewise, be set in the pillory, with his head in the pillory for the space of two hours, between eleven and one, on Saturday next, in each place wearing a paper containing a description of his crimes ; and that at the Old Exchange his tongue be bored through with a hot iron, and that he be there stigmatized on the forehead with the letter 'B' ; and that he be afterwards sent to Bristol to be conveyed into and through the said city on horseback with his face backward, and there, also, publicly whipped the next market-day after he comes thither ; that from thence he be committed to prison in Bridewell, London, and there restrained from the society of all people, and there to labor hard until he shall be released by Parliament ; and during that time be debarred the use of pen, ink, and paper ; and have no relief except what he earns by his daily labor."

Such, neither more nor less, was, in the opinion of Parliament, required on their part to appease the Divine vengeance. The sentence was pronounced on the 17th of the Twelfth Month; the entire time of the Parliament for the two months previous having been occupied with the case. The Presbyterians in that body were ready enough to make the most of an offence committed by one who had been an Independent; the Independents, to escape the stigma of extenuating the crimes of one of their quondam brethren, vied with their antagonists in shrieking over the atrocity of Nayler's blasphemy, and in urging its severe punishment. Here and there among both classes were men disposed to leniency; and more than one earnest plea was made for merciful dealing with a man, whose reason was evidently unsettled, and who was, therefore, a fitting object of compassion; whose crime, if it could indeed be called one, was evidently the result of a clouded intellect, and not of wilful intention of evil. On the other hand, many were in favor of putting him to death as a sort of peace-offering to the clergy, who, as a matter of course, were greatly scandalized by Nayler's blasphemy, and still more by the refusal of his sect to pay tithes, or recognize their Divine commission.

Nayler was called into the Parliament-house to receive his sentence. "I do not know mine offence," he said mildly. "You shall know it," said Sir Thomas Widrington, "by your sentence."

When the sentence was read, he attempted to speak, but was silenced. "I pray God," said Nayler, "that he may not lay this to your charge."

The next day, the 18th of the Twelfth Month, he stood in the pillory two hours, in the chill winter air, and was then stripped and scourged by the hangman at the tail of a cart through the streets. Three hundred and ten stripes were inflicted; his back and arms were horribly cut and mangled, and his feet crushed and bruised by the feet of horses treading on him in the crowd. He bore all with uncomplaining patience; but was so far exhausted by his sufferings, that it was found necessary to postpone the execution of the residue of the sentence for one week. The terrible severity of his sentence, and his meek endurance of it, had in the mean time powerfully affected many of the humane and generous of all classes in the city; and a petition for the remission of the remaining part of the penalty was numerously signed and presented to Parliament. A debate ensued upon it, but its prayer was rejected. Application was then made to Cromwell, who addressed a letter to the Speaker of the House, inquiring into the affair, protesting an "abhorrence and detestation of giving or occasioning the least countenance to such opinions and practices," as were imputed to Nayler; "yet, we being intrusted in the present government on behalf of the people of these nations, and not knowing how far such proceeding entered into wholly without us may extend in the consequence

of it, do hereby desire the House may let us know the grounds and reasons whereon they have proceeded." From this, it is not unlikely that the Protector might have been disposed to clemency, and to look with a degree of charity upon the weakness and errors of one of his old and tried soldiers who had striven like a brave man, as he was, for the rights and liberties of Englishmen; but the clergy here interposed, and vehemently, in the name of God and His Church, demanded that the executioner should finish his work. Five of the most eminent of them, names well known in the Protectorate, Caryl, Manton, Nye, Griffith, and Reynolds, were deputed by Parliament to visit the mangled prisoner. A reasonable request was made, that some impartial person might be present, that justice might be done Nayler in the report of his answers. This was refused. It was, however, agreed that the conversation should be written down and a copy of it left with the jailer. He was asked if he was sorry for his blasphemies. He said he did not know to what blasphemies they alluded; that he did believe in Jesus Christ; that He had taken up His dwelling in his own heart, and for the testimony of Him he now suffered. "I believe," said one of the ministers, "in a Christ who was never in any man's heart." "I know no such Christ," rejoined the prisoner, "the Christ I witness to fills Heaven and Earth, and dwells in the hearts of all true believers." On being asked, why he allowed the women to adore and worship

him, he said, he "denied bowing to the creature; but if they beheld the power of Christ, wherever it was, and bowed to it, he could not resist it, or say aught against it."

After some further parley, the reverend visitors grew angry, threw the written record of the conversation in the fire, and left the prison, to report the prisoner incorrigible.

On the 27th of the month, he was again led out of his cell and placed upon the pillory. Thousands of citizens were gathered around, many of them earnestly protesting against the extreme cruelty of his punishment. Robert Rich, an influential and honorable merchant, followed him up to the pillory, with expressions of great sympathy, and held him by the hand while the red-hot iron was pressed through his tongue, and the brand was placed on his forehead. He was next sent to Bristol, and publicly whipped through the principal streets of that city; and again brought back to the Bridewell prison, where he remained about two years, shut out from all intercourse with his fellow-beings. At the expiration of this period, he was released by order of Parliament. In the solitude of his cell, the angel of patience had been with him. Through the cloud which had so long rested over him, the clear light of truth shone in upon his spirit; the weltering chaos of a disordered intellect, settled into the calm peace of a reconciliation with God and man. His first act on leaving prison was to visit Bristol, the scene of his melancholy fall.

There he publicly confessed his errors, in the eloquent earnestness of a contrite spirit, humbled in view of the past, yet full of thanksgiving and praise for the great boon of forgiveness. A writer who was present says, the "assembly was tendered, and broken into tears; there were few dry eyes, and many were bowed in their minds."

In a paper, which he published soon after, he acknowledges his lamentable delusion. "Condemned forever," he says, "be all those false worships with which any have idolized my person in that Night of my Temptation, when the Power of Darkness was above me; all that did in any way tend to dishonor the Lord, or draw the minds of any from the measure of Christ Jesus in themselves, to look at flesh, which is as grass, or to ascribe that to the visible which belongs to Him." "Darkness came over me through want of watchfulness and obedience to the pure Eye of God. I was taken captive from the true light; I was walking in the Night, as a wandering bird fit for a prey. And if the Lord of all my mercies had not rescued me, I had perished; for I was as one appointed to death and destruction, and there was none to deliver me." "It is in my heart to confess to God, and before men, my folly and offence in that day; yet there were many things formed against me in that day, to take away my life, and bring scandal upon the truth, of which I was not guilty at all." "The provocation of that Time of Temptation was exceeding great against the Lord;

yet He left me not; for when Darkness was above, and the Adversary so prevailed, that all things were turned and perverted against my right seeing, hearing, or understanding; only a secret hope and faith I had in my God, whom I had served, that he would bring me through it, and to the end of it, and that I should again see the day of my redemption from under it all; this quieted my soul in its greatest tribulation." He concludes his confession with these words: "He who hath saved my soul from death, who hath lifted my feet up out of the pit, even to Him be glory forever; and let every troubled soul trust in Him, for his mercy endureth forever!"

Among his papers, written soon after his release, is a remarkable prayer, or rather thanksgiving. The limit I have prescribed to myself will only allow me to copy an extract.

"It is in my heart to praise Thee, O my God! let me never forget Thee, what Thou hast been to me in the night, by Thy presence in my hour of trial, when I was beset in darkness, when I was cast out as a wandering bird; when I was assaulted with strong temptations, then Thy presence, in secret, did preserve me; and in a low state I felt Thee near me: when my way was through the sea, when I passed under the mountains, there wast Thou present with me; when the weight of the hills was upon me, Thou upheldest me. Thou didst fight, on my part, when I wrestled with death; when darkness would have shut me up, Thy light shone about me; when my work

was in the furnace, and I passed through the fire, by Thee I was not consumed. When I beheld the dreadful visions, and was among the fiery spirits, Thy faith staid me, else through fear I had fallen. I saw Thee, and believed, so that the enemy could not prevail." After speaking of his humiliation and sufferings, which Divine Mercy had overruled for his spiritual good, he thus concludes: "Thou didst lift me out from the pit, and set me forth in the sight of my enemies; Thou proclaimedst liberty to the captive; Thou calledst my acquaintances near me; they to whom I had been a wonder, looked upon me; and in Thy love I obtained favor with those who had deserted me. Then did gladness swallow up sorrow, and I forsook my troubles; and I said, How good is it that man be proved in the night, that he may know his folly, that every mouth may become silent, until Thou makest man known unto himself, and has slain the boaster, and shown him the vanity which vexeth Thy spirit."

All honor to the Quakers of that day, that, at the risk of misrepresentation and calumny, they received back to their communion their greatly erring, but deeply repentant, brother. His life, ever after, was one of self-denial and jealous watchfulness over himself, — blameless and beautiful in its humility and lowly charity.

Thomas Ellwood, in his autobiography for the year 1659, mentions Nayler, whom he met in company with Edward Burrough at the house of Milton's friend, Pennington. Ellwood's father held a

discourse with the two Quakers on their doctrine of free and universal grace. "James Nailer," says Ellwood, "handled the subject with so much perspicuity and clear demonstration, that his reasoning seemed to be irresistible. As for Edward Burrough, he was a brisk young Man, of a ready Tongue, and might have been for aught I then knew, a Scholar, which made me less admire his Way of Reasoning. But what dropt from *James Nailer* had the greater Force upon me, because he lookt like a simple Countryman, having the appearance of an Husbandman or Shepherd."

In the latter part of the Eighth Month, 1660, he left London on foot, to visit his wife and children in Wakefield. As he journeyed on, the sense of a solemn change about to take place, seemed with him; the shadow of the eternal world fell over him. As he passed through Huntingdon, a friend who saw him describes him as "in an awful and weighty frame of mind, as if he had been redeemed from earth, and a stranger on it, seeking a better home and inheritance." A few miles beyond the town, he was found, in the dusk of the evening, very ill, and was taken to the house of a friend, who lived not far distant. He died shortly after, expressing his gratitude for the kindness of his attendants, and invoking blessings upon them. About two hours before his death, he spoke to the friend at his bedside these remarkable words, solemn as eternity, and beautiful as the love which fills it:—

"There is a spirit which I feel which delights to

do no evil, nor to avenge any wrong; but delights to endure all things, in hope to enjoy its own in the end; its hope is to outlive all wrath and contention, and to weary out all exultation and cruelty, or whatever is of a nature contrary to itself. It sees to the end of all temptations; as it bears no evil in itself, so it conceives none in thought to any other: if it be betrayed, it bears it, for its ground and spring is the mercy and forgiveness of God. Its crown is meekness; its life is everlasting love unfeigned; it takes its kingdom with entreaty, and not with contention, and keeps it by lowliness of mind. In God alone it can rejoice, though none else regard it, or can own its life. It is conceived in sorrow, and brought forth with none to pity it; nor doth it murmur at grief and oppression. It never rejoiceth but through sufferings, for with the world's joy it is murdered. I found it alone, being forsaken. I have fellowship therein with them who lived in dens and desolate places of the earth, who through death obtained resurrection and eternal Holy Life."

So died James Nayler. He was buried in "Thomas Parnell's burying-ground, at King's Rippon," in a green nook of rural England. Wrong and violence, and temptation and sorrow, and evil-speaking, could reach him no more. And in taking leave of him, let us say, with old Joseph Wyeth, where he touches upon this case in his *Anguis Flagellatus:* "Let none insult, but take heed lest they also, in the hour of *their* temptation, do fall away."

ANDREW MARVELL.

"They who with a good conscience and an upright heart do their civil duties in the sight of God, and in their several places, to resist tyranny and the violence of superstition banded both against them, will never seek to be forgiven that which may justly be attributed to their immortal praise." — *Answer to Eikon Basilike.*

AMONG the great names which adorned the Protectorate, — that period of intense mental activity, when political and religious rights and duties were thoroughly discussed by strong and earnest statesmen and theologians, — that of Andrew Marvell, the friend of Milton, and Latin Secretary of Cromwell, deserves honorable mention. The magnificent prose of Milton, long neglected, is now perhaps as frequently read as his great epic; but the writings of his friend and fellow secretary, devoted like his own to the cause of freedom and the rights of the people, are scarcely known to the present generation. It is true that Marvell's political pamphlets were less elaborate and profound than those of the author of the glorious Defence of Unlicensed Printing. He was light, playful, witty, and sarcastic; he lacked the stern dignity, the terrible invective, the bitter scorn, the crushing, annihilating retort, the grand and solemn eloquence, and the devout appeals, which

render immortal the controversial works of Milton. But he, too, has left his footprints on his age; he, too, has written for posterity that which they "will not willingly let die." As one of the inflexible defenders of English liberty, sowers of the seed, the fruits of which we are now reaping, he has a higher claim on the kind regards of this generation than his merits as a poet, by no means inconsiderable, would warrant.

Andrew Marvell was born in Kingston-upon-Hull, in 1620. At the age of eighteen he entered Trinity College, whence he was enticed by the Jesuits, then actively seeking proselytes. After remaining with them a short time, his father found him, and brought him back to his studies. On leaving college, he travelled on the Continent. At Rome he wrote his first satire, a humorous critique upon Richard Flecknoe, an English Jesuit and verse writer, whose lines on Silence Charles Lamb quotes in one of his Essays. It is supposed that he made his first acquaintance with Milton in Italy.

At Paris he made the Abbot de Manihan the subject of another satire. The Abbot pretended to skill in the arts of magic, and used to prognosticate the fortunes of people from the character of their handwriting. At what period he returned from his travels we are not aware. It is stated, by some of his biographers, that he was sent as secretary of a Turkish mission. In 1653, he was appointed the tutor of Cromwell's nephew; and, four years after, doubtless through the instrumen-

tality of his friend Milton, he received the honorable appointment of Latin Secretary of the Commonwealth. In 1658, he was selected by his townsmen of Hull to represent them in Parliament. In this service he continued until 1663, when, notwithstanding his sturdy republican principles, he was appointed secretary to the Russian embassy. On his return, in 1665, he was again elected to Parliament, and continued in the public service until the prorogation of the Parliament of 1675.

The boldness, the uncompromising integrity and irreproachable consistency of Marvell, as a statesman, have secured for him the honorable appellation of "the British Aristides." Unlike too many of his old associates under the Protectorate, he did not change with the times. He was a republican in Cromwell's day, and neither threats of assassination, nor flatteries, nor proffered bribes, could make him anything else in that of Charles II. He advocated the rights of the People, at a time when patriotism was regarded as ridiculous folly; when a general corruption, spreading downwards from a lewd and abominable Court, had made legislation a mere scramble for place and emolument. English history presents no period so disgraceful as the Restoration. To use the words of Macaulay, it was "a day of servitude without loyalty, and sensuality without love, of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices, the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds, the golden age of the coward, the bigot,

and the slave. The principles of liberty were the scoff of every grinning courtier, and the Anathema Maranatha of every fawning dean." It is the peculiar merit of Milton and Marvell, that in such an age they held fast their integrity, standing up in glorious contrast with clerical apostates and traitors to the cause of England's liberty.

In the discharge of his duties as a statesman Marvell was as punctual and conscientious as our own venerable Apostle of Freedom, John Quincy Adams. He corresponded every post with his constituents, keeping them fully apprised of all that transpired at Court or in Parliament. He spoke but seldom, but his great personal influence was exerted privately upon the members of the Commons as well as upon the Peers. His wit, accomplished manners, and literary eminence made him a favorite at the Court itself. The voluptuous and careless monarch laughed over the biting satire of the republican poet, and heartily enjoyed his lively conversation. It is said that numerous advances were made to him by the courtiers of Charles II., but he was found to be incorruptible. The personal compliments of the King, the encomiums of Rochester, the smiles and flatteries of the frail but fair and high-born ladies of the Court; nay, even the golden offers of the King's treasurer, who, climbing with difficulty to his obscure retreat on an upper floor of a court in the Strand, laid a tempting bribe of £1,000 before him, on the very day when he had been compelled to borrow a

guinea; were all lost upon the inflexible patriot. He stood up manfully, in an age of persecution, for religious liberty; opposed the oppressive *excise*, and demanded frequent Parliaments and a fair representation of the People.

In 1672, Marvell engaged in a controversy with the famous High-Churchman, Dr. Parker, who had taken the lead in urging the persecution of non-conformists. In one of the works of this arrogant divine, he says that "it is absolutely necessary to the peace and government of the world, that the supreme magistrate should be vested with power to govern and conduct the consciences of subjects in affairs of religion. Princes may, with less hazard, give liberty to men's vices and debaucheries than to their consciences." And, speaking of the various sects of non-conformists, he counsels princes and legislators, that "tenderness and indulgence to such men is to nourish vipers in their own bowels, and the most sottish neglect of our quiet and security." Marvell replied to him in a severely satirical pamphlet, which provoked a reply from the Doctor. Marvell rejoined, with a rare combination of wit and argument. The effect of his sarcasm on the Doctor and his supporters may be inferred from an anonymous note sent him, in which the writer threatens by the eternal God to cut his throat, if he uttered any more libels upon Dr. Parker. Bishop Burnet remarks, that "Marvell writ in a burlesque strain, but with so peculiar and so entertaining a conduct, that from the King

down to the tradesman his books were read with great pleasure, and not only humbled Parker, but his whole party, for Marvell had all the wits on his side." The Bishop further remarks, that Marvell's satire "gave occasion to the only piece of modesty with which Dr. Parker was ever charged, viz. of withdrawing from town, and not importuning the press for some years, since even a face of brass must grow red when it is burnt as his has been." Dean Swift, in commenting upon the usual fate of controversial pamphlets, which seldom live beyond their generation, says: "There is indeed an exception, when a great genius undertakes to expose a foolish piece; so we still read Marvell's answer to Parker with pleasure, though the book it answers be sunk long ago."

Perhaps, in the entire compass of our language, there is not to be found a finer piece of satirical writing than Marvell's famous parody of the speeches of Charles II., in which the private vices and public inconsistencies of the King, and his gross violations of his pledges on coming to the throne, are exposed with the keenest wit and the most laugh-provoking irony. Charles himself, although doubtless annoyed by it, could not refrain from joining in the mirth which it excited at his expense.

The friendship between Marvell and Milton remained firm and unbroken to the last. The former exerted himself to save his illustrious friend from persecution, and omitted no opportunity to defend

him as a politician and to eulogize him as a poet. In 1654 he presented to Cromwell Milton's noble tract in Defence of the People of England, and, in writing to the author, says of the work, "When I consider how equally it teems and rises with so many figures, it seems to me a Trajan's column, in whose winding ascent we see embossed the several monuments of your learned victories." He was one of the first to appreciate Paradise Lost, and to commend it in some admirable lines. One couplet is exceedingly beautiful, in its reference to the author's blindness: —

> "Just Heaven, thee like Tiresias to requite,
> Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight."

His poems, written in the "snatched leisure" of an active political life, bear marks of haste, and are very unequal. In the midst of passages of pastoral description worthy of Milton himself, feeble lines and hackneyed phrases occur. His "Nymph lamenting the Death of her Fawn" is a finished and elaborate piece, full of grace and tenderness. "Thoughts in a Garden" will be remembered by the quotations of that exquisite critic, Charles Lamb. How pleasant is this picture!

> "What wondrous life is this I lead!
> Ripe apples drop about my head;
> The luscious clusters of the vine
> Upon my mouth do crush their wine:
> The nectarine and curious peach
> Into my hands themselves do reach:
> Stumbling on melons as I pass,
> Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

"Here at this fountain's sliding foot,
Or at the fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide.
There like a bird it sits and sings,
And whets and claps its silver wings;
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

"How well the skilful gard'ner drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial true!
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run;
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes his time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers!"

One of his longer poems, "Appleton House," contains passages of admirable description, and many not unpleasing conceits. Witness the following:—

"Thus I, an easy philosopher,
Among the birds and trees confer,
And little now to make me wants,
Or of the fowl or of the plants.
Give me but wings, as they, and I
Straight floating on the air shall fly;
Or turn me but, and you shall see
I am but an inverted tree.
Already I begin to call
In their most learned original;
And, where I language want, my signs
The bird upon the bough divines.
No leaf does tremble in the wind,
Which I returning cannot find.
Out of these scattered Sybil's leaves,
Strange prophecies my fancy weaves:

What Rome, Greece, Palestine, e'er said,
I in this light Mosaic read.
Under this antic cope I move,
Like some great prelate of the grove;
Then, languishing at ease, I toss
On pallets thick with velvet moss;
While the wind, cooling through the boughs,
Flatters with air my panting brows.
Thanks for my rest, ye mossy banks!
And unto you, cool zephyrs, thanks!
Who, as my hair, my thoughts too shed,
And winnow from the chaff my head.
How safe, methinks, and strong behind
These trees have I encamped my mind!"

Here is a picture of a piscatorial idler and his trout stream, worthy of the pencil of Izaak Walton: —

"See in what wanton harmless folds
It everywhere the meadow holds:
Where all things gaze themselves, and doubt
If they be in it or without;
And for this shade, which therein shines
Narcissus-like, the sun too pines.
Oh! what a pleasure 't is to hedge
My temples here in heavy sedge;
Abandoning my lazy side,
Stretched as a bank unto the tide;
Or, to suspend my sliding foot
On the osier's undermining root,
And in its branches tough to hang,
While at my lines the fishes twang."

A little poem of Marvell's, which he calls "Eyes and Tears," has the following passages: —

"How wisely Nature did agree
With the same eyes to weep and see!

That having viewed the object vain,
They might be ready to complain.
And, since the self-deluding sight
In a false angle takes each height,
These tears, which better measure all,
Like watery lines and plummets fall."

"Happy are they whom grief doth bless,
That weep the more, and see the less;
And, to preserve their sight more true,
Bathe still their eyes in their own dew;
So Magdalen, in tears more wise,
Dissolved those captivating eyes,
Whose liquid chains could, flowing, meet
To fetter her Redeemer's feet.
The sparkling glance, that shoots desire,
Drenched in those tears, does lose its fire;
Yea, oft the Thunderer pity takes,
And there His hissing lightning slakes.
The incense is to Heaven dear,
Not as a perfume, but a tear;
And stars shine lovely in the night,
But as they seem the tears of light.
Ope, then, mine eyes, your double sluice,
And practise so your noblest use;
For others, too, can see or sleep,
But only human eyes can weep."

The "Bermuda Emigrants" has some happy lines, as the following: —

"He hangs in shade the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night."

Or this, which doubtless suggested a couplet in Moore's Canadian Boat Song: —

"And all the way, to guide the chime,
With falling oars they kept the time."

His facetious and burlesque poetry was much admired in his day; but a great portion of it referred to persons and events no longer of general interest. The satire on Holland is an exception. There is nothing in its way superior to it in our language. Many of his best pieces were originally written in Latin, and afterwards translated by himself. There is a splendid Ode to Cromwell — a worthy companion of Milton's glorious sonnet — which is not generally known, and which we transfer entire to our pages. Its simple dignity, and the melodious flow of its versification, commend themselves more to our feelings than its eulogy of war. It is energetic and impassioned, and probably affords a better idea of the author, as an actor in the stirring drama of his time, than the "soft Lydian airs" of the poems that we have quoted: —

AN HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND.

The forward youth that would appear,
Must now forsake his Muses dear;
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

'T is time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armor's rust;
Removing from the wall
The corslet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urged his active star.

And, like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds wherein it nurst,
Did thorough his own side
His fiery way divide.

For 't is all one to courage high,
The emulous, or enemy;
And with such to enclose
Is more than to oppose.

Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent;
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'T is madness to resist or blame
The face of angry Heaven's flame;
And, if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due,

Who, from his private gardens, where
He lived reserved and austere,
(As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot,)

Could by industrious valor climb
To ruin the great work of time,
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mould!

Though justice against fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain,—
But those do hold or break,
As men are strong or weak.

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war,
Where his were not the deepest scar?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art;

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope,
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook's narrow case;

That hence the royal actor borne,
The tragic scaffold might adorn,
While round the armed bands
Did clap their bloody hands.

He *nothing common did or mean*
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try:

Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right!
But bowed his comely head,
Down, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour,
Which first assured the forced power;
So when they did design
The Capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run;
And yet in that the state
Foresaw its happy fate.

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed;
So much one man can do,
That does best act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is, how just,
And fit for highest trust.

Nor yet grown stiffer by command,
But still in the Republic's hand,
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey.

He to the Commons' feet *presents*
A kingdom for his first year's rents,
And, what he may, forbears
His fame to make it theirs.

And has his sword and spoils ungirt,
To lay them at the public's skirt;
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more does search,
But on the next green bough to perch,
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

What may not, then, our isle presume,
While Victory his crest does plume?
What may not others fear,
If thus he crowns each year?

As Cæsar, he, erelong, to Gaul;
To Italy as Hannibal,
And to all states not free
Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-contoured mind;
But from his valor sad
Shrink underneath the plaid,

Happy if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hands a near
The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and fortune's son,
March indefatigably on ;
And, for the last effect,
Still keep the sword erect.

Besides the force, it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night :
The same arts that did gain
A power, must it maintain.

Marvell was never married. The modern critic, who affirms that bachelors have done the most to exalt women into a divinity, might have quoted his extravagant panegyric of Maria Fairfax as an apt illustration : —

"'T is she that to these gardens gave
The wondrous beauty which they have,
She straitness on the woods bestows,
To her the meadow sweetness owes,
Nothing could make the river be
So crystal pure but only she, —
She, yet more pure, sweet, strait, and fair,
Than gardens, woods, meads, rivers are !
Therefore, what first she on them spent
They gratefully again present
The meadow carpets where to tread,
The garden flowers to crown her head,
And for a glass the limpid brook
Where she may all her beauties look ;
But, since she would not have them seen,
The wood about her draws a screen ;

> For she, to higher beauty raised,
> Disdains to be for lesser praised;
> She counts her beauty to converse
> In all the languages as hers,
> Nor yet in those herself employs,
> But for the wisdom, not the noise,
> Nor yet that wisdom could affect,
> *But as 't is Heaven's dialect.*"

It has been the fashion of a class of shallow Church and State defenders, to ridicule the great men of the Commonwealth, the sturdy republicans of England, as sour-featured, hard-hearted ascetics, enemies of the fine arts and polite literature. The works of Milton and Marvell, the prose-poem of Harrington, and the admirable discourses of Algernon Sydney, are a sufficient answer to this accusation. To none has it less application than to the subject of our sketch. He was a genial, warm-hearted man, an elegant scholar, a finished gentleman, at home, and the life of every circle which he entered, whether that of the gay court of Charles II., amidst such men as Rochester and L'Estrange, or that of the republican philosophers who assembled at Miles's Coffee House, where he discussed plans of a free representative government with the author of "Oceana," and Cyriack Skinner, that friend of Milton, whom the bard has immortalized in the sonnet which so pathetically, yet heroically, alludes to his own blindness. Men of all parties enjoyed his wit and graceful conversation. His personal appearance was altogether in his favor. A clear, dark, Spanish complexion,

long hair of jetty blackness falling in graceful wreaths to his shoulders, dark eyes, full of expression and fire, a finely chiselled chin, and a mouth whose soft voluptuousness scarcely gave token of the steady purpose and firm will of the inflexible statesman; these, added to the *prestige* of his genius, and the respect which a lofty, self-sacrificing patriotism extorts even from those who would fain corrupt and bribe it, gave him a ready passport to the fashionable society of the metropolis. He was one of the few who mingled in that society, and escaped its contamination, and who,

> "Amidst the wavering days of sin,
> Kept himself icy chaste and pure."

The tone and temper of his mind may be most fitly expressed in his own paraphrase of Horace:—

> "Climb at *Court* for me that will,
> Tottering Favor's pinnacle;
> All I seek is to lie still!
> Settled in some secret nest,
> In calm leisure let me rest;
> And, far off the public stage,
> Pass away my silent age.
> Thus, when, without noise, unknown,
> I have lived out all my span,
> I shall die without a groan,
> An old, honest countryman.
> Who, exposed to other's eyes,
> Into his own heart ne'er pries,
> Death 's to him a strange surprise."

He died suddenly in 1678, while in attendance at a popular meeting of his old constituents at Hull.

His health had previously been remarkably good; and it was supposed by many that he was poisoned by some of his political or clerical enemies. His monument, erected by his grateful constituency, bears the following inscription: —

"Near this place lyeth the body of Andrew Marvell, Esq., a man so endowed by Nature, so improved by Education, Study, and Travel, so consummated by Experience, that, joining the peculiar graces of Wit and Learning, with a singular penetration and strength of judgment; and exercising all these in the whole course of his life, with an unutterable steadiness in the ways of Virtue, he became the ornament and example of his age, beloved by good men, feared by bad, admired by all, though imitated by few; and scarce paralleled by any. But a Tombstone can neither contain his character, nor is Marble necessary to transmit it to posterity; it is engraved in the minds of this generation, and will be always legible in his inimitable writings, nevertheless. He having served twenty years successively in Parliament, and that with such Wisdom, Dexterity, and Courage, as becomes a true Patriot, the town of Kingston-upon-Hull, from whence he was deputed to that Assembly, lamenting in his death the public loss, have erected this Monument of their Grief and their Gratitude, 1688."

Thus lived and died Andrew Marvell. His memory is the inheritance of Americans as well as Englishmen. His example commends itself in an

especial manner to the legislators of our Republic. Integrity and fidelity to principle are as greatly needed at this time in our halls of Congress as in the Parliaments of the Restoration; men are required who can feel, with Milton, that "it is high honor done them from God, and a special mark of His favor, to have been selected to stand upright and steadfast in His cause, dignified with the defence of Truth and public liberty."

JOHN ROBERTS.

THOMAS CARLYLE, in his history of the stout and sagacious Monk of St. Edmunds, has given us a fine picture of the actual life of Englishmen in the middle centuries. The dim cell-lamp of the somewhat apocryphal Jocelin of Brakelond becomes in his hands a huge Drummond-light, shining over the dark ages like the naphtha-fed cressets over Pandemonium, proving, as he says in his own quaint way, that "England in the year 1200 was no dreamland, but a green, solid place, which grew corn and several other things; the sun shone on it; the vicissitudes of seasons and human fortunes were there; cloth was woven, ditches dug, fallow fields ploughed, and houses built." And if, as the writer just quoted insists, it is a matter of no small importance to make it credible to the present generation, that the Past is not a confused dream of thrones and battle-fields, creeds and constitutions, but a reality, substantial as hearth and home, harvest-field and smith-shop, merry-making and death, could make it, we shall not wholly waste our time and that of our readers, in inviting them to look with us at the rural life of England two centuries ago, through the eyes of

John Roberts, and his worthy son, Daniel, yeomen, of Siddington, near Cirencester.

The "Memoirs of John Roberts, alias Haywood, by his son, Daniel Roberts," (the second edition, printed verbatim from the original one, with its picturesque array of italics and capital letters,) is to be found only in a few of our old Quaker libraries. It opens with some account of the family. The father of the elder Roberts "lived reputably, on a little estate of his own," and it is mentioned as noteworthy that he married a sister of a gentleman in the Commission of the Peace. Coming of age about the beginning of the civil wars, John and one of his young neighbors enlisted in the service of Parliament. Hearing that Cirencester had been taken by the King's forces, they obtained leave of absence to visit their friends, for whose safety they naturally felt solicitous. The following account of the reception they met with from the drunken and ferocious troopers of Charles I., the "bravos of Alsatia and the pages of Whitehall," throws a ghastly light upon the horrors of civil war:—

"As they were passing by Cirencester, they were discovered, and pursued by two soldiers of the King's party, then in possession of the town. Seeing themselves pursued, they quitted their horses, and took to their heels; but, by reason of their accoutrements, could make little speed. They came up with my father first; and, though he begged for quarter, none they would give him, but laid on him with their swords, cutting and

slashing his hands and arms, which he held up to save his head; as the marks upon them did long after testify. At length it pleased the Almighty to put it into his mind to fall down on his face; which he did. Hereupon the soldiers, being on horseback, cried to each other, *Alight, and cut his throat!* but neither of them did; yet continued to strike and prick him about the jaws, till they thought him dead. Then they left him, and pursued his neighbor, whom they presently overtook and killed. Soon after they had left my father, it was said in his heart, *Rise, and flee for thy life!* Which call he obeyed; and, starting upon his feet, his enemies espied him in motion, and pursued him again. He ran down a steep hill, and through a river which ran at the bottom of it; though with exceeding difficulty, his boots filling with water, and his wounds bleeding very much. They followed him to the top of the hill; but, seeing he had got over, pursued him no farther."

The surgeon who attended him was a Royalist, and bluntly told his bleeding patient, that if he had met him in the street he would have killed him himself, but now he was willing to cure him. On his recovery, young Roberts again entered the army, and continued in it until the overthrow of the Monarchy. On his return, he married "Lydia Tindall, of the denomination of *Puritans*." A majestic figure rises before us, on reading the statement that Sir Matthew Hale, afterwards Lord Chief Justice of England, the irreproachable jurist

and judicial saint, was "his wife's kinsman, and drew her marriage settlement."

No stronger testimony to the high-toned morality and austere virtue of the Puritan yeomanry of England can be adduced than the fact, that of the fifty thousand soldiers who were discharged on the accession of Charles II., and left to shift for themselves, comparatively few, if any, became chargeable to their parishes, although at that very time one out of six of the English population were unable to support themselves. They carried into their farm-fields and workshops the strict habits of Cromwell's discipline; and, in toiling to repair their wasted fortunes, they manifested the same heroic fortitude and self-denial which in war had made them such formidable and efficient "Soldiers of the Lord." With few exceptions, they remained steadfast in their uncompromising non-conformity, abhorring Prelacy and Popery, and entertaining no very orthodox notions with respect to the divine right of Kings. From them the Quakers drew their most zealous champions; men who, in renouncing the "carnal weapons" of their old service, found employment for habitual combativeness in hot and wordy sectarian warfare. To this day the vocabulary of Quakerism abounds in the military phrases and figures which were in use in the Commonwealth's time. Their old force and significance are now in a great measure lost; but one can well imagine that, in the assemblies of the primitive Quakers, such stirring battle-cries

and warlike tropes, even when employed in enforcing or illustrating the doctrines of peace, must have made many a stout heart to beat quicker, under its drab coloring, with recollections of Naseby and Preston; transporting many a listener from the benches of his place of worship to the ranks of Ireton and Lambert, and causing him to hear, in the place of the solemn and nasal tones of the preacher, the blast of Rupert's bugles, and the answering shout of Cromwell's pikemen: "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered!"

Of this class was John Roberts. He threw off his knapsack, and went back to his small homestead, contented with the privilege of supporting himself and family by daily toil, and grumbling in concert with his old campaign brothers at the new order of things in Church and State. To his apprehension, the Golden Days of England ended with the parade on Blackheath to receive the restored King. He manifested no reverence for Bishops and Lords, for he felt none. For the Presbyterians he had no good will; they had brought in the King, and they denied the liberty of prophesying. John Milton has expressed the feeling of the Independents and Anabaptists towards this latter class, in that famous line in which he defines Presbyter as "old priest writ large." Roberts was by no means a gloomy fanatic; he had a great deal of shrewdness and humor, loved a quiet joke; and every gambling priest and swearing magistrate in the neigh-

borhood stood in fear of his sharp wit. It was quite in course for such a man to fall in with the Quakers, and he appears to have done so at the first opportunity.

In the year 1665, "it pleased the Lord to send two women Friends out of the North to Cirencester," who, inquiring after such as feared God, were directed to the house of John Roberts. He received them kindly, and, inviting in some of his neighbors, sat down with them, whereupon "the Friends spake a few words, which had a good effect." After the meeting was over, he was induced to visit a "Friend" then confined in Banbury jail, whom he found preaching through the grates of his cell to the people in the street. On seeing Roberts he called to mind the story of Zaccheus, and declared that the word was now to all who were seeking Christ by climbing the tree of knowledge, "Come down, come down; for that which is to be known of God is manifested *within*." Returning home, he went soon after to the parish meeting-house, and, entering with his hat on, the priest noticed him, and, stopping short in his discourse, declared that he could not go on while one of the congregation wore his hat. He was thereupon led out of the house, and a rude fellow, stealing up behind, struck him on the back with a heavy stone. "Take that for God's sake," said the ruffian. "So I do," answered Roberts, without looking back to see his assailant, who the next day came and asked his forgiveness for the injury, as he could not sleep in consequence of it.

We next find him attending the Quarter Sessions, where three "Friends" were arraigned for entering Cirencester Church with their hats on. Venturing to utter a word of remonstrance against the summary proceedings of the Court, Justice Stephens demanded his name, and, on being told, exclaimed, in the very tone and temper of Jeffreys: "I've heard of you. I'm glad I have you here. You deserve a stone doublet. There 's many an honester man than you hanged." "It may be so," said Roberts, "but what becomes of such as hang honest men?" The Justice snatched a ball of wax and hurled it at the quiet questioner. "I'll send you to prison," said he; "and if any insurrection or tumult occurs, I'll come and cut your throat with my own sword." A warrant was made out, and he was forthwith sent to the jail. In the evening, Justice Sollis, his uncle, released him, on condition of his promise to appear at the next Sessions. He returned to his home, but in the night following he was impressed with a belief that it was his duty to visit Justice Stephens. Early in the morning, with a heavy heart, without eating or drinking, he mounted his horse and rode towards the residence of his enemy. When he came in sight of the house, he felt strong misgivings that his uncle, Justice Sollis, who had so kindly released him, and his neighbors generally, would condemn him for voluntarily running into danger, and drawing down trouble upon himself and family. He alighted from his horse, and sat on the ground in great doubt and sorrow,

when a voice seemed to speak within him, "Go, and I will go with thee." The Justice met him at the door. "I am come," said Roberts, "in the fear and dread of Heaven, to warn thee to repent of thy wickedness with speed, lest the Lord send thee to the pit that is bottomless!" This terrible summons awed the Justice; he made Roberts sit down on his couch beside him, declaring that he received the message from God, and asked forgiveness for the wrong he had done him.

The parish vicar of Siddington at this time was George Bull, afterwards Bishop of St. David's, whom Macaulay speaks of as the only rural parish priest who, during the latter part of the seventeenth century, was noted as a theologian, or who possessed a respectable library. Roberts refused to pay the vicar his tithes, and the vicar sent him to prison. It was the priest's "Short Method with Dissenters." While the sturdy Non-conformist lay in prison, he was visited by the great woman of the neighborhood, Lady Dunch, of Down Amney. "What do you lie in jail for?" inquired the lady. Roberts replied, that it was because he could not put bread into the mouth of a hireling priest. The lady suggested that he might let somebody else satisfy the demands of the priest; and that she had a mind to do this herself, as she wished to talk with him on religious subjects. To this Roberts objected; there were poor people who needed her charities, which would be wasted on such devourers as the priests, who, like Pharaoh's lean kine, were

eating up the fat and the goodly, without looking a whit the better. But the lady, who seems to have been pleased and amused by the obstinate prisoner, paid the tithe and the jail fees, and set him at liberty, making him fix a day when he would visit her. At the time appointed he went to Down Amney, and was overtaken on the way by the priest of Cirencester, who had been sent for to meet the Quaker. They found the lady ill in bed; but she had them brought to her chamber, being determined not to lose the amusement of hearing a theological discussion, to which she at once urged them, declaring that it would divert her and do her good. The parson began by accusing the Quakers of holding Popish doctrines. The Quaker retorted, by telling him that if he would prove the Quakers like the Papists in one thing, by the help of God, he would prove him like them in ten. After a brief and sharp dispute, the priest, finding his adversary's wit too keen for his comfort, hastily took his leave.

The next we hear of Roberts he is in Gloucester Castle, subjected to the brutal usage of a jailer, who took a malicious satisfaction in thrusting decent and respectable Dissenters, imprisoned for matters of conscience, among felons and thieves. A poor vagabond tinker was hired to play at night on his hautboy, and prevent their sleeping; but Roberts spoke to him in such a manner, that the instrument fell from his hand; and he told the jailer that he would play no more, though he should hang him up at the door for it.

How he was released from jail does not appear; but the narrative tells us, that some time after an apparitor came to cite him to the Bishop's Court at Gloucester. When he was brought before the Court, Bishop Nicholson, a kind-hearted and easy-natured prelate, asked him the number of his children, and how many of them had been *bishoped?*

"None, that I know of," said Roberts.

"What reason," asked the Bishop, "do you give for this?"

"A very good one," said the Quaker; "most of my children were born in Oliver's days, when Bishops were out of fashion."

The Bishop and the Court laughed at this sally, and proceeded to question him touching his views of baptism. Roberts admitted that John had a Divine commission to baptize with water, but that he never heard of anybody else that had. The Bishop reminded him that Christ's disciples baptized. "What's that to me?" responded Roberts. "Paul says he was not sent to baptize, but to preach the Gospel. And if he was not sent, who required it at his hands? Perhaps he had as little thanks for his labor as thou hast for thine; and I would willingly know who sent thee to baptize?"

The Bishop evaded this home question, and told him he was there to answer for not coming to church. Roberts denied the charge; sometimes he went to church and sometimes it came to him. "I don't call that a church which you do, which is made of wood and stone."

"What do you call it?" asked the Bishop.

"It might be properly called a mass-house," was the reply; "for it was built for that purpose." The Bishop here told him he might go for the present; he would take another opportunity to convince him of his errors.

The next person called was a Baptist minister, who, seeing that Roberts refused to put off his hat, kept on his also. The Bishop sternly reminded him that he stood before the King's Court, and the representative of the majesty of England; and that, while some regard might be had to the scruples of men who made a conscience of putting off the hat, such contempt could not be tolerated on the part of one who could put it off to every mechanic he met. The Baptist pulled off his hat, and apologized, on the ground of illness.

We find Roberts next following George Fox on a visit to Bristol. On his return, reaching his house late in the evening, he saw a man standing in the moonlight at his door, and knew him to be a bailiff. "Hast thou anything against me?" asked Roberts. "No," said the bailiff, "I 've wronged you enough, God forgive me! Those who lie in wait for you are my Lord Bishop's bailiffs; they are merciless rogues. Ever, my master, while you live, please a knave, for an honest man won't hurt you."

The next morning, having, as he thought, been warned by a dream to do so, he went to the Bishop's house at Cleave, near Gloucester. Confronting the Bishop in his own hall, he told him that he

had come to know why he was hunting after him with his bailiffs, and why he was his adversary? "The King is your adversary," said the Bishop; "you have broken the King's law." Roberts ventured to deny the justice of the law. "What!" cried the Bishop, "do such men as you find fault with the laws?" "Yes," replied the other, stoutly; "and I tell thee plainly to thy face, it is high time wiser men were chosen, to make better laws."

The discourse turning upon the Book of Common Prayer, Roberts asked the Bishop if the sin of idolatry did not consist in worshipping the work of men's hands. The Bishop admitted it, as in the case of Nebuchadnezzar's image.

"Then," said Roberts, "whose hands made your Prayer-Book? It could not make itself."

"Do you compare our Prayer-Book to Nebuchadnezzar's image?" cried the Bishop.

"Yes," returned Roberts, "that was his image; this is thine. I no more dare bow to thy Common-Prayer-Book than the Three Children to Nebuchadnezzar's image."

"Yours is a strange upstart religion," said the Bishop.

Roberts told him it was older than his by several hundred years. At this claim of antiquity the Prelate was greatly amused, and told Roberts that if he would make out his case, he should speed the better for it.

"Let me ask thee," said Roberts, "where thy religion was in Oliver's days, when thy Common-

Prayer Book was as little regarded as an old almanac, and your priests, with a few honest exceptions, turned with the tide, and if Oliver had put Mass in their mouths, would have conformed to it for the sake of their bellies."

"What would you have us do?" asked the Bishop. "Would you have had Oliver cut our throats?"

"No," said Roberts; "but what sort of religion was that which you were afraid to venture your throats for?"

The Bishop interrupted him to say, that in Oliver's days he had never owned any other religion than his own, although he did not dare to openly maintain it as he then did.

"Well," continued Roberts, "if thou didst not think thy religion worth venturing thy throat for then, I desire thee to consider that it is not worth the cutting of other men's throats now for not conforming to it."

"You are right," responded the frank Bishop. "I hope we shall have a care how we cut men's throats."

The following colloquy throws some light on the condition and character of the rural clergy at this period, and goes far to confirm the statements of Macaulay, which many have supposed exaggerated. Baxter's early religious teachers were more exceptionable than even the maudlin mummer whom Roberts speaks of, one of them being "the excellentest stage-player in all the country, and a good gamester and goodfellow, who, having received Holy

Orders, forged the like for a neighbor's son, who on the strength of that title officiated at the desk and altar; and after him came an attorney's clerk, who had tippled himself into so great poverty that he had no other way to live than to preach."

J. ROBERTS. I was bred up under a Common-Prayer Priest; and a poor drunken old Man he was. Sometimes he was so drunk he could not say his Prayers, and at best he could but say them; though I think he was by far a better Man than he that is Priest there now.

BISHOP. Who is your Minister now?

J. ROBERTS. My Minister is Christ Jesus, the Minister of the everlasting Covenant; but the present Priest of the Parish is George Bulk.

BISHOP. Do you say that drunken old Man was better than Mr. Bull? I tell you, I account Mr. Bull as sound, able, and orthodox a Divine as any we have among us.

J. ROBERTS. I am sorry for that; for if he be one of the best of you, I believe the Lord will not suffer you long; for he is a proud, ambitious, ungodly Man: he hath often sued me at Law, and brought his Servants to swear against me wrongfully. His Servants themselves have confessed to my Servants, that I might have their Ears; for their Master made them drunk, and then told them they were set down in the List as Witnesses against me, and they must swear to it: And so they did, and brought treble Damages. They likewise owned they took Tithes from my Servants, threshed them out, and

sold them for their Master. They have also several Times took my Cattle out of my Grounds, drove them to Fairs and Markets, and sold them, without giving me any Account.

BISHOP. I do assure you I will inform Mr. Bull of what you say.

J. ROBERTS. Very well. And if thou pleasest to send for me to face him, I shall make much more appear to his Face than I 'll say behind his Back.

After much more discourse, Roberts told the Bishop that if it would do him any good to have him in jail, he would voluntarily go and deliver himself up to the keeper of Gloucester Castle. The good-natured Prelate relented at this, and said he should not be molested or injured, and further manifested his good will by ordering refreshments. One of the Bishop's friends who was present was highly offended by the freedom of Roberts with his Lordship, and undertook to rebuke him, but was so readily answered, that he flew into a rage. "If all the Quakers in England," said he, "are not hanged in a month's time, I 'll be hanged for them." "Prithee, friend," quoth Roberts, "remember and be as good as thy word!"

Good old Bishop Nicholson, it would seem, really liked his incorrigible Quaker neighbor, and could enjoy heartily his wit and humor, even when exercised at the expense of his own ecclesiastical dignity. He admired his blunt honesty and courage. Surrounded by flatterers and self-seekers, he found satisfaction in the company and conversation of

one who, setting aside all conventionalisms, saw only in my Lord Bishop a poor fellow-probationer, and addressed him on terms of conscious equality. The indulgence which he extended to him naturally enough provoked many of the inferior clergy, who had been sorely annoyed by the sturdy Dissenter's irreverent witticisms and unsparing ridicule. Vicar Bull, of Siddington, and Priest Careless, of Cirencester, in particular, urged the Bishop to deal sharply with him. The former accused him of dealing in the Black Art, and filled the Bishop's ear with certain marvellous stories of his preternatural sagacity and discernment in discovering cattle which were lost. The Bishop took occasion to inquire into these stories; and was told by Roberts, that, except in a single instance, the discoveries were the result of his acquaintance with the habits of animals, and his knowledge of the localities where they were lost. The circumstance alluded to, as an exception, will be best related in his own words.

"I had a poor Neighbor, who had a Wife and six Children, and whom the chief men about us permitted to keep six or seven Cows upon the Waste, which were the principal Support of the Family, and preserved them from becoming chargeable to the Parish. One very stormy night the Cattle were left in the Yard as usual, but could not be found in the morning. The Man and his Sons had sought them to no purpose; and, after they had been lost four days, his Wife came to me, and, in a great deal of grief, cried, 'O Lord! Master

Hayward, we are undone! My Husband and I must go a begging in our old age! We have lost all our Cows. My Husband and the Boys have been round the country, and can hear nothing of them. I 'll down on my bare knees, if you 'll stand our Friend!' I desired she would not be in such an agony, and told her she should not down on her knees to me; but I would gladly help them in what I could. 'I know,' said she, 'you are a good Man, and God will hear your Prayers.' I desire thee, said I, to be still and quiet in thy mind; perhaps thy Husband or Sons may hear of them to-day; if not, let thy Husband get a horse, and come to me to-morrow morning as soon as he will; and I think, if it please God, to go with him to seek them. The Woman seemed transported with joy, crying, 'Then we shall have our Cows again.' Her Faith being so strong, brought the greater Exercise on me, with strong cries to the Lord, that he would be pleased to make me instrumental in his Hand, for the help of the poor Family. In the Morning early comes the old Man. *In the Name of God*, says he, *which Way shall we go to seek them?* I, being deeply concerned in my Mind, did not answer him till he had thrice repeated it; and then I answered, In the Name of God, I would go to seek them; and said (before I was well aware) we will go to Malmsbury, and at the Horse-Fair we shall find them. When I had spoken the Words, I was much troubled lest they should not prove true. It was very early, and the first Man we saw, I asked him if he had seen

any stray Milch Cows thereabouts. *What manner of Cattle are they?* said he. And the old Man describing their Mark and Number, he told us there were some stood chewing their Cuds in the Horse-Fair; but thinking they belonged to some in the Neighborhood, he did not take particular Notice of them. When we came to the Place, the old Man found them to be his; but suffered his Transports of Joy to rise so high, that I was ashamed of his behavior; for he fell a hallooing, and threw up his Montier Cap in the Air several times, till he raised the Neighbors out of their Beds to see what was the Matter. 'O!' said he, 'I had lost my Cows four or five days ago, and thought I should never see them again; and this honest Neighbor of mine told me this Morning, by his own Fire's Side, nine Miles off, that here I should find them, and here I have them!' Then up goes his Cap again. I begged of the poor Man to be quiet, and take his Cows home, and be thankful; as indeed I was, being reverently bowed in my Spirit before the Lord, in that he was pleased to put the words of Truth into my mouth. And the Man drove his Cattle home, to the great Joy of his Family."

Not long after the interview with the Bishop at his own palace, which has been related, that dignitary, with the Lord Chancellor, in their coaches, and about twenty clergymen on horseback, made a call at the humble dwelling of Roberts, on their way to Tedbury, where the Bishop was to hold a Visitation. "I could not go out of the country

without seeing you," said the Prelate, as the farmer came to his coach door and pressed him to alight.

"John," asked Priest Evans, the Bishop's kinsman, "is your house free to entertain such men as we are?"

"Yes, George," said Roberts; "I entertain honest men, and sometimes others."

"My Lord," said Evans, turning to the Bishop, "John's friends are the honest men, and we are the others."

The Bishop told Roberts that they could not then alight, but would gladly drink with him; whereupon, the good wife brought out her best beer. "I commend you, John," quoth the Bishop, as he paused from his hearty draught; "you keep a cup of good beer in your house. I have not drank any that has pleased me better since I left home." The cup passed next to the Chancellor, and finally came to Priest Bull, who thrust it aside, declaring that it was full of hops and heresy. As to Hops, Roberts replied, he could not say, but as for Heresy, he bade the priest take note, that the Lord Bishop had drank of it, and had found no heresy in the cup.

The Bishop leaned over his coach door and whispered: "John, I advise you to take care you don't offend against the higher Powers. I have heard great complaints against you, that you are the Ringleader of the Quakers in this Country; and that, if you are not suppressed, all will signify nothing. Therefore, pray, John, take care, for the future, you don't offend any more."

"I like thy Counsel very well," answered Roberts, "and intend to take it. But thou knowest God is the higher Power; and you mortal Men, however advanced in this World, are but the lower Power; and it is only because I endeavor to be obedient to the will of the higher Powers, that the lower Powers are angry with me. But I hope, with the assistance of God, to take thy Counsel, and be subject to the higher Powers, let the lower Powers do with me as it may please God to suffer them."

The Bishop then said he would like to talk with him further, and requested him to meet him at Tedbury the next day. At the time appointed, Roberts went to the inn where the Bishop lodged, and was invited to dine with him. After dinner was over, the Prelate told him that he must go to church, and leave off holding Conventicles at his house, of which great complaint was made. This he flatly refused to do; and the Bishop, losing patience, ordered the constable to be sent for. Roberts told him, that if, after coming to his house under the guise of friendship, he should betray him and send him to prison, he, who had hitherto commended him for his moderation, would put his name in print, and cause it to stink before all sober people. It was the priests, he told him, who set him on; but, instead of hearkening to them, he should commend them to some honest vocation, and not suffer them to rob their honest neighbors, and feed on the fruits of other men's toil, like caterpillars.

"Whom do you call caterpillars?" cried Priest Rich, of North Surrey.

"We farmers," said Roberts, "call those so who live on other men's fields, and by the sweat of other men's brows; and if thou dost so, thou mayst be one of them."

This reply so enraged the Bishop's attendants, that they could only be appeased by an order for the constable to take him to jail. In fact, there was some ground for complaint of a lack of courtesy on the part of the blunt farmer; and the Christian virtue of forbearance, even in Bishops, has its limits.

The constable, obeying the summons, came to the inn, at the door of which the landlady met him. "What do you here!" cried the good woman, "when honest John is going to be sent to prison? Here, come along with me." The constable, nothing loath, followed her into a private room, where she concealed him. Word was sent to the Bishop, that the constable was not to be found; and the Prelate, telling Roberts he could send him to jail in the afternoon, dismissed him until evening. At the hour appointed, the latter waited upon the Bishop, and found with him only one priest and a lay gentleman. The priest begged the Bishop to be allowed to discourse with the prisoner; and, leave being granted, he began by telling Roberts that the knowledge of the Scriptures had made him mad, and that it was a great pity he had ever seen them.

"Thou art an unworthy man," said the Quaker, "and I'll not dispute with thee. If the knowl-

edge of the Scriptures has made me mad, the knowledge of the sack-pot hath almost made thee mad; and if we two madmen should dispute about religion, we should make mad work of it."

"An 't please you, my Lord," said the scandalized priest, "he says I 'm drunk."

The Bishop asked Roberts to repeat his words; and, instead of reprimanding him, as the priest expected, was so much amused that he held up his hands and laughed; whereupon the offended inferior took a hasty leave. The Bishop, who was evidently glad to be rid of him, now turned to Roberts, and complained that he had dealt hardly with him, in telling him, before so many gentlemen, that he had sought to betray him by professions of friendship, in order to send him to prison; and that, if he had not done as he did, people would have reported him as an encourager of the Quakers. "But now, John," said the good Prelate, "I 'll burn the warrant against you before your face." "You know, Mr. Burnet," he continued, addressing his attendant, "that a Ring of Bells may be made of excellent metal, but they may be out of tune; so we may say of John: he is a man of as good metal as I ever met with, but quite out of tune."

"Thou mayst well say so," quoth Roberts, "for I can't tune after thy pipe."

The inferior clergy were by no means so lenient as the Bishop. They regarded Roberts as the Ringleader of Dissent, an impracticable, obstinate,

contumacious heretic, not only refusing to pay them tithes himself, but encouraging others to the same course. Hence, they thought it necessary to visit upon him the full rigor of the law. His crops were taken from his field, and his cattle from his yard. He was often committed to the jail, where, on one occasion, he was kept, with many others, for a long time, through the malice of the jailer, who refused to put the names of his prisoners in the Calendar, that they might have a hearing. But the spirit of the old Commonwealth's man remained steadfast. When Justice George, at the Ram in Cirencester, told him he must conform, and go to church, or suffer the penalty of the law, he replied, that he had heard indeed that some were formerly whipped *out* of the Temple, but he had never heard of any being whipped *in*. The Justice, pointing, through the open window of the inn, at the church tower, asked him what that was. "Thou mayst call it a daw-house," answered the incorrigible Quaker. "Dost thou not see how the jackdaws flock about it?"

Sometimes it happened that the clergyman was also a magistrate, and united in his own person the authority of the State and the zeal of the Church. Justice Parsons, of Gloucester, was a functionary of this sort. He wielded the sword of the Spirit on the Sabbath against Dissenters, and on week days belabored them with the arm of flesh and the constable's staff. At one time he had between forty and fifty of them locked up in

Gloucester Castle, among them Roberts and his sons, on the charge of attending Conventicles. But the troublesome prisoners baffled his vigilance, and turned their prison into a meeting-house, and held their Conventicles in defiance of him. The Reverend Justice pounced upon them on one occasion, with his attendants. An old, gray-haired man, formerly a strolling fencing-master, was preaching when he came in. The Justice laid hold of him by his white locks, and strove to pull him down, but the tall fencing-master stood firm and spoke on; he then tried to gag him, but failed in that also. He demanded the names of the prisoners, but no one answered him. A voice (we fancy it was that of our old friend Roberts) called out: "The Devil must be hard put to it to have his drudgery done, when the Priests must leave their pulpits to turn informers against poor prisoners." The Justice obtained a list of the names of the prisoners, made out on their commitment, and, taking it for granted that all were still present, issued warrants for the collection of fines by levies upon their estates. Among the names was that of a poor widow, who had been discharged, and was living, at the time the clerical Magistrate swore she was at the meeting, twenty miles distant from the prison.

Soon after this event, our old friend fell sick. He had been discharged from prison, but his sons were still confined. The eldest had leave, however, to attend him in his illness, and he bears his

testimony that the Lord was pleased to favor his father with His living presence in his last moments. In keeping with the sturdy Non-conformist's life, he was interred at the foot of his own orchard, in Siddington, a spot he had selected for a burial-ground long before, where neither the foot of a priest nor the shadow of a steeple-house could rest upon his grave.

In closing our notice of this pleasant old narrative, we may remark that the light it sheds upon the antagonistic religious parties of the time is calculated to dissipate prejudices, and correct misapprehensions, common alike to Churchmen and Dissenters. The genial humor, sound sense, and sterling virtues of the Quaker farmer should teach the one class that poor James Nayler, in his craziness and folly, was not a fair representative of his sect; while the kind nature, the hearty appreciation of goodness, and the generosity and candor of Bishop Nicholson should convince the other class that a prelate is not necessarily, and by virtue of his mitre, a Laud or a Bonner. The Dissenters of the seventeenth century may well be forgiven for the asperity of their language; men whose ears had been cropped because they would not recognize Charles I. as a blessed martyr, and his scandalous son as the head of the Church, could scarcely be expected to make discriminations, or suggest palliating circumstances, favorable to any class of their adversaries. To use the homely but apt simile of McFingal,

"The will 's confirmed by treatment horrid,
As hides grow harder when they 're curried."

They were wronged, and they told the world of it. Unlike Shakespeare's cardinal, they did not die without a sign. They branded, by their fierce epithets, the foreheads of their persecutors more deeply than the sheriff's hot iron did their own. If they lost their ears, they enjoyed the satisfaction of making those of their oppressors tingle. Knowing their persecutors to be in the wrong, they did not always inquire whether they themselves had been entirely right, and had done no unrequired works of supererogation by the way of "testimony" against their neighbors' mode of worship. And so from pillory and whipping-post, from prison and scaffold, they sent forth their wail and execration, their miserere and anathema, and the sound thereof has reached down to our day. May it never wholly die away until, the world over, the forcing of conscience is regarded as a crime against humanity, and a usurpation of God's prerogative. But abhorring, as we must, persecution under whatever pretext it is employed, we are not, therefore, to conclude that all persecutors were bad and unfeeling men. Many of their severities, upon which we now look back with horror, were, beyond a question, the result of an intense anxiety for the well-being of immortal souls, endangered by the poison which, in their view, heresy was casting into the waters of life. Coleridge, in one of the moods of a mind which traversed in imagination the vast circle of human

experience, reaches this point in his "Table-Talk." "It would require," says he, "stronger arguments than any I have seen to convince me that men in authority have not a right, involved in an imperative duty, to deter those under their control from teaching or countenancing doctrines which they believe to be damnable, and even to punish with death those who violate such prohibition." It would not be very difficult for us to imagine a tender-hearted Inquisitor of this stamp, stifling his weak compassion for the shrieking wretch under bodily torment, by his strong pity for souls in danger of perdition from the sufferer's heresy. We all know with what satisfaction the gentle-spirited Melancthon heard of the burning of Servetus, and with what zeal he defended it. The truth is, the notion that an intellectual recognition of certain dogmas is the essential condition of salvation lies at the bottom of all intolerance in matters of religion. Under this impression, men are too apt to forget that the great end of Christianity is Love, and that Charity is its crowning virtue; they overlook the beautiful significance of the parable of the heretic Samaritan and the orthodox Pharisee; and thus, by suffering their speculative opinions of the next world to make them uncharitable and cruel in this, they are really the worse for them, even admitting them to be true.

SAMUEL HOPKINS.

THREE quarters of a century ago, the name of Samuel Hopkins was as familiar as a household word throughout New England. It was a spell wherewith to raise at once a storm of theological controversy. The venerable minister who bore it had his thousands of ardent young disciples, as well as defenders and followers of mature age and acknowledged talent; a hundred pulpits propagated the dogmas which he had engrafted on the stock of Calvinism. Nor did he lack numerous and powerful antagonists. The sledge ecclesiastic, with more or less effect, was unceasingly plied upon the strong-linked chain of argument which he slowly and painfully elaborated in the seclusion of his parish. The press groaned under large volumes of theological, metaphysical, and psychological disquisition, the very thought of which is now "a weariness to the flesh"; in rapid succession pamphlet encountered pamphlet, horned, beaked, and sharp of talon, grappling with each other in mid air, like Milton's angels. That loud controversy, the sound whereof went over Christendom, awakening responses from beyond the Atlantic, has now died away; its watchwords no longer stir the blood of belligerent

sermonizers; its very terms and definitions have wellnigh become obsolete and unintelligible. The hands which wrote and the tongues which spoke in that day are now all cold and silent; even Emmons, the brave old intellectual athlete of Franklin, now sleeps with his fathers, — the last of the giants. Their fame is still in all the churches; effeminate clerical dandyism still affects to do homage to their memories; the earnest young theologian, exploring with awe the mountainous *débris* of their controversial lore, ponders over the colossal thoughts entombed therein, as he would over the gigantic fossils of an early creation, and endeavors in vain to recall to the skeleton abstractions before him the warm and vigorous life wherewith they were once clothed; but Hopkinsianism, as a distinct and living school of philosophy, theology, and metaphysics, no longer exists. It has no living oracles left; and its memory survives only in the doctrinal treatises of the elder and younger Edwards, Hopkins, Bellamy, and Emmons.

It is no part of our present purpose to discuss the merits of the system in question. Indeed, looking at the great controversy which divided New England Calvinism in the eighteenth century, from a point of view which secures our impartiality and freedom from prejudice, we find it exceedingly difficult to get a precise idea of what was actually at issue. To our poor comprehension, much of the dispute hinges upon names rather than things; on the manner of reaching conclusions quite as much

as upon the conclusions themselves. Its origin may be traced to the great religious awakening of the middle of the past century, when the dogmas of the Calvinistic faith were subjected to the inquiry of acute and earnest minds, roused up from the incurious ease and passive indifference of nominal orthodoxy. Without intending it, it broke down some of the barriers which separated Arminianism and Calvinism; its product, Hopkinsianism, while it pushed the doctrine of the Genevan reformer on the subject of the Divine decrees and agency to that extreme point where it wellnigh loses itself in Pantheism, held at the same time that guilt could not be hereditary; that man, being responsible for his sinful *acts*, and not for his sinful *nature*, can only be justified by a personal holiness, consisting not so much in legal obedience as in that disinterested benevolence which prefers the glory of God and the welfare of universal being above the happiness of self. It had the merit, whatever it may be, of reducing the doctrines of the Reformation to an ingenious and scholastic form of theology; of bringing them boldly to the test of reason and philosophy. Its leading advocates were not mere heartless reasoners and closet speculators. They taught that sin was selfishness, and holiness self-denying benevolence, and they endeavored to practise accordingly. Their lives recommended their doctrines. They were bold and faithful in the discharge of what they regarded as duty. In the midst of slaveholders, and in an age of comparative darkness on

the subject of human rights, Hopkins and the younger Edwards lifted up their voices for the slave. And twelve years ago, when Abolitionism was everywhere spoken against, and the whole land was convulsed with mobs to suppress it, the venerable Emmons, burdened with the weight of ninety years, made a journey to New York, to attend a meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society. Let those who condemn the creed of these men see to it that they do not fall behind them in practical righteousness and faithfulness to the convictions of duty.

Samuel Hopkins, who gave his name to the religious system in question, was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, in 1721. In his fifteenth year he was placed under the care of a neighboring clergyman, preparatory for college, which he entered about a year after. In 1740, the celebrated Whitefield visited New Haven, and awakened there, as elsewhere, serious inquiry on religious subjects. He was followed the succeeding spring by Gilbert Tennent, the New Jersey revivalist, a stirring and powerful preacher. A great change took place in the college. All the phenomena which President Edwards has described in his account of the Northampton awakening were reproduced among the students. The excellent David Brainard, then a member of the college, visited Hopkins in his apartment, and, by a few plain and earnest words, convinced him that he was a stranger to vital Christianity. In his autobiographical sketch, he describes in simple and affecting language the dark and deso

late state of his mind at this period, and the particular exercise which finally afforded him some degree of relief, and which he afterwards appears to have regarded as his conversion from spiritual death to life. When he first heard Tennent, regarding him as the greatest as well as the best of men, he made up his mind to study theology with him; but just before the commencement at which he was to take his degree, the elder Edwards preached at New Haven. Struck by the power of the great theologian, he at once resolved to make him his spiritual father. In the winter following, he left his father's house on horseback, on a journey of eighty miles, to Northampton. Arriving at the house of President Edwards, he was disappointed by hearing that he was absent on a preaching tour. But he was kindly received by the gifted and accomplished lady of the mansion, and encouraged to remain during the winter. Still doubtful in respect to his own spiritual state, he was, he says, "very gloomy, and retired most of the time in his chamber." The kind heart of his amiable hostess was touched by his evident affliction. After some days she came to his chamber, and, with the gentleness and delicacy of a true woman, inquired into the cause of his unhappiness. The young student disclosed to her, without reserve, the state of his feelings and the extent of his fears. "She told me," says the Doctor, "that she had had peculiar exercises respecting me since I had been in the family; that she trusted I should receive light and

comfort, and doubted not that God intended yet to do great things by me."

After pursuing his studies for some months with the Puritan philosopher, young Hopkins commenced preaching, and, in 1743, was ordained at Sheffield, (now Great Barrington,) in the western part of Massachusetts. There were at the time only about thirty families in the town. He says it was a matter of great regret to him to be obliged to settle so far from his spiritual guide and tutor; but seven years after he was relieved and gratified by the removal of Edwards to Stockbridge, as the Indian missionary at that station, seven miles only from his own residence; and for several years the great metaphysician and his favorite pupil enjoyed the privilege of familiar intercourse with each other. The removal of the former in 1758 to Princeton, New Jersey, and his death, which soon followed, are mentioned in the diary of Hopkins as sore trials and afflictive dispensations.

Obtaining a dismissal from his society in Great Barrington in 1769, he was installed at Newport the next year, as minister of the first Congregational church in that place. Newport, at this period, was, in size, wealth, and commercial importance, the second town in New England. It was the great slave mart of the North. Vessels loaded with stolen men and women and children, consigned to its merchant princes, lay at its wharves · immortal beings were sold daily in its market, like cattle at a fair. The soul of Hopkins was moved

by the appalling spectacle. A strong conviction of the great wrong of slavery, and of its utter incompatibility with the Christian profession, seized upon his mind. While at Great Barrington, he had himself owned a slave, whom he had sold on leaving the place, without compunction or suspicion in regard to the rightfulness of the transaction. He now saw the origin of the system in its true light; he heard the seamen engaged in the African trade tell of the horrible scenes of fire and blood which they had witnessed, and in which they had been actors; he saw the half-suffocated wretches brought up from their noisome and narrow prison, their squalid countenances and skeleton forms bearing fearful evidence of the suffering attendant upon the transportation from their native homes. The demoralizing effects of slaveholding everywhere forced themselves upon his attention, for the evil had struck its roots deeply in the community, and there were few families into which it had not penetrated. The right to deal in slaves, and use them as articles of property, was questioned by no one; men of all professions, clergymen and church-members, consulted only their interest and convenience as to their purchase or sale. The magnitude of the evil at first appalled him; he felt it to be his duty to condemn it, but for a time even his strong spirit faltered and turned pale in contemplation of the consequences to be apprehended from an attack upon it. Slavery and slave trading were at that time the principal source of wealth to the island; his

own church and congregation were personally interested in the traffic; all were implicated in its guilt. He stood alone, as it were, in its condemnation; with here and there an exception, all Christendom maintained the rightfulness of slavery. No movement had yet been made in England against the slave-trade; the decision of Granville Sharp's Somerset case had not yet taken place. The Quakers even had not at that time redeemed themselves from the opprobrium. Under these circumstances, after a thorough examination of the subject, he resolved, in the strength of the Lord, to take his stand openly and decidedly on the side of humanity. He prepared a sermon for the purpose, and for the first time from a pulpit of New England was heard an emphatic testimony against the sin of slavery. In contrast with the unselfish and disinterested benevolence which formed in his mind the essential element of Christian holiness, he held up the act of reducing human beings to the condition of brutes, to minister to the convenience, the luxury, and lusts of the owner. He had expected bitter complaint and opposition from his hearers, but was agreeably surprised to find that in most cases his sermon only excited astonishment in their minds that they themselves had never before looked at the subject in the light in which he presented it. Steadily and faithfully pursuing the matter, he had the satisfaction to carry with him his church, and obtain from it, in the midst of a slaveholding and slavetrading community, a resolution every way

worthy of note in this day of cowardly compromise with the evil on the part of our leading ecclesiastical bodies: —

"*Resolved*, That the slave-trade and the slavery of the Africans, as it has existed among us, is a gross violation of the righteousness and benevolence which are so much inculcated in the Gospel, and *therefore we will not tolerate it in this church.*"

There are few instances on record of moral heroism superior to that of Samuel Hopkins, in thus rebuking slavery in the time and place of its power. Honor to the true man ever, who takes his life in his hands, and, at all hazards, speaks the word which is given him to utter, whether men will hear or forbear, whether the end thereof is to be praise or censure, gratitude or hatred. It well may be doubted whether on that Sabbath day the angels of God, in their wide survey of His universe, looked upon a nobler spectacle than that of the minister of Newport, rising up before his slaveholding congregation, and demanding, in the name of the Highest, the "deliverance of the captive, and the opening of prison doors to them that were bound."

Dr. Hopkins did not confine his attention solely to slaveholding in his own church and congregation. He entered into correspondence with the early Abolitionists of Europe as well as his own country. He labored with his brethren in the ministry to bring them to his own view of the

great wrong of holding men as slaves. In a visit to his early friend, Dr. Bellamy, at Bethlehem, who was the owner of a slave, he pressed the subject kindly but earnestly upon his attention. Dr. Bellamy urged the usual arguments in favor of slavery. Dr. Hopkins refuted them in the most successful manner, and called upon his friend to do an act of simple justice, in giving immediate freedom to his slave. Dr. Bellamy, thus hardly pressed, said that the slave was a most judicious and faithful fellow; that, in the management of his farm, he could trust everything to his discretion; that he treated him well, and he was so happy in his service, that he would refuse his freedom if it were offered him.

"Will you," said Hopkins, "consent to his liberation, if he really desires it?"

"Yes, certainly," said Dr. Bellamy.

"Then let us try him," said his guest.

The slave was at work in an adjoining field, and at the call of his master came promptly to receive his commands.

"Have you a good master?" inquired Hopkins.

"O yes; massa, he berry good."

"But are you happy in your present condition?" queried the Doctor.

"O yes, massa; berry happy."

Dr. Bellamy here could scarcely suppress his exultation at what he supposed was a complete triumph over his anti-slavery brother. But the pertinacious guest continued his queries.

"Would you not be *more* happy if you were free?"

"O yes, massa," exclaimed the negro, his dark face glowing with new life; "berry much more happy!"

To the honor of Dr. Bellamy, he did not hesitate.

"You have your wish," he said to his servant. "From this moment you are free."

Dr. Hopkins was a poor man, but one of his first acts, after becoming convinced of the wrongfulness of slavery, was to appropriate the very sum which, in the days of his ignorance, he had obtained as the price of his slave to the benevolent purpose of educating some pious colored men in the town of Newport, who were desirous of returning to their native country as missionaries. In one instance he borrowed, on his own responsibility, the sum requisite to secure the freedom of a slave in whom he became interested. One of his theological pupils was Newport Gardner, who, twenty years after the death of his kind patron, left Boston as a missionary to Africa. He was a native African, and was held by Captain Gardner, of Newport, who allowed him to labor for his own benefit, whenever by extra diligence he could gain a little time for that purpose. The poor fellow was in the habit of laying up his small earnings on these occasions, in the faint hope of one day obtaining thereby the freedom of himself and his family. But time passed on, and the hoard of purchase money still looked sadly small. He concluded to try the efficacy of praying. Having gained a day for himself, by severe labor, and communicating

his plan only to Dr. Hopkins and two or three other Christian friends, he shut himself up in his humble dwelling, and spent the time in prayer for freedom. Towards the close of the day, his master sent for him. He was told that this was his *gained* time, and that he was engaged for himself. "No matter," returned the master, "I must see him." Poor Newport reluctantly abandoned his supplications, and came at his master's bidding, when, to his astonishment, instead of a reprimand, he received a paper, signed by his master, declaring him and his family from thenceforth free. He justly attributed this signal blessing to the all-wise Disposer, who turns the hearts of men as the rivers of water are turned; but it cannot be doubted that the labors and arguments of Dr. Hopkins with his master were the human instrumentality in effecting it.

In the year 1773, in connection with Dr. Ezra Stiles, he issued an appeal to the Christian community in behalf of a society which he had been instrumental in forming, for the purpose of educating missionaries for Africa. In the desolate and benighted condition of that unhappy continent he had become painfully interested, by conversing with the slaves brought into Newport. Another appeal was made on the subject in 1776.

The war of the Revolution interrupted, for a time, the philanthropic plans of Dr. Hopkins. The beautiful island on which he lived was at an early period exposed to the exactions and devasta-

tions of the enemy. All who could do so left it for the mainland. Its wharves were no longer thronged with merchandise; its principal dwellings stood empty; the very meeting-houses were in a great measure abandoned. Dr. Hopkins, who had taken the precaution, at the commencement of hostilities, to remove his family to Great Barrington, remained himself until the year 1776, when the British took possession of the island. During the period of its occupation, he was employed in preaching to destitute congregations. He spent the summer of 1777 at Newburyport, where his memory is still cherished by the few of his hearers who survive. In the spring of 1780, he returned to Newport. Everything had undergone a melancholy change. The garden of New England lay desolate. His once prosperous and wealthy church and congregation were now poor, dispirited, and, worst of all, demoralized. His meeting-house had been used as a barrack for soldiers; pulpit and pews had been destroyed; the very bell had been stolen. Refusing, with his characteristic denial of self, a call to settle in a more advantageous position, he sat himself down once more in the midst of his reduced and impoverished parishioners, and, with no regular salary, dependent entirely on such free-will offerings as from time to time were made him, he remained with them until his death.

In 1776, Dr. Hopkins published his celebrated "Dialogue concerning the Slavery of the Africans;

showing it to be the Duty and Interest of the American States to Emancipate all their Slaves." This he dedicated to the Continental Congress, the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. It was republished in 1785, by the New York Abolition Society, and was widely circulated. A few years after, on coming unexpectedly into possession of a few hundred dollars, he devoted immediately one hundred of it to the society for ameliorating the condition of the Africans.

He continued to preach until he had reached his eighty-third year. His last sermon was delivered on the 16th of the tenth month, 1803, and his death took place in the twelfth month following. He died calmly, in the steady faith of one who had long trusted all things in the hand of God. "The language of my heart is," said he, "let God be glorified by all things, and the best interest of His kingdom promoted, whatever becomes of me or my interest." To a young friend, who visited him three days before his death, he said, "I am feeble and cannot say much. I have said all I can say. With my last words, I tell you, religion is the one thing needful." "And now," he continued, affectionately pressing the hand of his friend, "I am going to die, and I am glad of it." Many years before, an agreement had been made between Dr. Hopkins and his old and tried friend, Dr. Hart, of Connecticut, that when either was called home, the survivor should preach the funeral sermon of the deceased. The venerable

Dr. Hart accordingly came, true to his promise, preaching at the funeral from the words of Elisha, "My father, my father; the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof." In the burial-ground adjoining his meeting-house lies all that was mortal of Samuel Hopkins.

One of Dr. Hopkins's habitual hearers, and who has borne grateful testimony to the beauty and holiness of his life and conversation, was WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. Widely as he afterwards diverged from the creed of his early teacher, it contained at least one doctrine to the influence of which the philanthropic devotion of his own life to the welfare of man bears witness. He says, himself, that there always seemed to him something very noble in the doctrine of disinterested benevolence, the casting of self aside, and doing good, irrespective of personal consequences, in this world or another, upon which Dr. Hopkins so strongly insisted, as the all-essential condition of holiness.

How widely apart, as mere theologians, stood Hopkins and Channing! Yet how harmonious their lives and practice! Both could forget the poor interests of self, in view of eternal right and universal humanity. Both could appreciate the saving truth, that love to God and His creation is the fulfilling of the Divine law. The idea of unselfish benevolence, which they held in common, clothed with sweetness and beauty the stern and repulsive features of the theology of Hopkins, and infused a sublime spirit of self-sacrifice and a glow-

ing humanity into the indecisive and less robust faith of Channing. What is the lesson of this, but that Christianity consists rather in the affections than in the intellect: that it is a life, rather than a creed; and that they who diverge the widest from each other in speculation upon its doctrines, may, after all, be found working side by side on the common ground of its practice.

We have chosen to speak of Dr. Hopkins as a philanthropist rather than as a theologian. Let those who prefer to contemplate the narrow sectarian rather than the universal man dwell upon his controversial works, and extol the ingenuity and logical acumen with which he defended his own dogmas, and assailed those of others. We honor him, not as the founder of a new sect, but as the friend of all mankind, — the generous defender of the poor and oppressed. Great as unquestionably were his powers of argument, his learning, and skill in the use of the weapons of theologic warfare, these by no means constitute his highest title to respect and reverence. As the product of an honest and earnest mind, his doctrinal dissertations have at least the merit of sincerity. They were put forth in behalf of what he regarded as truth; and the success which they met with, while it called into exercise his profoundest gratitude, only served to deepen the humility and self-abasement of their author. As the utterance of what a good man believed and felt, as a part of the history of a life remarkable for its consecration to apprehended

duty, these writings cannot be without interest even to those who dissent from their arguments and deny their assumptions; but in the time now, we trust, near at hand, when distracted and divided Christendom shall unite in a new Evangelical union, in which orthodoxy in life and practice shall be estimated above orthodoxy in theory, he will be honored as a good man, rather than as a successful creed-maker; as a friend of the oppressed, and the fearless rebuker of popular sin, rather than as the champion of a protracted sectarian war. Even now his writings, so popular in their day, are little known. The time may come when no pilgrim of sectarianism shall visit his grave. But his memory shall live in the hearts of the good and generous; the emancipated slave shall kneel over his ashes, and bless God for the gift to humanity of a life so devoted to its welfare. To him may be applied the language of one who, on the spot where he labored and laid down to rest, while rejecting the doctrinal views of the theologian, still cherishes the philanthropic spirit of the man: —

"He is not lost, — he hath not passed away:
Clouds, earths, may pass, but stars shine calmly on;
And he who doth the will of God, for aye
Abideth, when the earth and heaven are gone.

"Alas that such a heart is in the grave!
Thanks for the life that now shall never end!
Weep, and rejoice, thou terror-hunted slave,
That hast both lost and found so great a friend!"

RICHARD BAXTER.

THE picture drawn by a late English historian of the infamous Jeffreys in his judicial robes, sitting in judgment upon the venerable Richard Baxter, brought before him to answer to an indictment, setting forth that the said "Richardus Baxter, persona seditiosa et factiosa pravæ mentis, impiæ, inquietæ, turbulent disposition et conversation; falso illicte, injuste nequit factiose seditiose, et irreligiose, fecit, composuit, scripsit quendam falsum, seditiosum, libellosum, factiosum et irreligiosum librum," is so remarkable, that the attention of the most careless reader is at once arrested. Who was that old man, wasted with disease, and ghastly with the pallor of imprisonment, upon whom the foul-mouthed buffoon in ermine exhausted his vocabulary of abuse and ridicule? Who was Richardus Baxter?

The author of works so elaborate and profound as to frighten by their very titles and ponderous folios the modern ecclesiastical student from their perusal, his hold upon the present generation is limited to a few practical treatises, which, from their very nature, can never become obsolete. The "Call to the Unconverted," and the "Saints' Everlasting

Rest," belong to no time or sect. They speak the universal language of the wants and desires of the human soul. They take hold of the awful verities of life and death, righteousness and judgment to come. Through them the suffering and hunted minister of Kidderminster has spoken in warning, entreaty, and rebuke, or in tones of tenderest love and pity, to the hearts of the generations which have succeeded him. His controversial works, his confessions of faith, his learned disputations, and his profound doctrinal treatises, are no longer read. Their author himself, towards the close of his life, anticipated, in respect to these favorite productions, the children of his early zeal, labor, and suffering, the judgment of posterity. "I perceive," he says, "that most of the doctrinal controversies among Protestants are far more about equivocal words than matter. Experience since the year 1643 to this year 1675 hath loudly called me to repent of my own prejudices, sidings, and censurings of causes and persons not understood, and of all the miscarriages of my ministry and life which have been thereby caused; and to make it my chief work to call men that are within my hearing to more peaceable thoughts, affections, and practices."

Richard Baxter was born at the village of Eton Constantine, in 1615. He received from officiating curates of the little church such literary instruction as could be given by men who had left the farmer's flail, the tailor's thimble, and the service of strolling stage-players, to perform church drudgery

under the parish incumbent, who was old and well-nigh blind. At the age of sixteen, he was sent to a school at Wroxeter, where he spent three years, to little purpose, so far as a scientific education was concerned. His teacher left him to himself mainly, and following the bent of his mind, even at that early period, he abandoned the exact sciences for the perusal of such controversial and metaphysical writings of the schoolmen as his master's library afforded. The smattering of Latin which he acquired only served in after years to deform his treatises with barbarous, ill-adapted, and erroneous citations. "As to myself," said he, in his letter written in old age to Anthony Wood, who had inquired whether he was an Oxonian graduate, "my faults are no disgrace to a university, for I was of none; I have but little but what I had out of books, and inconsiderable help of country divines. Weakness and pain helped me to study how to die; that set me a studying how to live; and that on studying the doctrine from which I must fetch my motives and comforts; beginning with necessities, I proceeded by degrees, and am now going to see that for which I have lived and studied."

Of the first essays of the young theologian as a preacher of the Established Church, his early sufferings from that complication of diseases with which his whole life was tormented, of the still keener afflictions of a mind whose entire outlook upon life and nature was discolored and darkened by its disordered bodily medium, and of the strug-

gles between his Puritan temperament and his reverence for Episcopal formulas, much might be profitably said, did the limits we have assigned ourselves admit. Nor can we do more than briefly allude to the religious doubts and difficulties which darkened and troubled his mind at an early period. He tells us at length in his "Life," how he struggled with these spiritual infirmities and temptations. The future life, the immortality of the soul, and the truth of the Scriptures, were by turns questioned. "I never," says he in a letter to Dr. More, inserted in the *Sadducisimus Triumphatus*, "had so much ado to overcome a temptation as that to the opinion of Averroes, that, as extinguished candles go all out in an illuminated air, so separated souls go all into one common *anima mundi*, and lose their individuation." With these and similar "temptations" Baxter struggled long, earnestly, and in the end triumphantly. His faith, when once established, remained unshaken to the last; and although always solemn, reverential, and deeply serious, he was never the subject of religious melancholy, or of that mournful depression of soul which arises from despair of an interest in the mercy and paternal love of our common Father.

The Great Revolution found him settled as a minister in Kidderminster, under the sanction of a drunken vicar, who, yielding to the clamor of his more sober parishioners, and his fear of their appeal to the Long Parliament, then busy in its task of abating church nuisances, had agreed to

give him sixty pounds per year, in the place of a poor tippling curate, notorious as a common railer and pothouse encumbrance.

As might have been expected, the sharp contrast which the earnest, devotional spirit and painful strictness of Baxter presented to the irreverent license and careless good humor of his predecessor by no means commended him to the favor of a large class of his parishioners. Sabbath merry-makers missed the rubicund face and maudlin jollity of their old vicar; the ignorant and vicious disliked the new preacher's rigid morality; the better informed revolted at his harsh doctrines, austere life, and grave manner. Intense earnestness characterized all his efforts. Contrasting human nature with the Infinite Purity and Holiness, he was oppressed with the sense of the loathsomeness and deformity of sin, and afflicted by the misery of his fellow-creatures separated from the Divine harmony. He tells us that at this period he preached the terrors of the Law, and the necessity of Repentance, rather than the joys and consolations of the Gospel, upon which he so loved to dwell in his last years. He seems to have felt a necessity laid upon him to startle men from false hope and security, and to call for holiness of life and conformity to the Divine will as the only ground of safety. Powerful and impressive as are the appeals and expostulations contained in his written works, they probably convey but a faint idea of the force and earnestness of those

which he poured forth from his pulpit. As he advanced in years, these appeals were less frequently addressed to the fears of his auditors, for he had learned to value a calm and consistent life of practical goodness beyond any passionate exhibition of terrors, fervors, and transports. Having witnessed, in an age of remarkable enthusiasm and spiritual awakening, the ill effects of passional excitements and religious melancholy, he endeavored to present cheerful views of Christian life and duty, and made it a special object to repress morbid imaginations and heal diseased consciences. Thus it came to pass, that no man of his day was more often applied to for counsel and relief by persons laboring under mental depression than himself. He has left behind him a very curious and not uninstructive discourse, which he entitled "The Cure of Melancholy, by Faith and Physick," in which he shows a great degree of skill in his morbid mental anatomy. He had studied medicine to some extent for the benefit of the poor of his parish, and knew something of the intimate relations and sympathy of the body and mind; he therefore did not hesitate to ascribe many of the spiritual complaints of his applicants to disordered bodily functions; nor to prescribe pills and powders in the place of Scripture texts. More than thirty years after the commencement of his labors at Kidderminster he thus writes: "I was troubled this year with multitudes of melancholy persons from several places of the land; some of high quality, some of low,

some exquisitely learned, and some unlearned. I know not how it came to pass, but if men fell melancholy I must hear from them or see them; more than any physician I knew." He cautions against ascribing melancholy phantasms and passions to the Holy Spirit, warns the young against licentious imaginations and excitements, and ends by advising all to take heed how they make of religion a matter of "fears, tears, and scruples." "True religion," he remarks, "doth principally consist in obedience, love, and joy."

At this early period of his ministry, however, he had all of Whitefield's intensity and fervor, added to reasoning powers greatly transcending those of the revivalist of the next century. Young in years, he was even then old in bodily infirmity and mental experience. Believing himself the victim of a mortal disease, he lived and preached in the constant prospect of death. His *memento mori* was in his bed-chamber, and sat by him at his frugal meal. The glory of the world was stained to his vision. He was blind to the beauty of all its "pleasant pictures." No monk of Mount Athos, or silent Chartreuse, no anchorite of Indian superstition, ever more completely mortified the flesh, or turned his back more decidedly upon the "good things" of this life. A solemn and funeral atmosphere surrounded him. He walked in the shadows of the cypress, and literally "dwelt among the tombs." Tortured by incessant pain, he wrestled against its attendant languor and debility, as a sinful wasting

of inestimable time; goaded himself to constant toil and devotional exercise, and, to use his own words, "stirred up his sluggish soul to speak to sinners with compassion, as a dying man to dying men."

Such entire consecration could not long be without its effect, even upon the "vicious rabble," as Baxter calls them. His extraordinary earnestness, self-forgetting concern for the spiritual welfare of others; his rigid life of denial and sacrifice, if they failed of bringing men to his feet as penitents, could not but awaken a feeling of reverence and awe. In Kidderminster, as in most other parishes of the kingdom, there were at this period pious, sober, prayerful people, diligent readers of the Scriptures, who were derided by their neighbors as Puritans, precisians, and hypocrites. These were naturally drawn towards the new preacher, and he as naturally recognized them as "honest seekers of the word and way of God." Intercourse with such men, and the perusal of the writings of certain eminent Non-conformists, had the effect to abate, in some degree, his strong attachment to the Episcopal formula and polity. He began to doubt the rightfulness of making the sign of the cross in baptism, and to hesitate about administering the sacrament to profane swearers and tipplers.

But while Baxter, in the seclusion of his parish, was painfully weighing the arguments for and against the wearing of surplices, the use of mar-

riage rings, and the prescribed gestures and genuflections of his order, tithing with more or less scruple of conscience the mint and anise and cummin of pulpit ceremonials, the weightier matters of the law, freedom, justice, and truth, were claiming the attention of Pym and Hampden, Brook and Vane, in the Parliament House. The controversy between King and Commons had reached the point where it could only be decided by the dread arbitrament of battle. The somewhat equivocal position of the Kidderminster preacher exposed him to the suspicion of the adherents of the King and Bishops. The rabble, at that period sympathizing with the party of license in morals and strictness in ceremonials, insulted and mocked him, and finally drove him from his parish.

On the memorable 23d of tenth month, 1642, he was invited to occupy a friend's pulpit at Alcester. While preaching, a low, dull, jarring roll, as of continuous thunder, sounded in his ears. It was the cannon-fire of Edgehill, the prelude to the stern battle-piece of revolution. On the morrow, Baxter hurried to the scene of action. "I was desirous," he says, "to see the field. I found the Earl of Essex keeping the ground, and the King's army facing them on a hill about a mile off. There were about a thousand dead bodies in the field between them." Turning from this ghastly survey, the preacher mingled with the Parliamentary army, when, finding the surgeons busy with the wounded, he very naturally sought occasion for the exercise

of his own vocation as a spiritual practitioner. He attached himself to the army. So far as we can gather from his own memoirs, and the testimony of his contemporaries, he was not influenced to this step by any of the political motives which actuated the Parliamentary leaders. He was no revolutionist. He was as blind and unquestioning in his reverence for the King's person and divine right, and as hearty in his hatred of religious toleration and civil equality, as any of his clerical brethren who officiated in a similar capacity in the ranks of Goring and Prince Rupert. He seems only to have looked upon the soldiers as a new set of parishioners, whom Providence had thrown in his way. The circumstances of his situation left him little choice in the matter. "I had," he says, "neither money nor friends. I knew not who would receive me in a place of safety, nor had I anything to satisfy them for diet and entertainment." He accepted an offer to live in the Governor's house at Coventry, and preach to the soldiers of the garrison. Here his skill in polemics was called into requisition, in an encounter with two New England Antinomians, and a certain Anabaptist tailor who was making more rents in the garrison's orthodoxy than he mended in their doublets and breeches. Coventry seems at this time to have been the rendezvous of a large body of clergymen, who, as Baxter says, were "for King and Parliament," — men who, in their desire for a more spiritual worship, most unwillingly found

themselves classed with the sectaries whom they regarded as troublers and heretics, not to be tolerated; who thought the King had fallen into the hands of the Papists, and that Essex and Cromwell were fighting to restore him; and who followed the Parliamentary forces to see to it that they were kept sound in faith, and free from the heresy of which the Court News-Book accused them. Of doing anything to overturn the order of Church and State, or of promoting any radical change in the social and political condition of the people, they had no intention whatever. They looked at the events of the time, and upon their duties in respect to them, not as politicians or reformers, but simply as ecclesiastics and spiritual teachers, responsible to God for the religious beliefs and practices of the people, rather than for their temporal welfare and happiness. They were not the men who struck down the solemn and imposing Prelacy of England, and vindicated the divine right of men to freedom by tossing the head of an anointed tyrant from the scaffold at Whitehall. It was the so-called schismatics, ranters, and levellers, the disputatious corporals and Anabaptist musketeers, the dread and abhorrence alike of Prelate and Presbyter, who, under the lead of Cromwell,

> "Ruined the great work of time,
> And cast the kingdoms old
> Into another mould."

The Commonwealth was the work of the laity, the

sturdy yeomanry and God-fearing commoners of England.

The news of the fight of Naseby reaching Coventry, Baxter, who had friends in the Parliamentary forces, wishing, as he says, to be assured of their safety, passed over to the stricken field, and spent a night with them. He was afflicted and confounded by the information which they gave him, that the victorious army was full of hot-headed schemers and levellers, who were against King and Church, prelacy and ritual, and who were for a free Commonwealth and freedom of religious belief and worship. He was appalled to find that the heresies of the Antinomians, Arminians, and Anabaptists had made sadder breaches in the ranks of Cromwell than the pikes of Jacob Astley, or the daggers of the roysterers who followed the mad charge of Rupert. Hastening back to Coventry, he called together his clerical brethren, and told them "the sad news of the corruption of the army." After much painful consideration of the matter, it was deemed best for Baxter to enter Cromwell's army, nominally as its chaplain, but really as the special representative of orthodoxy in politics and religion, against the democratic weavers and prophesying tailors who troubled it. He joined Whalley's regiment, and followed it through many a hot skirmish and siege. Personal fear was by no means one of Baxter's characteristics, and he bore himself through all with the coolness of an old campaigner. Intent upon his single object, he sat un-

moved under the hail of cannon-shot from the walls of Bristol, confronted the well-plied culverins of Sherburne, charged side by side with Harrison upon Goring's musketeers at Langford, and heard the exulting thanksgiving of that grim enthusiast, when, "with a loud voice he broke forth in praises of God, as one in rapture"; and marched, Bible in hand, with Cromwell himself, to the storming of Basing-House, so desperately defended by the Marquis of Winchester. In truth, these storms of outward conflict were to him of small moment. He was engaged in a sterner battle with spiritual principalities and powers, struggling with Satan himself in the guise of political levellers and Antinomian sowers of heresy. No antagonist was too high and none too low for him. Distrusting Cromwell, he sought to engage him in a discussion of certain points of abstract theology, wherein his soundness seemed questionable; but the wary chief baffled off the young disputant by tedious, unanswerable discourses about free grace, which Baxter admits were not unsavory to others, although the speaker himself had little understanding of the matter. At other times, he repelled his sad-visaged chaplain with unwelcome jests, and rough, soldierly merriment; for he had "a vivacity, hilarity, and alacrity, as another man hath when he hath taken a cup too much." Baxter says of him, complainingly, "he would not dispute with me at all." But, in the midst of such an army, he could not lack abundant opportunity for the exercise of his pecu-

liar powers of argumentation. At Amersham, he had a sort of pitched battle with the contumacious soldiers. "When the public talking day came," says he, "I took the reading-pew, and Pitchford's cornet and troopers took the gallery. There did the leader of the Chesham men begin, and afterwards Pitchford's soldiers set in; and I alone disputed with them from morning until almost night; for I knew their trick, that if I had gone out first, they would have prated what boasting words they listed, and made the people believe that they had baffled me, or got the best; therefore I stayed it out till they first rose and went away." As usual in such cases, both parties claimed the victory. Baxter got thanks only from the King's adherents; "Pitchford's troopers and the leader of the Chesham men" retired from their hard day's work, to enjoy the countenance and favor of Cromwell, as men after his own heart, faithful to the Houses and the Word, against Kingcraft and Prelacy.

Laughed at and held at arm's length by Cromwell, shunned by Harrison and Berry and other chief officers, opposed on all points by shrewd, earnest men, as ready for polemic controversy as for battle with the King's malignants, and who set off against his theological and metaphysical distinctions their own personal experiences and spiritual exercises, he had little to encourage him in his arduous labors. Alone in such a multitude, flushed with victory and glowing with religious enthusiasm, he earnestly begged his brother ministers to come

to his aid. "If the army," said he, "had only ministers enough, who could have done such little as I did, all their plot might have been broken, and King, Parliament, and Religion might have been preserved." But no one volunteered to assist him, and the "plot" of revolution went on.

After Worcester fight he returned to Coventry, to make his report to the ministers assembled there. He told them of his labors and trials, of the growth of heresy and levelling principles in the army, and of the evident design of its leaders to pull down Church, King, and Ministers. He assured them that the day was at hand when all who were true to the King, Parliament, and Religion should come forth to oppose these leaders, and draw away their soldiers from them. For himself, he was willing to go back to the army, and labor there until the crisis of which he spoke had arrived. "Whereupon," says he, "they all voted me to go yet longer."

Fortunately for the cause of civil and religious freedom, the great body of the ministers, who disapproved of the ultraism of the victorious army, and sympathized with the defeated King, lacked the courage and devotedness of Baxter. Had they promptly seconded his efforts, although the restoration of the King might have been impossible at that late period, the horrors of civil war must have been greatly protracted. As it was, they preferred to remain at home, and let Baxter have the benefit of their prayers and good wishes. He returned to the army with the settled purpose of causing its

defection from Cromwell; but, by one of those dispensations which the latter used to call "births of Providence," he was stricken down with severe sickness. Baxter's own comments upon this passage in his life are not without interest. He says, God prevented his purposes in his last and chiefest opposition to the army; that he intended to take off or seduce from their officers the regiment with which he was connected, and then to have tried his persuasion upon the others. He says he afterwards found that his sickness was a mercy to himself, "for they were so strong and active, and I had been likely to have had small success in the attempt, and to have lost my life among them in their fury." He was right in this last conjecture; Oliver Cromwell would have had no scruples in making an example of a plotting priest; and "Pitchford's soldiers" might have been called upon to silence, with their muskets, the tough disputant who was proof against their tongues.

After a long and dubious illness, Baxter was so far restored as to be able to go back to his old parish at Kidderminster. Here, under the Protectorate of Cromwell, he remained in the full enjoyment of that religious liberty which he still stoutly condemned in its application to others.

He afterwards candidly admits, that, under the "Usurper," as he styles Cromwell, "he had such liberty and advantage to preach the Gospel with success, as he could not have under a King, to whom he had sworn and performed true subjection

and obedience." Yet this did not prevent him from preaching and printing, "seasonably and moderately," against the Protector. "I declared," said he, "Cromwell and his adherents to be guilty of treason and rebellion, aggravated by perfidiousness and hypocrisy. But yet I did not think it my duty to rave against him in the pulpit, or to do this so unseasonably and imprudently as might irritate him to mischief. And the rather, because, as he kept up his approbation of a godly life in general, and of all that was good, except that which the interest of his sinful cause engaged him to be against. So I perceived that it was his design to do good in the main, and to promote the Gospel and the interests of godliness more than any had done before him."

Cromwell, if he heard of his diatribes against him, appears to have cared little for them. Lords Warwick and Broghill, on one occasion, brought him to preach before the Lord Protector. He seized the occasion to preach against the sectaries, to condemn all who countenanced them, and to advocate the unity of the church. Soon after, he was sent for by Cromwell, who made "a long and tedious speech" in the presence of three of his chief men, (one of whom, General Lambert, fell asleep the while,) asserting that God had owned his government in a signal manner. Baxter boldly replied to him, that he and his friends regarded the ancient monarchy as a blessing, and not an evil, and begged to know how that blessing was forfeited to England, and to whom that forfeiture

was made. Cromwell, with some heat, made answer, that it was no forfeiture, but that God had made the change. They afterwards held a long conference with respect to freedom of conscience, Cromwell defending his liberal policy, and Baxter opposing it. No one can read Baxter's own account of these interviews, without being deeply impressed with the generous and magnanimous spirit of the Lord Protector in tolerating the utmost freedom of speech on the part of one who openly denounced him as a traitor and usurper. Real greatness of mind could alone have risen above personal resentment under such circumstances of peculiar aggravation.

In the death of the Protector, the treachery of Monk, and the restoration of the King, Baxter and his Presbyterian friends believed that they saw the hand of a merciful Providence preparing the way for the best good of England and the Church. Always royalists, they had acted with the party opposed to the King from necessity rather than choice. Considering all that followed, one can scarcely avoid smiling over the extravagant jubilations of the Presbyterian divines, on the return of the royal debauchee to Whitehall. They hurried up to London with congratulations of formidable length, and papers of solemn advice and counsel, to all which the careless monarch listened, with what patience he was master of. Baxter was one of the first to present himself at Court, and it is creditable to his heart rather than his judgment

and discrimination, that he seized the occasion to offer a long address to the King, expressive of his expectation that his Majesty would discountenance all sin and promote godliness, support the true exercise of Church discipline, and cherish and hold up the hands of the faithful ministers of the Church. To all which Charles II. "made as gracious an answer as we could expect," says Baxter, "insomuch that old Mr. Ash burst out into tears of joy." Who doubts that the profligate King avenged himself as soon as the backs of his unwelcome visitors were fairly turned, by coarse jests and ribaldry, directed against a class of men whom he despised and hated, but towards whom reasons of policy dictated a show of civility and kindness?

There is reason to believe that Charles II., had he been able to effect his purpose, would have gone beyond Cromwell himself in the matter of religious toleration; in other words, he would have taken, in the outset of his reign, the very steps which cost his successor his crown, and procured the toleration of Catholics by a declaration of universal freedom in religion. But he was not in a situation to brave the opposition alike of Prelacy and Presbyterianism, and foiled in a scheme to which he was prompted by that vague, superstitious predilection for the Roman Catholic religion, which at times struggled with his habitual scepticism, his next object was to rid himself of the importunities of sectaries, and the trouble of re-

ligious controversies, by re-establishing the liturgy, and bribing or enforcing conformity to it on the part of the Presbyterians. The history of the successful execution of this purpose is familiar to all the readers of the plausible pages of Clarendon on the one side, or the complaining treatises of Neal and Calamy on the other. Charles and his advisers triumphed, not so much through their own art, dissimulation, and bad faith, as through the blind bigotry, divided counsels, and self-seeking of the Non-conformists. Seduction on one hand, and threats on the other, the bribe of bishoprics, hatred of Independents and Quakers, and the terror of penal laws, broke the strength of Presbyterianism.

Baxter's whole conduct, on this occasion, bears testimony to his honesty and sincerity, while it shows him to have been too intolerant to secure his own religious freedom at the price of toleration for Catholics, Quakers, and Anabaptists; and too blind in his loyalty to perceive that pure and undefiled Christianity had nothing to hope for from a scandalous and depraved King, surrounded by scoffing, licentious courtiers, and a haughty, revengeful Prelacy. To secure his influence, the Court offered him the Bishopric of Hereford. Superior to personal considerations, he declined the honor; but somewhat inconsistently, in his zeal for the interests of his party, he urged the elevation of at least three of his Presbyterian friends to the Episcopal bench, to enforce that very liturgy

which they condemned. He was the chief speaker for the Presbyterians at the famous Savoy Conference, summoned to advise and consult upon the Book of Common Prayer. His antagonist was Dr. Gunning, ready, fluent, and impassioned. "They spent," as Gilbert Burnet says, "several days in logical arguing, to the diversion of the town, who looked upon them as a couple of fencers, engaged in a discussion which could not be brought to an end." In themselves considered, many of the points at issue seem altogether too trivial for the zeal with which Baxter contested them, — the form of a surplice, the wording of a prayer, kneeling at sacrament, the sign of the cross, etc. With him, however, they were of momentous interest and importance, as things unlawful in the worship of God. He struggled desperately, but unavailingly. Presbyterianism, in its eagerness for peace and union, and a due share of State support, had already made fatal concessions, and it was too late to stand upon non-essentials. Baxter retired from the conference baffled and defeated, amidst murmurs and jests. "If you had only been as fat as Dr. Manton," said Clarendon to him, "you would have done well."

The Act of Conformity, in which Charles II. and his counsellors gave the lie to the liberal declarations of Breda and Whitehall, drove Baxter from his sorrowing parishioners of Kidderminster, and added the evils of poverty and persecution to the painful bodily infirmities under which he was

already bowed down. Yet his cup was not one of unalloyed bitterness, and loving lips were prepared to drink it with him.

Among Baxter's old parishioners of Kidderminster was a widowed lady of gentle birth, named Charlton, who, with her daughter Margaret, occupied a house in his neighborhood. The daughter was a brilliant girl, of "strangely vivid wit," and "in early youth," he tells us, "pride, and romances, and company suitable thereunto, did take her up." But erelong, Baxter, who acted in the double capacity of spiritual and temporal physician, was sent for to visit her, on an occasion of sickness. He ministered to her bodily and mental sufferings, and thus secured her gratitude and confidence. On her recovery, under the influence of his warnings and admonitions, the gay young girl became thoughtful and serious, abandoned her light books and companions, and devoted herself to the duties of a Christian profession. Baxter was her counsellor and confidant. She disclosed to him all her doubts, trials, and temptations, and he, in return, wrote her long letters of sympathy, consolation, and encouragement. He began to feel such an unwonted interest in the moral and spiritual growth of his young disciple, that, in his daily walks among his parishioners, he found himself inevitably drawn towards her mother's dwelling. In her presence, the habitual austerity of his manner was softened; his cold, close heart warmed and expanded. He began

to repay her confidence with his own, disclosing to her all his plans of benevolence, soliciting her services, and waiting, with deference, for her judgment upon them. A change came over his habits of thought and his literary tastes; the harsh, rude disputant, the tough, dry logician, found himself addressing to his young friend epistles in verse on doctrinal points and matters of casuistry; Westminster Catechism in rhyme; the Solemn League and Covenant set to music. A miracle alone could have made Baxter a poet; the cold, clear light of reason "paled the ineffectual fires" of his imagination; all things presented themselves to his vision "with hard outlines, colorless, and with no surrounding atmosphere." That he did, nevertheless, write verses, so creditable as to justify a judicious modern critic in their citation and approval, can perhaps be accounted for only as one of the phenomena of that subtle and transforming influence to which even his stern nature was unconsciously yielding. Baxter was in love.

Never did the blind god try his archery on a more unpromising subject. Baxter was nearly fifty years of age, and looked still older. His life had been one long fast and penance. Even in youth he had never known a schoolboy's love for cousin or playmate. He had resolutely closed up his heart against emotions which he regarded as the allurements of time and sense. He had made a merit of celibacy, and written and published against the entanglement of godly ministers in matrimonial

engagements and family cares. It is questionable whether he now understood his own case, or attributed to its right cause the peculiar interest which he felt in Margaret Charlton. Left to himself, it is more than probable that he might never have discovered the true nature of that interest, or conjectured that anything whatever of earthly passion or sublunary emotion had mingled with his spiritual Platonism. Commissioned and set apart to preach repentance to dying men, penniless and homeless, worn with bodily pain and mental toil, and treading as he believed on the very margin of his grave, what had he to do with love? What power had he to inspire that tender sentiment, the appropriate offspring only of youth, and health, and beauty?

> "Could any Beatrice see
> A lover in such anchorite!"

But in the mean time, a reciprocal feeling was gaining strength in the heart of Margaret. To her grateful appreciation of the condescension of a great and good man, — grave, learned, and renowned, — to her youth and weakness, and to her enthusiastic admiration of his intellectual powers, devoted to the highest and holiest objects, succeeded naturally enough the tenderly suggestive pity of her woman's heart, as she thought of his lonely home, his unshared sorrows, his lack of those sympathies and kindnesses which make tolerable the hard journey of life. Did she not owe to him, under God, the salvation of body and mind? Was he not her truest and most faithful

friend, entering with lively interest into all her joys and sorrows? Had she not seen the cloud of his habitual sadness broken by gleams of sunny warmth and cheerfulness, as they conversed together? Could she do better than devote herself to the pleasing task of making his life happier, of comforting him in seasons of pain and weariness, encouraging him in his vast labors, and throwing over the cold and hard austerities of his nature the warmth and light of domestic affection? Pity, reverence, gratitude, and womanly tenderness, her fervid imagination and the sympathies of a deeply religious nature, combined to influence her decision. Disparity of age and condition rendered it improbable that Baxter would ever venture to address her in any other capacity than that of a friend and teacher; and it was left to herself to give the first intimation of the possibility of a more intimate relation.

It is easy to imagine with what mixed feelings of joy, surprise, and perplexity Baxter must have received the delicate avowal. There was much in the circumstances of the case to justify doubt, misgiving, and close searchings of heart. He must have felt the painful contrast which that fair girl in the bloom of her youth presented to the worn man of middle years, whose very breath was suffering, and over whom death seemed always impending. Keenly conscious of his infirmities of temper, he must have feared for the happiness of a loving, gentle being, daily exposed to their mani-

festations. From his well-known habit of consulting what he regarded as the Divine Will in every important step of his life, there can be no doubt that his decision was the result quite as much of a prayerful and patient consideration of duty as of the promptings of his heart. Richard Baxter was no impassioned Abelard; his pupil in the school of his severe and self-denying piety was no Heloise; but what their union lacked in romantic interest was compensated by its purity and disinterestedness, and its sanction by all that can hallow human passion, and harmonize the love of the created with the love and service of the Creator.

Although summoned by a power which it would have been folly to resist, the tough theologian did not surrender at discretion. "From the first thoughts yet many changes and stoppages intervened, and long delays," he tells us. The terms upon which he finally capitulated are perfectly in keeping with his character. "She consented," he says, "to three conditions of our marriage. 1st. That I should have nothing that before our marriage was hers; that I, who wanted no earthly supplies, might not seem to marry her from selfishness. 2d. That she would so alter her affairs that I might be entangled in no lawsuits. 3d. That she should expect none of my time which my ministerial work should require."

As was natural, the wits of the Court had their jokes upon this singular marriage; and many of

his best friends regretted it, when they called to mind what he had written in favor of ministerial celibacy, at a time when, as he says, "he thought to live and die a bachelor." But Baxter had no reason to regret the inconsistency of his precept and example. How much of the happiness of the next twenty years of his life resulted from his union with a kind and affectionate woman he has himself testified, in his simple and touching "Breviate of the Life of the late Mrs. Baxter." Her affections were so ardent, that her husband confesses his fear that he was unable to make an adequate return, and that she must have been disappointed in him in consequence. He extols her pleasant conversation, her active benevolence, her disposition to aid him in all his labors, and her noble forgetfulness of self, in ministering to his comfort in sickness and imprisonment. "She was the meetest helper I could have had in the world," is his language. "If I spoke harshly or sharply, it offended her. If I carried it (as I am apt) with too much negligence of ceremony or humble compliment to any, she would modestly tell me of it. If my looks seemed not pleasant, she would have me amend them (which my weak, pained state of body indisposed me to do"). He admits she had her failings, but, taken as a whole, the "Breviate" is an exalted eulogy.

His history from this time is marked by few incidents of a public character. During that most disgraceful period in the annals of England, the

reign of the second Charles, his peculiar position exposed him to the persecutions of Prelacy, and the taunts and abuse of the Sectaries, standing as he did between these extremes, and pleading for a moderate Episcopacy. He was between the upper millstone of High Church and the nether one of Dissent. To use his own simile, he was like one who seeks to fill with his hand a cleft in a log, and feels both sides close upon him with pain. All parties and sects had, as they thought, grounds of complaint against him. There was in him an almost childish simplicity of purpose, a headlong earnestness and eagerness, which did not allow him to consider how far a present act or opinion harmonized with what he had already done or written. His greatest admirers admit his lack of judgment, his inaptitude for the management of practical matters. His utter incapacity to comprehend rightly the public men and measures of his day is abundantly apparent; and the inconsistencies of his conduct and his writings are too marked to need comment. He suffered persecution for not conforming to some trifling matters of church usage, while he advocated the doctrine of passive obedience to the King or ruling power, and the right of that power to enforce conformity. He wrote against conformity while himself conforming; seceded from the Church, and yet held stated communion with it; begged for the curacy of Kidderminster, and declined the bishopric of Hereford. His writings were many of them directly

calculated to make Dissenters from the Establishment, but he was invariably offended to find others practically influenced by them, and quarrelled with his own converts to Dissent. The High-Churchmen of Oxford burned his "Holy Commonwealth" as seditious and revolutionary; while Harrington and the republican club of Miles's coffee-house condemned it for its hostility to democracy, and its servile doctrine of obedience to kings. He made noble pleas for liberty of conscience, and bitterly complained of his own suffering from Church Courts, yet maintained the necessity of enforcing conformity, and stoutly opposed the tolerant doctrines of Penn and Milton. Never did a great and good man so entangle himself with contradictions and inconsistencies. The witty and wicked Sir Roger L'Estrange compiled from the irreconcilable portions of his works a laughable "Dialogue between Richard and Baxter." The Antinomians found him guilty of Socinianism; and one noted controversialist undertook to show, not without some degree of plausibility, that he was by turns a Quaker and a Papist!

Although able to suspend his judgment and carefully weigh evidence, upon matters which he regarded as proper subjects of debate and scrutiny, he possessed the power to shut out and banish at will all doubt and misgiving in respect to whatever tended to prove, illustrate, or enforce his settled opinions and cherished doctrines. His credulity at times seems boundless. Hating the Quakers,

and prepared to believe all manner of evil of them, he readily came to the conclusion that their leaders were disguised Papists. He maintained that Lauderdale was a good and pious man, in spite of atrocities in Scotland which entitle him to a place with Claverhouse; and indorsed the character of the infamous Dangerfield, the inventor of the Meal-tub Plot, as a worthy convert from popish errors. To prove the existence of devils and spirits, he collected the most absurd stories and old-wives' fables, of soldiers scared from their posts at night by headless bears, of a young witch pulling the hooks out of Mr. Emlen's breeches and swallowing them, of Mr. Beacham's locomotive tobacco-pipe, and the Rev. Mr. Munn's jumping Bible, and of a drunken man punished for his intemperance by being lifted off his legs by an invisible hand! Cotton Mather's marvellous account of his witch experiments in New England delighted him. He had it republished, declaring that "he must be an obstinate Sadducee who doubted it."

The married life of Baxter, as might be inferred from the state of the times, was an unsettled one. He first took a house at Moorfields, then removed to Acton, where he enjoyed the conversation of his neighbor, Sir Matthew Hale; from thence he found refuge in Rickmansworth, and after that in divers other places. "The women have most of this trouble," he remarks, "but my wife easily bore it all." When unable to preach, his rapid pen was always busy. Huge folios of contro-

versial and doctrinal lore followed each other in quick succession. He assailed Popery and the Establishment, Anabaptists, ultra Calvinists, Antinomians, Fifth Monarchy men, and Quakers. His hatred of the latter was only modified by his contempt. He railed rather than argued against the "miserable creatures," as he styled them. They in turn answered him in like manner. "The Quakers," he says, "in their shops, when I go along London streets, say, 'Alas! poor man, thou art yet in darkness.' They have oft come to the congregation, when I had liberty to preach Christ's Gospel, and cried out against me as a deceiver of the people. They have followed me home, crying out in the streets, 'The day of the Lord is coming, and thou shalt perish as a deceiver.' They have stood in the market-place, and under my window, year after year, crying to the people, 'Take heed of your priests, they deceive your souls'; and if any one wore a lace or neat clothing, they cried out to me, 'These are the fruits of your ministry.'"

At Rickmansworth, he found himself a neighbor of William Penn, whom he calls "the captain of the Quakers." Ever ready for battle, Baxter encountered him in a public discussion, with such fierceness and bitterness as to force from that mild and amiable civilian the remark, that he would rather be Socrates at the final judgment than Richard Baxter. Both lived to know each other better, and to entertain sentiments of mutual

esteem. Baxter himself admits that the Quakers, by their perseverance in holding their religious meetings in defiance of penal laws, took upon themselves the burden of persecution which would otherwise have fallen upon himself and his friends; and makes special mention of the noble and successful plea of Penn before the Recorder's Court in London, based on the fundamental liberties of Englishmen and the rights of the Great Charter.

The intolerance of Baxter towards the Separatists was turned against him whenever he appealed to the King and Parliament against the proscription of himself and his friends. "They gathered," he complains, "out of mine and other men's books all that we had said against liberty for Popery and Quakers railing against ministers in open congregation, and applied it as against the toleration of ourselves." It was in vain that he explained that he was only in favor of a gentle coercion of dissent, a moderate enforcement of conformity. His plan for dealing with Sectaries reminds one of old Isaak Walton's direction to his piscatorial readers, to impale the frog on the hook as gently as if they loved him.

While at Acton, he was complained of by Dr. Ryves, the rector, one of the King's chaplains in ordinary, for holding religious services in his family with more than five strangers present. He was cast into Clerkenwell jail, whither his faithful wife followed him. On his discharge, he sought refuge in the hamlet of Totteridge, where he wrote and

published that Paraphrase on the New Testament which was made the ground of his prosecution and trial before Jeffreys.

On the 14th of the sixth month, 1681, he was called to endure the greatest affliction of his life. His wife died on that day, after a brief illness. She who had been his faithful friend, companion, and nurse for twenty years was called away from him in the time of his greatest need of her ministrations. He found consolation in dwelling on her virtues and excellences in the "Breviate" of her life; "a paper monument," he says, "erected by one who is following her even at the door in some passion indeed of love and grief." In the preface to his poetical pieces he alludes to her in terms of touching simplicity and tenderness: "As these pieces were mostly written in various passions, so passion hath now thrust them out into the world. God having taken away the dear companion of the last nineteen years of my life, as her sorrows and sufferings long ago gave being to some of these poems, for reasons which the world is not concerned to know; so my grief for her removal, and the revival of the sense of former things, have prevailed upon me to be passionate in the sight of all."

The circumstances of his trial before the judicial monster, Jeffreys, are too well known to justify their detail in this sketch. He was sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred marks. Seventy years of age, and reduced to poverty by former persecutions, he

was conveyed to the King's Bench prison. Here for two years he lay a victim to intense bodily suffering. When, through the influence of his old antagonist, Penn, he was restored to freedom, he was already a dying man. But he came forth from prison as he entered it, unsubdued in spirit. Urged to sign a declaration of thanks to James II., his soul put on the athletic habits of youth, and he stoutly refused to commend an act of toleration which had given freedom not to himself alone, but to Papists and Sectaries. Shaking off the dust of the Court from his feet, he retired to a dwelling in Charter-House Square, near his friend Sylvester's, and patiently awaited his deliverance. His death was quiet and peaceful. "I have pain," he said to his friend Mather; "there is no arguing against sense; but I have peace. I have peace." On being asked how he did, he answered, in memorable words, "*Almost well!*"

He was buried in Christ Church, where the remains of his wife and her mother had been placed. An immense concourse attended his funeral, of all ranks and parties. Conformist and Non-conformist forgot the bitterness of the controversialist, and remembered only the virtues and the piety of the man. Looking back on his life of self-denial and faithfulness to apprehended duty, the men, who had persecuted him while living, wept over his grave. During the last few years of his life, the severity of his controversial tone had been greatly softened; he lamented his former lack of charity, the circle

of his sympathies widened, his social affections grew stronger with age, and love for his fellow-men universally, and irrespective of religious differences, increased within him. In his "Narrative," written in the long, cool shadows of the evening of life, he acknowledges with extraordinary candor this change in his views and feelings. He confesses his imperfections as a writer and public teacher. "I wish," he says, "all over-sharp passages were expunged from my writings, and I ask forgiveness of God and man." He tells us that mankind appear more equal to him; the good are not so good as he once thought, nor the bad so evil; and that in all there is more for grace to make advantage of, and more to testify for God and holiness, than he once believed. "I less admire," he continues, "gifts of utterance, and the bare profession of religion, than I once did, and have now much more charity for those who, by want of gifts, do make an obscurer profession."

He laments the effects of his constitutional irritability and impatience upon his social intercourse and his domestic relations, and that his bodily infirmities did not allow him a free expression of the tenderness and love of his heart. Who does not feel the pathos and inconsolable regret which dictated the following paragraph? "When God forgiveth me, I cannot forgive myself, especially for my rash words and deeds by which I have seemed injurious and less tender and kind than I should have been to my near and dear relations, whose

love abundantly obliged me. When such are dead, though we never differed in point of interest or any other matter, every sour or cross or provoking word which I gave them maketh me almost irreconcilable to myself, and tells me how repentance brought some of old to pray to the dead whom they had wronged to forgive them, in the hurry of their passion."

His pride as a logician and skilful disputant abated in the latter and better portion of his life; he had more deference to the judgment of others, and more distrust of his own. "You admire," said he to a correspondent who had lauded his character, "one you do not know; knowledge will cure your error." In his "Narrative" he writes: "I am much more sensible than heretofore of the breadth and length and depth of the radical, universal, odious sin of selfishness, and therefore have written so much against it; and of the excellency and necessity of self-denial and of a public mind, and of loving our neighbors as ourselves." Against many difficulties and discouragements, both within himself and in his outward circumstances, he strove to make his life and conversation an expression of that Christian love, whose root, as he has said with equal truth and beauty,

> "is set
> In humble self-denial, undertrod,
> While flower and fruit are growing up to God."*

Of the great mass of his writings, more volumi-

* Poetical Fragments, by R. Baxter, p. 16.

nous than those of any author of his time, it would ill become us to speak with confidence. We are familiar only with some of the best of his practical works, and our estimate of the vast and appalling series of his doctrinal, metaphysical, and controversial publications would be entitled to small weight, as the result of very cursory examination. Many of them relate to obsolete questions and issues, monumental of controversies long dead, and of disputatious doctors otherwise forgotten. Yet, in respect to even these, we feel justified in assenting to the opinion of one abundantly capable of appreciating the character of Baxter as a writer. "What works of Mr. Baxter shall I read?" asked Boswell of Dr. Johnson. "Read any of them," was the answer, "for they are all good." He has left upon all the impress of his genius. Many of them contain sentiments which happily find favor with few in our time; philosophical and psychological disquisitions, which look oddly enough in the light of the intellectual progress of nearly two centuries; dissertations upon evil spirits, ghosts, and witches, which provoke smiles at the good man's credulity; but everywhere we find unmistakable evidences of his sincerity and earnest love of truth. He wrote under a solemn impression of duty, allowing neither pain nor weakness, nor the claims of friendship, nor the social enjoyments of domestic affection, to interfere with his sleepless intensity of purpose. He stipulated with his wife, before marriage, that she should not expect him to relax, even for her society,

the severity of his labors. He could ill brook interruption, and disliked the importunity of visitors. "We are afraid, Sir, we break in upon your time," said some of his callers to him upon one occasion. "To be sure you do," was his answer. His seriousness seldom forsook him; there is scarce a gleam of gayety in all his one hundred and sixty-eight volumes. He seems to have relished, however, the wit of others, especially when directed against what he looked upon as error. Marvell's inimitable reply to the High-Church pretensions of Parker fairly overcame his habitual gravity, and he several times alludes to it with marked satisfaction; but, for himself, he had no heart for pleasantry. His writings, like his sermons, were the earnest expostulations of a dying man with dying men. He tells us of no other amusement or relaxation than the singing of psalms. "Harmony and melody," said he, "are the pleasure and elevation of my soul. It was not the least comfort that I had in the converse of my late dear wife, that our first act in the morning and last in bed at night was a psalm of praise."

It has been fashionable to speak of Baxter as a champion of civil and religious freedom. He has little claim to such a reputation. He was the stanch advocate of monarchy, and of the right and duty of the State to enforce conformity to what he regarded as the essentials of religious belief and practice. No one regards the Prelates who went to the Tower, under James II., on the ground of

conscientious scruples against reading the King's declaration of toleration to Dissenters, as martyrs in the cause of universal religious freedom. Nor can Baxter, although he wrote much against the coercion and silencing of godly ministers, and suffered imprisonment himself for the sake of a good conscience, be looked upon in the light of an intelligent and consistent confessor of liberty. He did not deny the abstract right of ecclesiastical coercion, but complained of its exercise upon himself and his friends as unwarranted and unjust.

One of the warmest admirers and ablest commentators of Baxter designates the leading and peculiar trait of his character as *unearthliness*. In our view, this was its radical defect. He had too little of humanity, he felt too little of the attraction of this world, and lived too exclusively in the spiritual and the unearthly, for a full and healthful development of his nature as a man, or of the graces, charities, and loves of the Christian. He undervalued the common blessings and joys of life, and closed his eyes and ears against the beauty and harmony of outward nature. Humanity, in itself considered, seemed of small moment to him; "passing away" was written alike on its wrongs and its rights, its pleasures and its pains; death would soon level all distinctions; and the sorrows or the joys, the poverty or the riches, the slavery or the liberty of the brief day of its probation seemed of too little consequence to engage his attention and sympathies. Hence, while he was always ready to minister to

temporal suffering wherever it came to his notice, he made no efforts to remove its political or social causes. In this respect he differed widely from some of his illustrious contemporaries. Penn, while preaching up and down the land, and writing theological folios and pamphlets, could yet urge the political rights of Englishmen, mount the hustings for Algernon Sydney, and plead for unlimited religious liberty; and Vane, while dreaming of a coming Millennium and Reign of the Saints, and busily occupied in defending his Antinomian doctrines, could at the same time vindicate, with tongue and pen, the cause of civil and religious freedom. But Baxter overlooked the evils and oppressions which were around him, and forgot the necessities and duties of the world of time and sense in his earnest aspirations towards the world of spirits. It is by no means an uninstructive fact, that with the lapse of years his zeal for proselytism, doctrinal disputations, and the preaching of threats and terrors, visibly declined, while love for his fellow-men and catholic charity greatly increased, and he was blest with a clearer perception of the truth that God is best served through His suffering children, and that love and reverence for visible humanity is an indispensable condition of the appropriate worship of the Unseen God.

But, in taking leave of Richard Baxter, our last words must not be those of censure. Admiration and reverence become us rather. He was an honest man. So far as we can judge, his motives were the

highest and best which can influence human action. He had faults and weaknesses, and committed grave errors, but we are constrained to believe that the prayer with which he closes his "Saints' Rest," and which we have chosen as the fitting termination of our article, was the earnest aspiration of his life.

"O merciful Father of Spirits! suffer not the soul of thy unworthy servant to be a stranger to the joys which he describes to others, but keep me while I remain on earth in daily breathing after thee, and in a believing affectionate walking with thee! Let those who shall read these pages not merely read the fruits of my studies, but the breathing of my active hope and love; that if my heart were open to their view, they might there read thy love most deeply engraven upon it with a beam from the face of the Son of God; and not find vanity or lust or pride within where the words of life appear without, that so these lines may not witness against me, but, proceeding from the heart of the writer, be effectual through thy grace upon the heart of the reader, and so be the savor of life to both."

WILLIAM LEGGETT.

"O Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses, gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave,
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven."

BRYANT.

WHEN the noblest woman in all France stood on the scaffold, just before her execution, she is said to have turned towards the statue of Liberty, — which, strangely enough, had been placed near the guillotine, as its patron saint, — with the exclamation, "O Liberty! what crimes have been committed in thy name!" It is with a feeling akin to that which prompted this memorable exclamation of Madame Roland that the sincere lover of human freedom and progress is often compelled to regard American Democracy.

For democracy, pure and impartial, — the self-government of the whole; equal rights and privileges, irrespective of birth or complexion; the morality of the Gospel of Christ, applied to legis-

lation ; Christianity reduced to practice, and showering the blessings of its impartial love and equal protection upon all, like the rain and dews of heaven, — we have the sincerest love and reverence. So far as our own government approaches this standard — and, with all its faults, we believe it does so more nearly than any other — it has our hearty and steadfast allegiance. We complain of and protest against it only where, in its original framework or actual administration, it departs from the democratic principle. Holding, with Novalis, that the Christian religion is the root of all democracy, and the highest fact in the rights of man, we regard the New Testament as the true political text-book ; and believe that, just in proportion as mankind receive its doctrines and precepts, not merely as matters of faith, and relating to another state of being, but as practical rules, designed for the regulation of the present life, as well as the future, their institutions, social arrangements, and forms of government will approximate to the democratic model. We believe in the ultimate complete accomplishment of the mission of Him who came "to preach deliverance to the captive, and the opening of prison doors to them that are bound." We look forward to the universal dominion of His benign humanity ; and, turning from the strife and blood, the slavery, and social and political wrongs of the Past and Present, anticipate the realization in the distant Future of that state, when the song of the angels at His advent shall be no longer a prophecy, but the jubilant

expression of a glorious reality, — "Glory to God in the highest! Peace on earth, and good will to man!"

For the party in this country which has assumed the name of Democracy, as a party, we have had, we confess, for some years past, very little respect. It has advocated many salutary measures, tending to equalize the advantages of trade, and remove the evils of special legislation. But, if it has occasionally lopped some of the branches of the evil tree of oppression, so far from striking at its root, it has suffered itself to be made the instrument of nourishing and protecting it. It has allowed itself to be called, by its Southern flatterers, "THE NATURAL ALLY OF SLAVERY." It has spurned the petitions of the people in behalf of freedom under its feet, in Congress and State legislatures. Nominally the advocate of universal suffrage, it has wrested from the colored citizens of Pennsylvania that right of citizenship which they had enjoyed under a Constitution framed by Franklin and Rush. Perhaps the most shameful exhibition of its spirit was made in the late Rhode Island struggle, when the free suffrage Convention, solemnly calling heaven and earth to witness its readiness to encounter all the horrors of civil war, in defence of the holy principle of equal and universal suffrage, deliberately excluded colored Rhode-Islanders from the privilege of voting. In the Constitutional Conventions of Michigan and Iowa, the same party declared all men equal, and then pro-

vided an exception to this rule in the case of the colored inhabitants. Its course on the question of excluding slavery from Texas is a matter of history, known and read of all.

After such exhibitions of its practice, its professions have lost their power. The cant of democracy upon the lips of men who are living down its principles is, to an earnest mind, wellnigh insufferable. Pertinent were the queries of Eliphaz the Temanite, "Shall a man utter vain knowledge, and fill his belly with the east wind? Shall he reason with unprofitable talk, or with speeches wherewith he can do no good?" Enough of wearisome talk we have had about "progress," the rights of "the masses," the "dignity of labor," and "extending the area of freedom"! "Clear your mind of cant, sir," said Johnson to Boswell; and no better advice could be now given to a class of our democratic politicians. Work out your democracy; translate your words into deeds; away with your sentimental generalizations, and come down to the practical details of your duty as men and Christians. What avail your abstract theories, your hopeless virginity of democracy, sacred from the violence of meanings? A democracy which professes to hold, as by divine right, the doctrine of human equality in its special keeping, and which at the same time gives its direct countenance and support to the vilest system of oppression on which the sun of heaven looks, has no better title to the name it disgraces than the apostate Son of the

Morning has to his old place in heaven. We are using strong language, for we feel strongly on this subject. Let those whose hypocrisy we condemn, and whose sins against humanity we expose, remember that they are the publishers of their own shame, and that they have gloried in their apostasy. There is a cutting severity in the answer which Sophocles puts in the mouth of Electra, in justification of her indignant rebuke of her wicked mother:

> "'T is you that say it, not I —
> You do the unholy deeds which find me words."

Yet in that party calling itself democratic we rejoice to recognize true, generous, and thoroughly sincere men, — lovers of the word of democracy, and doers of it also, honest and hearty in their worship of Liberty, who are still hoping that the antagonism which slavery presents to democracy will be perceived by the people, in spite of the sophistry and appeals to prejudice by which interested partisans have hitherto succeeded in deceiving them. We believe with such that the mass of the democratic voters of the free States are in reality friends of freedom, and hate slavery in all its forms; and that, with a full understanding of the matter, they could never consent to be sold to Presidential aspirants, by political speculators, in lots to suit purchasers, and warranted to be useful in putting down free discussion, perpetuating oppression, and strengthening the hands of modern feudalism. They are beginning already to see

that, under the process whereby men of easy virtue obtain offices from the General Government, as the reward of treachery to free principles, the strength and vitality of the party are rapidly declining. To them, at least, democracy means something more than collectorships, consulates, and governmental contracts. For the sake of securing a monopoly of these to a few selfish and heartless party managers, they are not prepared to give up the distinctive principles of democracy, and substitute in their place the doctrines of the Satanic school of politics. They will not much longer consent to stand before the world as the Slavery party of the United States, especially when policy and expediency, as well as principle, unite in recommending a position more congenial to the purposes of their organization, the principles of the fathers of their political faith, the spirit of the age, and the obligations of Christianity.

The death-blow of slavery in this country will be given by the very power upon which it has hitherto relied with so much confidence. Abused and insulted Democracy will, erelong, shake off the loathsome burden under which it is now staggering. In the language of the late Theodore Sedgwick, of Massachusetts, a consistent democrat of the old school: "Slavery, in all its forms, is anti-democratic, — an old poison left in the veins, fostering the worst principles of aristocracy, pride, and aversion to labor; the natural enemy of the poor man, the laboring man, the oppressed man. The

question is, whether absolute dominion over any creature in the image of man be a wholesome power in a free country; whether this is a school in which to train the young republican mind; whether slave blood and free blood can course healthily together in the same body politic. Whatever may be present appearances, and by whatever name party may choose to call things, this question must finally be settled by the democracy of the country."

This prediction was made eight years ago, at a time when all the facts in the case seemed against the probability of its truth, and when only here and there the voice of an indignant freeman protested against the exulting claims of the slave power upon the democracy as its "natural ally." The signs of the times now warrant the hope of its fulfilment. Over the hills of the East, and over the broad territory of the Empire State, a new spirit is moving. Democracy, like Balaam upon Zophim, has felt the Divine *afflatus*, and is blessing that which it was summoned to curse.

The present hopeful state of things is owing, in no slight degree, to the self-sacrificing exertions of a few faithful and clear-sighted men, foremost among whom was the late WILLIAM LEGGETT; than whom no one has labored more perseveringly, or, in the end, more successfully, to bring the practice of American democracy into conformity with its professions.

William Leggett! Let our right hand forget its

cunning, when that name shall fail to awaken generous emotions, and aspirations for a higher and worthier manhood! True man, and true democrat; faithful always to liberty, following wherever she led, whether the storm beat in his face or on his back; unhesitatingly counting her enemies his own, whether in the guise of whig monopoly and selfish expediency, or democratic servility north of Mason and Dixon's line towards democratic slaveholding south of it; poor, yet incorruptible; dependent upon party favor, as a party editor, yet risking all in condemnation of that party, when in the wrong; a man of the people, yet never stooping to flatter the people's prejudices; he is the politician, of all others, whom we would hold up to the admiration and imitation of the young men of our country. What Fletcher of Saltoun is to Scotland, and the brave spirits of the old Commonwealth time —

> "Hands that penned
> And tongues that uttered wisdom, better none
> The later Sydney, Marvell, Harrington,
> Young Vane, and others, who called Milton friend" —

are to England, should Leggett be to America. His character was formed on these sturdy democratic models. Had he lived in their day, he would have scraped with old Andrew Marvell the bare blade-bone of poverty, or even laid his head on the block with Vane, rather than forego his independent thought and speech.

Of the early life of William Leggett we have no

very definite knowledge. Born in moderate circumstances, at first a woodsman in the Western wilderness ; then a midshipman in the navy ; then a denizen of New York, exposed to sore hardships and perilous temptations, he worked his way by the force of his genius to the honorable position of associate editor of the Evening Post, the leading democratic journal of our great commercial metropolis. Here he became early distinguished for his ultraism in democracy. His whole soul revolted against oppression. He was for liberty everywhere and in all things ; in thought, in speech, in vote, in religion, in government, and in trade ; he was for throwing off all restraints upon the right of suffrage ; regarding all men as brethren, he looked with disapprobation upon attempts to exclude foreigners from the rights of citizenship ; he was for entire freedom of commerce ; he denounced a national bank ; he took the lead in opposition to the monopoly of incorporated banks ; he argued in favor of direct taxation, and advocated a free post-office, or a system by which letters should be transported, as goods and passengers now are, by private enterprise. In all this he was thoroughly in earnest. That he often erred through passion and prejudice cannot be doubted ; but in no instance was he found turning aside from the path which he believed to be the true one, from merely selfish considerations. He was honest alike to himself and the public. Every question which was thrown up before him by the waves of political or moral agita-

tion he measured by his standard of right and truth, and condemned or advocated it, in utter disregard of prevailing opinions, of its effect upon his pecuniary interest, or of his standing with his party. The vehemence of his passions sometimes betrayed him into violence of language, and injustice to his opponents; but he had that rare and manly trait which enables its possessor, whenever he becomes convinced of error, to make a prompt acknowledgment of the conviction.

In the summer of 1834, a series of mobs, directed against the Abolitionists, who had organized a national society, with the city of New York as its central point, followed each other in rapid succession. The houses of the leading men in the society were sacked and pillaged; meeting-houses broken into and defaced; and the unoffending colored inhabitants of the city treated with the grossest indignity, and subjected, in some instances, to shameful personal outrage. It was emphatically a "Reign of Terror." The press of both political parties and of the leading religious sects, by appeals to prejudice and passion, and by studied misrepresentation of the designs and measures of the Abolitionists, fanned the flame of excitement, until the fury of demons possessed the misguided populace. To advocate emancipation, or defend those who did so, in New York, at that period, was like preaching democracy in Constantinople or religious toleration in Paris on the eve of St. Bartholomew. Law was prostrated in the dust; to be suspected of aboli-

tionism was to incur a liability to an indefinite degree of insult and indignity; and the few and hunted friends of the slave, who in those nights of terror laid their heads upon the pillow, did so with the prayer of the Psalmist on their lips, — "Defend me from them that rise up against me; save me from bloody men."

At this period the New York Evening Post spoke out strongly in condemnation of the mob. William Leggett was not then an abolitionist; he had known nothing of the proscribed class, save through the cruel misrepresentations of their enemies; but, true to his democratic faith, he maintained the right to discuss the question of slavery. The infection of cowardly fear, which at that time sealed the lips of multitudes who deplored the excesses of the mob and sympathized with its victims, never reached him. Boldly, indignantly, he demanded that the mob should be put down at once by the civil authorities. He declared the Abolitionists, even if guilty of all that had been charged upon them, fully entitled to the privileges and immunities of American citizens. He sternly reprimanded the board of aldermen of the city, for rejecting with contempt the memorial of the Abolitionists to that body, explanatory of their principles, and the measures by which they had sought to disseminate them. Referring to the determination, expressed by the memorialists in the rejected document, not to recant or relinquish any principle which they had adopted, but to live and die by their faith, he said: "In

this, however mistaken, however mad, we may consider their opinions in relation to the blacks, what honest, independent mind can blame them? Where is the man so poor of soul, so white-livered, so base, that he would do less in relation to any important doctrine in which he religiously believed? Where is the man who would have his tenets drubbed into him by the clubs of ruffians, or hold his conscience at the dictation of a mob?"

In the summer of 1835, a mob of excited citizens broke open the post-office at Charleston, South Carolina, and burnt in the street such papers and pamphlets as they judged to be "incendiary"; in other words, such as advocated the application of the democratic principle to the condition of the slaves of the South. These papers were addressed, not to the slave, but to the master. They contained nothing which had not been said and written by Southern men themselves, the Pinkneys, Jeffersons, Henrys, and Martins, of Maryland and Virginia. The example set at Charleston did not lack imitators. Every petty postmaster south of Mason and Dixon's line became ex-officio a censor of the press. The Postmaster-General, writing to his subordinate at Charleston, after stating that the post-office department had "no legal right to exclude newspapers from the mail, or prohibit their carriage or delivery, on account of their character or tendency, real or supposed," declared that he would, nevertheless, give no aid, directly or indirectly, in circulating publications of an incen-

diary or inflammatory character; and assured the perjured functionary, who had violated his oath of office, that, while he could not sanction, he would not condemn his conduct. Against this virtual encouragement of a flagrant infringement of a constitutional right, this licensing of thousands of petty government officials to sit in their mail offices, to use the figure of Milton, cross-legged, like so many envious Junos, in judgment upon the daily offspring of the press, taking counsel of passion, prejudice, and popular excitement as to what was "incendiary" or "inflammatory," the Evening Post spoke in tones of manly protest.

While almost all the editors of his party throughout the country either openly approved of the conduct of the Postmaster-General or silently acquiesced in it, William Leggett, who, in the absence of his colleague, was at that time sole editor of the Post, and who had everything to lose, in a worldly point of view, by assailing a leading functionary of the government, who was a favorite of the President, and a sharer of his popularity, did not hesitate as to the course which consistency and duty required at his hands. He took his stand for unpopular truth, at a time when a different course on his part could not have failed to secure him the favor and patronage of his party. In the great struggle with the Bank of the United States, his services had not been unappreciated by the President and his friends. Without directly approving the course of the Administration on the question

of the rights of the Abolitionists, by remaining silent in respect to it, he might have avoided all suspicion of mental and moral independence incompatible with party allegiance. The impracticable honesty of Leggett, never bending from the erectness of truth for the sake of that "thrift which follows fawning," dictated a most severe and scorching review of the letter of the Postmaster-General. "More monstrous, more detestable doctrines we have never heard promulgated," he exclaimed in one of his leading editorials. "With what face, after this, can the Postmaster-General punish a postmaster for any exercise of the fearfully dangerous power of stopping and destroying any portion of the mails?" "The Abolitionists do not deserve to be placed on the same footing with a foreign enemy, nor their publications as the secret despatches of a spy. They are American citizens, in the exercise of their undoubted right of citizenship; and however erroneous their views, however fanatic their conduct, while they act within the limits of the law, what official functionary, be he merely a subordinate or the head of the post-office department, shall dare to abridge them of their rights as citizens, and deny them those facilities of intercourse which were instituted for the equal accommodation of all? If the American people will submit to this, let us expunge all written codes, and resolve society into its original elements, where the might of the strong is better than the right of the weak."

A few days after the publication of this manly rebuke, he wrote an indignantly sarcastic article upon the mobs which were at this time everywhere summoned to "put down the Abolitionists." The next day, the 4th of the ninth month, 1835, he received a copy of the Address of the American Anti-Slavery Society to the public, containing a full and explicit avowal of all the principles and designs of the association. He gave it a candid perusal, weighed its arguments, compared its doctrines with those at the foundation of his own political faith, and rose up from its examination an abolitionist. He saw that he himself, misled by the popular clamor, had done injustice to benevolent and self-sacrificing men; and he took the earliest occasion, in an article of great power and eloquence, to make the amplest atonement. He declared his entire concurrence with the views of the American Anti-Slavery Society, with the single exception of a doubt which rested on his mind as to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. We quote from the concluding paragraph of this article:—

"We assert without hesitation, that, if we possessed the right, we should not scruple to exercise it for the speedy annihilation of servitude and chains. The impression made in boyhood by the glorious exclamation of Cato,

> 'A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
> Is worth a whole eternity of bondage!'

has been worn deeper, not effaced, by time; and

we eagerly and ardently trust that the day will yet arrive when the clank of the bondman's fetters will form no part of the multitudinous sounds which our country sends up to Heaven, mingling, as it were, into a song of praise for our national prosperity. We yearn with strong desire for the day when freedom shall no longer wave

> 'Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves.'"

A few days after, in reply to the assaults made upon him from all quarters, he calmly and firmly reiterated his determination to maintain the right of free discussion of the subject of slavery.

"The course we are pursuing," said he, "is one which we entered upon after mature deliberation, and we are not to be turned from it by a species of opposition, the inefficacy of which we have seen displayed in so many former instances. It is Philip Van Artevelde who says :

> 'All my life long,
> I have beheld with most respect the man
> Who knew himself, and knew the ways before him ;
> And from among them chose considerately,
> With a clear foresight, not a blindfold courage ;
> And, having chosen, with a steadfast mind
> Pursued his purpose.'

"This is the sort of character we emulate. If to believe slavery a deplorable evil and curse, in whatever light it is viewed ; if to yearn for the day which shall break the fetters of three millions of human beings, and restore to them their birthright of equal freedom ; if to be willing, in season and

out of season, to do all in our power to promote so desirable a result, by all means not inconsistent with higher duty; if these sentiments constitute us Abolitionists, then are we such, and glory in the name." "The senseless cry of 'Abolitionist' shall never deter us, nor the more senseless attempt of puny prints to read us out of the democratic party. The often-quoted and beautiful saying of the Latin historian, *Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto*, we apply to the poor slave as well as his master, and shall endeavor to fulfil towards both the obligations of an equal humanity."

The generation which, since the period of which we are speaking, have risen into active life can have but a faint conception of the boldness of this movement on the part of William Leggett. To be an abolitionist then was to abandon all hope of political preferment or party favor; to be marked and branded as a social outlaw, under good society's interdict of food and fire; to hold property, liberty, and life itself at the mercy of lawless mobs. All this William Leggett clearly saw. He knew how rugged and thorny was the path upon which, impelled by his love of truth and the obligations of humanity, he was entering. From hunted and proscribed Abolitionists and oppressed and spirit-broken colored men, the Pariahs of American democracy, he could alone expect sympathy. The Whig journals, with a few honorable exceptions, exulted over what they regarded as the fall of a formidable opponent; and after painting his abolition-

ism in the most hideous colors, held him up to their Southern allies as a specimen of the radical disorganizers and democratic levellers of the North. His own party, in consequence, made haste to proscribe him. Government advertising was promptly withdrawn from his paper. The official journals of Washington and Albany read him out of the pale of democracy. Father Ritchie scolded and threatened. The democratic committee issued its bull against him from Tammany Hall. The resolutions of that committee were laid before him when he was sinking under a severe illness. Rallying his energies, he dictated from his sick-bed an answer marked by all his accustomed vigor and boldness. Its tone was calm, manly, self-relying; the language of one who, having planted his feet hard down on the rock of principle, stood there like Luther at Worms, because he "could not otherwise." Exhausted nature sunk under the effort. A weary sickness of nearly a year's duration followed. In this sore affliction, deserted as he was by most of his old political friends, we have reason to know that he was cheered by the gratitude of those in whose behalf he had wellnigh made a martyr's sacrifice; and that from the humble hearths of his poor colored fellow-citizens fervent prayers went up for his restoration.

His work was not yet done. Purified by trial, he was to stand forth once more in vindication of the truths of freedom. As soon as his health was sufficiently re-established, he commenced the pub-

lication of an independent political and literary journal, under the expressive title of THE PLAINDEALER. In his first number he stated, that, claiming the right of absolute freedom of discussion, he should exercise it with no other limitations than those of his own judgment. A poor man, he admitted that he established the paper in the expectation of deriving from it a livelihood, but that even for that object he could not trim its sails to suit the varying breeze of popular prejudice. "If," said he, "a paper which makes the Right, and not the Expedient, its cardinal object, will not yield its conductor a support, there are honest vocations that will, and better the humblest of them than to be seated at the head of an influential press, if its influence is not exerted to promote the cause of truth." He was true to his promise. The free soul of a free, strong man spoke out in his paper. How refreshing was it, after listening to the inanities, the dull, witless vulgarity, the wearisome commonplace of journalists, who had no higher aim than to echo, with parrot-like exactness, current prejudices and falsehoods, to turn to the great and generous thoughts, the chaste and vigorous diction of the Plaindealer! No man ever had a clearer idea of the duties and responsibilities of a conductor of the public press than William Leggett, and few have ever combined so many of the qualifications for their perfect discharge: a nice sense of justice, a warm benevolence, inflexible truth, honesty defying temptation, a mind stored

with learning, and having at command the treasures of the best thoughts of the best authors. As was said of Fletcher of Saltoun, he was "a gentleman steady in his principles; of nice honor, abundance of learning; bold as a lion; a sure friend; a man who would lose his life to serve his country, and would not do a base thing to save it." He had his faults; his positive convictions sometimes took the shape of a proud and obstinate dogmatism; he who could so well appeal to the judgment and the reason of his readers too often only roused their passions by invective and vehement declamation. Moderate men were startled and pained by the fierce energy of his language; and he not unfrequently made implacable enemies of opponents whom he might have conciliated and won over by mild expostulation and patient explanation. It must be urged in extenuation, that, as the champion of unpopular truths, he was assailed unfairly on all sides, and indecently misrepresented and calumniated to a degree, as his friend Sedgwick justly remarks, unprecedented even in the annals of the American press; and that his errors in this respect were, in the main, errors of retaliation.

In the Plaindealer, in common with the leading moral and political subjects of the day, that of Slavery was freely discussed in all its bearings. It is difficult, in a single extract, to convey an adequate idea of the character of the editorial columns of a paper, where terse and concentrated irony and

sarcasm alternate with eloquent appeal and diffuse commentary and labored argument. We can only offer at random the following passages from a long review of a speech of John C. Calhoun, in which that extraordinary man, whose giant intellect has been shut out of its appropriate field of exercise by the very slavery of which he is the champion, undertook to maintain, in reply to a Virginia senator, that chattel slavery was not an evil, but "a great good."

"We have Mr. Calhoun's own warrant for attacking his position with all the fervor which a high sense of duty can give, for we do hold, from the bottom of our soul, that slavery is an evil, — a deep, detestable, damnable evil; evil in all its aspects to the blacks, and a greater evil to the whites; an evil moral, social, and political; an evil which shows itself in the languishing condition of agriculture where it exists, in paralyzed commerce, and in the prostration of the mechanic arts; an evil which stares you in the face from uncultivated fields, and howls in your ears through tangled swamps and morasses. Slavery is such an evil, that it withers what it touches. Where it is once securely established the land becomes desolate, as the tree inevitably perishes which the sea-hawk chooses for its nest; while freedom, on the contrary, flourishes like the tannen, 'on the loftiest and least sheltered rocks,' and clothes with its refreshing verdure what, without it, would frown in naked and incurable sterility.

"If any one desires an illustration of the opposite influences of slavery and freedom, let him look at the two sister States of Kentucky and Ohio. Alike in soil and climate, and divided only by a river, whose translucent waters reveal, through nearly the whole breadth, the sandy bottom over which they sparkle, how different are they in all the respects over which man has control! On the one hand the air is vocal with the mingled tumult of a vast and prosperous population. Every hillside smiles with an abundant harvest, every valley shelters a thriving village, the click of a busy mill drowns the prattle of every rivulet, and all the multitudinous sounds of business denote happy activity in every branch of social occupation.

"This is the State which, but a few years ago, slept in the unbroken solitude of nature. The forest spread an interminable canopy of shade over the dark soil on which the fat and useless vegetation rotted at ease, and through the dusky vistas of the wood only savage beasts and more savage men prowled in quest of prey. The whole land now blossoms like a garden. The tall and interlacing trees have unlocked their hold, and bowed before the woodman's axe. The soil is disencumbered of the mossy trunks which had reposed upon it for ages. The rivers flash in the sunlight, and the fields smile with waving harvests. This is Ohio, and this is what *freedom* has done for it.

"Now, let us turn to Kentucky, and note the opposite influences of *slavery*. A narrow and

unfrequented path through the close and sultry canebrake conducts us to a wretched hovel. It stands in the midst of an unweeded field, whose dilapidated enclosure scarcely protects it from the lowing and hungry kine. Children half clad and squalid, and destitute of the buoyancy natural to their age, lounge in the sunshine, while their parent saunters apart, to watch his languid slaves drive the ill-appointed team afield. This is not a fancy picture. It is a true copy of one of the features which make up the aspect of the State, and of every State where the moral leprosy of slavery covers the people with its noisome scales; a deadening lethargy benumbs the limbs of the body politic; a stupor settles on the arts of life; agriculture reluctantly drags the plough and harrow to the field, only when scourged by necessity; the axe drops from the woodman's nerveless hand the moment his fire is scantily supplied with fuel; and the fen, undrained, sends up its noxious exhalations, to rack with cramps and agues the frame already too much enervated by a moral epidemic to creep beyond the sphere of the material miasm."

The Plaindealer was uniformly conducted with eminent ability; but its editor was too far in advance of his contemporaries to find general acceptance, or even toleration. In addition to pecuniary embarrassments, his health once more failed, and in the autumn of 1837 he was compelled to suspend the publication of his paper. One of the

last articles which he wrote for it shows the extent to which he was sometimes carried by the intensity and depth of his abhorrence of oppression, and the fervency of his adoration of liberty. Speaking of the liability of being called upon to aid the master in the subjection of revolted slaves, and in replacing their cast-off fetters, he thus expresses himself: "Would we comply with such a requisition? No! Rather would we see our right arm lopped from our body, and the mutilated trunk itself gored with mortal wounds, than raise a finger in opposition to men struggling in the holy cause of freedom. The obligations of citizenship are strong, but those of justice, humanity, and religion, stronger. We earnestly trust that the great contest of opinion, which is now going on in this country, may terminate in the enfranchisement of the slaves, without recourse to the strife of blood; but should the oppressed bondmen, impatient of the tardy progress of truth, urged only in discussion, attempt to burst their chains by a more violent and shorter process, they should never encounter our arm nor hear our voice in the ranks of their opponents. We should stand a sad spectator of the conflict; and, whatever commiseration we might feel for the discomfiture of the oppressors, we should pray that the battle might end in giving freedom to the oppressed."

With the Plaindealer, his connection with the public, in a great measure, ceased. His steady and intimate friend, personal as well as political

Theodore Sedgwick, Jun., a gentleman who has, on many occasions, proved himself worthy of his liberty-loving ancestry, thus speaks of him in his private life at this period: "Amid the reverses of fortune, harassed by pecuniary embarrassments, during the tortures of a disease which tore away his life piecemeal, he ever maintained the same manly and unaltered front, the same cheerfulness of disposition, the same dignity of conduct. No humiliating solicitation, no weak complaint, escaped him." At the election in the fall of 1838, the noble-spirited democrat was not wholly forgotten. A strenuous effort, which was wellnigh successful, was made to secure his nomination as a candidate for Congress. It was at this juncture that he wrote to a friend in the city, from his residence at New Rochelle, one of the noblest letters ever penned by a candidate for popular favor. The following extracts will show how a true man can meet the temptations of political life:

"What I am most afraid of is, that some of my friends, in their too earnest zeal, will place me in a false position on the subject of slavery. I am an abolitionist. I hate slavery in all its forms, degrees, and influences; and I deem myself bound, by the highest moral and political obligations, not to let that sentiment of hate lie dormant and smouldering in my own breast, but to give it free vent, and let it blaze forth, that it may kindle equal ardor through the whole sphere of my influence. I would not have this fact disguised or mystified

for any office the people have it in their power to give. Rather, a thousand times rather, would I again meet the denunciations of Tammany Hall, and be stigmatized with all the foul epithets with which the anti-abolition vocabulary abounds, than recall or deny one tittle of my creed. Abolition is, in my sense, a necessary and a glorious part of democracy; and I hold the right and duty to discuss the subject of slavery, and to expose its hideous evils in all their bearings, — moral, social, and political, — as of infinitely higher importance than to carry fifty sub-treasury bills. That I should discharge this duty temperately; that I should not let it come in collision with other duties; that I should not let my hatred of slavery transcend the express obligations of the Constitution, or violate its clear spirit, I hope and trust you think sufficiently well of me to believe. But what I fear is, (not from you, however,) that some of my advocates and champions will seek to recommend me to popular support by representing me as not an abolitionist, which is false. All that I have written gives the lie to it. All I shall write will give the lie to it.

"And here, let me add, (apart from any consideration already adverted to,) that, as, a matter of mere policy, I would not, if I could, have my name disjoined from abolitionism. To be an abolitionist now is to be an incendiary; as, three years ago, to be an anti-monopolist was to be a leveller and a Jack Cade. See what three short years have

done in effecting the anti-monopoly reform; and depend upon it, that the next three years, or, if not three, say three times three, if you please, will work a greater revolution on the slavery question. The stream of public opinion now sets against us; but it is about to turn, and the regurgitation will be tremendous. Proud in that day may well be the man who can float in triumph on the first refluent wave, swept onward by the deluge which he himself, in advance of his fellows, has largely shared in occasioning. Such be my fate; and, living or dead, it will, in some measure, be mine! I have written my name in ineffaceable letters on the abolition record; and whether the reward ultimately come in the shape of honors to the living man, or a tribute to the memory of a departed one, I would not forfeit my right to it for as many offices as —— has in his gift, if each of them was greater than his own."

After mentioning that he had understood that some of his friends had endeavored to propitiate popular prejudice by representing him as no abolitionist, he says: —

"Keep them, for God's sake, from committing any such fooleries for the sake of getting me into Congress. Let others twist themselves into what shapes they please, to gratify the present taste of the people; as for me, I am not formed of such pliant materials, and choose to retain, undisturbed, the image of my God! I do not wish to cheat the people of their votes. I would not get their sup-

port, any more than their money, under false pretences. I am what I am; and, if that does not suit them, I am content to stay at home."

God be praised for affording us, even in these latter days, the sight of an honest man! Amidst the heartlessness, the double-dealing, the evasions, the prevarications, the shameful treachery and falsehood of political men of both parties, in respect to the question of slavery, how refreshing is it to listen to words like these! They renew our failing faith in human nature. They reprove our weak misgivings. We rise up from their perusal stronger and healthier. With something of the spirit which dictated them, we renew our vows to freedom, and, with manlier energy, gird up our souls for the stern struggle before us.

As might have been expected, and as he himself predicted, the efforts of his friends to procure his nomination failed; but the same generous appreciators of his rare worth were soon after more successful in their exertions in his behalf. He received from President Van Buren the appointment of the mission to Guatemala; an appointment which, in addition to honorable employment in the service of his country, promised him the advantages of a sea voyage, and a change of climate, for the restoration of his health. The course of Martin Van Buren on the subject of slavery in the District of Columbia forms, in the estimation of many of his best friends, by no means the most creditable portion of his political history; but it cer-

tainly argues well for his magnanimity and freedom from merely personal resentment, that he gave this appointment to the man who had animadverted upon that course with the greatest freedom, and whose rebuke of the veto pledge, severe in its truth and justice, formed the only discord in the pæan of partisan flattery which greeted his inaugural. But, however well intended, it came too late. In the midst of the congratulations of his friends on the brightening prospect before him, the still hopeful and vigorous spirit of William Leggett was summoned away by death. Universal regret was awakened. Admiration of his intellectual power, and that generous and full appreciation of his high moral worth, which had been in too many instances withheld from the living man by party policy and prejudice, were now freely accorded to the dead. The presses of both political parties vied with each other in expressions of sorrow at the loss of a great and true man. The Democracy, through all its organs, hastened to canonize him as one of the saints of its calendar. The general committee, in New York, expunged their resolutions of censure. The Democratic Review, at that period the most respectable mouthpiece of the Democratic party, made him the subject of exalted eulogy. His early friend and co-editor, William Cullen Bryant, laid upon his grave the following tribute, alike beautiful and true: —

> "The earth may ring, from shore to shore,
> With echoes of a glorious name,

But he whose loss our tears deplore
Has left behind him more than fame.

"For when the death-frost came to lie
On Leggett's warm and mighty heart,
And quenched his bold and friendly eye,
His spirit did not all depart.

"The words of fire that from his pen
He flung upon the lucid page,
Still move, still shake the hearts of men,
Amid a cold and coward age.

"His love of Truth, too warm, too strong,
For Hope or Fear to chain or chill,
His hate of tyranny and wrong,
Burn in the breasts they kindled still."

So lived and died William Leggett. What a rebuke of party perfidy, of political meanness, of the common arts and stratagems of demagogues, comes up from his grave! How the cheek of mercenary selfishness crimsons at the thought of his incorruptible integrity! How heartless and hollow pretenders, who offer lip service to freedom, while they give their hands to whatever work their slaveholding managers may assign them; who sit in chains round the crib of governmental patronage, putting on the spaniel, and putting off the man, and making their whole lives a miserable lie, shrink back from a contrast with the proud and austere dignity of his character! What a comment on their own condition is the memory of a man who could calmly endure the loss of party favor, the reproaches of his friends, the malignant

assaults of his enemies, and the fretting evils of poverty, in the hope of bequeathing, like the dying testator of Ford,

> "A fame by scandal untouched,
> To Memory and Time's old daughter, Truth."

The praises which such men are now constrained to bestow upon him are their own condemnation. Every stone which they pile upon his grave is written over with the record of their hypocrisy.

We have written rather for the living than the dead. As one of that proscribed and hunted band of Abolitionists, whose rights were so bravely defended by William Leggett, we should, indeed, be wanting in ordinary gratitude, not to do honor to his memory; but we have been actuated at the present time mainly by a hope that the character, the lineaments of which we have so imperfectly sketched, may awaken a generous emulation in the hearts of the young democracy of our country. Democracy such as William Leggett believed and practised, democracy in its full and all-comprehensive significance, is destined to be the settled political faith of this republic. Because the despotism of slavery has usurped its name, and offered the strange incense of human tears and blood on its profaned altars, shall we, therefore, abandon the only political faith which coincides with the Gospel of Jesus, and meets the aspirations and wants of humanity? No. The duty of the present generation in the United States is to reduce this faith to practice; to make the beautiful ideal a fact.

"Every American," says Leggett, "who in any way countenances slavery, is derelict to his duty, as a Christian, a patriot, a man; and every one *does* countenance and authorize it who suffers any opportunity of expressing his deep abhorrence of its manifold abominations to pass unimproved." The whole world has an interest in this matter. The influence of our democratic despotism is exerted against the liberties of Europe. Political reformers in the Old World, who have testified to their love of freedom by serious sacrifices, hold but one language on this point. They tell us that American slavery furnishes kings and aristocracies with their most potent arguments; that it is a perpetual drag on the wheel of political progress.

We have before us, at this time, a letter from Seidensticker, one of the leaders of the patriotic movement in behalf of German liberty in 1831. It was written from the prison of Celle, where he had been confined for eight years. The writer expresses his indignant astonishment at the speeches of John C. Calhoun, and others in Congress, on the slavery question, and deplores the disastrous influence of our great inconsistency upon the cause of freedom throughout the world; an influence which paralyzes the hands of the patriotic reformer, while it strengthens those of his oppressor, and deepens around the living martyrs and confessors of European democracy the cold shadow of their prisons.

Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, the President of the British Free Suffrage Union, and whose philan-

thropy and democracy have been vouched for by the Democratic Review in this country, has the following passage in an address to the citizens of the United States: "Although an admirer of the institutions of your country, and deeply lamenting the evils of my own government, I find it difficult to reply to those who are opposed to any extension of the political rights of Englishmen, when they point to America, and say, that where all have a control over the legislation but those who are guilty of a dark skin, slavery and the slave-trade remain, not only unmitigated, but continue to extend; and that while there is an onward movement in favor of its extinction, not only in England and France, but in Cuba and Brazil, American legislators cling to this enormous evil, without attempting to relax or mitigate its horrors."

How long shall such appeals, from such sources, be wasted upon us? Shall our baleful example enslave the world? Shall the tree of democracy, which our fathers intended for "the healing of the nations," be to them like the fabled Upas, blighting all around it?

The men of the North, the pioneers of the free West, and the non-slaveholders of the South, must answer these questions. It is for them to say, whether the present wellnigh intolerable evil shall continue to increase its boundaries, and strengthen its hold upon the government, the political parties, and the religious sects of our country. Interest and honor, present possession and future hope, the

memory of fathers, the prospects of children, gratitude, affection, the still call of the dead, the cry of oppressed nations looking hitherward for the result of all their hopes, the voice of God in the soul, in revelation, and in his providence, all appeal to them for a speedy and righteous decision. At this moment, on the floor of Congress, Democracy and Slavery have met in a death-grapple. The South stands firm; it allows no party division on the slave question. One of its members has declared that "the slave States have no traitors." Can the same be said of the free? Now, as in the time of the fatal Missouri Compromise, there are, it is to be feared, political pedlers among our representatives, whose souls are in the market, and whose consciences are vendible commodities. Through their means, the slave power may gain a temporary triumph; but may not the very baseness of the treachery arouse the Northern heart? By driving the free States to the wall, may it not compel them to turn and take an aggressive attitude, clasp hands over the altar of their common freedom, and swear eternal hostility to slavery?

Be the issue of the present contest what it may, those who are faithful to freedom should allow no temporary reverse to shake their confidence in the ultimate triumph of the right. The slave will be free. Democracy in America will yet be a glorious reality; and when the topstone of that temple of freedom which our fathers left unfinished shall be brought forth with shoutings and cries of grace

unto it; when our now drooping Liberty lifts up her head and prospers, happy will he be who can say, with John Milton, "Among those who have something more than wished her welfare, I too have my charter and freehold of rejoicing to me and my heirs."

NATHANIEL PEABODY ROGERS.

"And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his kindly hearth."

SO, in one of the sweetest and most pathetic of his poems touching the loss of his literary friends, sang Wordsworth. We well remember with what freshness and vividness these simple lines came before us, on hearing, last autumn, of the death of the warm-hearted and gifted friend whose name heads this article; for there was much in his character and genius to remind us of the gentle author of "Elia." He had the latter's genial humor and quaintness; his nice and delicate perception of the beautiful and poetic; his happy, easy diction, not the result, as in the case of that of the English essayist, of slow and careful elaboration, but the natural, spontaneous language in which his conceptions at once embodied themselves, apparently without any consciousness of effort. As Mark Antony talked, he wrote, "right on," telling his readers often what "they themselves did know," yet imparting to the simplest commonplaces of life interest and significance, and throwing a golden haze of poetry over the rough and thorny pathways of every-day duty. Like Lamb, he loved his friends

without stint or limit. The "old familiar faces" haunted him. Lamb loved the streets and lanes of London — the places where he oftenest came in contact with the warm, genial heart of humanity — better than the country. Rogers loved the wild and lonely hills and valleys of New Hampshire none the less that he was fully alive to the enjoyments of society, and could enter with the heartiest sympathy into all the joys and sorrows of his friends and neighbors.

In another point of view, he was not unlike Elia. He had the same love of home, and home friends, and familiar objects; the same fondness for common sights and sounds; the same dread of change; the same shrinking from the unknown and the dark. Like him, he clung with a child's love to the living present, and recoiled from a contemplation of the great change which awaits us. Like him, he was content with the goodly green earth, and human countenances, and would fain set up his tabernacle here. He had less of what might be termed self-indulgence in this feeling than Lamb. He had higher views; he loved this world not only for its own sake, but for the opportunities it afforded of doing good. Like the Persian Seer, he beheld the legions of Ormuzd and Ahriman, of Light and Darkness, contending for mastery over the earth, as the sunshine and shadow of a gusty half-cloudy day struggled on the green slopes of his native mountains; and, mingled with the bright host, he would fain have fought on until its

banners waved in eternal sunshine over the last hiding-place of darkness. He entered into the work of reform with the enthusiasm and chivalry of a knight of the crusades. He had faith in human progress, — in the ultimate triumph of the good; millennial lights beaconed up all along his horizon. In the philanthropic movements of the day; in the efforts to remove the evils of slavery, war, intemperance, and sanguinary laws; in the humane and generous spirit of much of our modern poetry and literature; in the growing demand of the religious community, of all sects, for the preaching of the Gospel of Love and Humanity, he heard the low and tremulous prelude of the great anthem of Universal Harmony. "The world," said he, in a notice of the music of the Hutchinson family, "is out of tune now. But it will be tuned again, and all will become harmony." In this faith he lived and acted; working, not always, as it seemed to some of his friends, wisely, but bravely, truthfully, earnestly, cheering on his fellow-laborers, and imparting to the dullest and most earthward looking of them something of his own zeal and loftiness of purpose.

"Who was he?" does the reader ask? Naturally enough, too, for his name has never found its way into fashionable reviews; it has never been associated with tale or essay or poem, to our knowledge. Our friend Griswold, who, like another Noah, has launched some hundreds of American "poets" and prose writers on the tide of

immortality in his two huge arks of rhyme and reason, has either overlooked his name, or deemed it unworthy of preservation. Then, too, he was known mainly as the editor of a proscribed and everywhere-spoken-against anti-slavery paper. It had few readers of literary taste and discrimination; plain, earnest men and women, intent only upon the thought itself, and caring little for the clothing of it, loved the Herald of Freedom for its honestness and earnestness, and its bold rebukes of the wrong, its all-surrendering homage to what its editor believed to be right. But the literary world of authors and critics saw and heard little or nothing of him or his writings. "I once had a bit of scholar-craft," he says of himself on one occasion, "and had I attempted it in some pitiful sectarian or party or literary sheet, I should have stood a chance to get quoted into the periodicals. Now, who dares quote from the Herald of Freedom?" He wrote for humanity, as his biographer justly says, not for fame. "He wrote because he had something to say, and true to nature; for to him nature was truth; he spoke right on, with the artlessness and simplicity of a child."

He was born in Plymouth, New Hampshire, in the sixth month of 1794; a lineal descendant from John Rogers, of martyr-memory. Educated at Dartmouth College, he studied law with Hon. Richard Fletcher, of Salisbury, New Hampshire, now of Boston, and commenced the practice of it in 1819, in his native village. He was diligent

and successful in his profession, although seldom known as a pleader. About the year 1833, he became interested in the anti-slavery movement. His was one of the few voices of encouragement and sympathy which greeted the author of this sketch on the publication of a pamphlet in favor of immediate emancipation. He gave us a kind word of approval, and invited us to his mountain home, on the banks of the Pemigewasset, an invitation which, two years afterwards, we accepted. In the early autumn, in company with George Thompson, (the eloquent Reformer, who has since been elected a member of the British Parliament from the Tower Hamlets,) we drove up the beautiful valley of the White Mountain tributary of the Merrimack, and, just as a glorious sunset was steeping river, valley, and mountain in its hues of heaven, were welcomed to the pleasant home and family circle of our friend Rogers. We spent two delightful evenings with him. His cordiality, his warm-hearted sympathy in our object, his keen wit, inimitable humor, and child-like and simple mirthfulness, his full appreciation of the beautiful in art and nature, impressed us with the conviction that we were the guests of no ordinary man; that we were communing with unmistakable genius; such an one as might have added to the wit and eloquence of Ben Jonson's famous club at the Mermaid, or that which Lamb and Coleridge and Southey frequented at the "Salutation and Cat," of Smithfield. "The most brilliant man I

have met in America!" said George Thompson, as we left the hospitable door of our friend.

In 1838, he gave up his law practice, left his fine outlook at Plymouth upon the mountains of the North, Moosehillock and the Haystacks, and took up his residence at Concord, for the purpose of editing the "Herald of Freedom," an anti-slavery paper which had been started some three or four years before. John Pierpont, than whom there could not be a more competent witness, in his brief and beautiful sketch of the life and writings of Rogers, does not overestimate the ability with which the Herald was conducted, when he says of its editor: "As a newspaper writer, we think him unequalled by any living man; and in the general strength, clearness, and quickness of his intellect, we think all who knew him well will agree with us, that he was not excelled by any editor in the country." He was not a profound reasoner: his imagination and brilliant fancy played the wildest tricks with his logic; yet, considering the way by which he reached them, it is remarkable that his conclusions were so often correct. The tendency of his mind was to extremes. A zealous Calvinistic church-member, he became an equally zealous opponent of churches and priests; a warm politician, he became an ultra non-resistant and no-government man. In all this, his sincerity was manifest. If, in the indulgence of his remarkable powers of sarcasm, in the free antics of a humorous fancy, upon whose graceful neck he had

flung loose the reins, he sometimes did injustice to individuals, and touched, in irreverent sport, the hem of sacred garments, it had the excuse, at least, of a generous and honest motive. If he sometimes exaggerated, those who best knew him can testify that he "set down naught in malice."

We have before us a printed collection of his writings; hasty editorials, flung off without care or revision; the offspring of sudden impulse frequently; always free, artless, unstudied; the language transparent as air, exactly expressing the thought. He loved the common, simple dialect of the people, — the "beautiful strong old Saxon, — the talk words." He had an especial dislike of learned and "dictionary words." He used to recommend Cobbett's Works to "every young man and woman who has been hurt in his or her talk and writing by going to school."

Our limits will not admit of such extracts from the "Collection" of his writings as would convey to our readers an adequate idea of his thought and manner. His descriptions of natural scenery glow with life. One can almost see the sunset light flooding the Franconia Notch, and glorifying the peaks of Moosehillock; and hear the murmur of the west-wind in the pines, and the light, liquid voice of Pemigewasset sounding up from its rocky channel, through its green hem of maples, while reading them. We give a brief extract from an editorial account of an autumnal trip to Vermont:

"We have recently journeyed through a portion

of this *free* State ; and it is not all imagination in us, that sees, in its bold scenery, its *uninfected* inland position, its mountainous, but fertile and verdant surface, the secret of the noble predisposition of its people. They are *located* for freedom. Liberty's home is on their Green Mountains. Their farmer republic nowhere touches the ocean, the highway of the world's crimes, as well as its nations. It has no seaport for the *importation* of slavery, or the *exportation* of its own highland republicanism. Should slavery ever prevail over this nation, to its utter subjugation, the last lingering footsteps of retiring liberty will be seen, not, as Daniel Webster said, in the proud old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, about Bunker Hill and Faneuil Hall ; but she will be found wailing, like Jephthah's daughter, among the 'hollows' and along the sides of the Green Mountains.

"Vermont shows gloriously at this autumn season. Frost has gently laid hands on her exuberant vegetation, tinging her rock-maple woods without abating the deep verdure of her herbage. Everywhere along her peopled hollows and her bold hill-slopes and summits, the earth is alive with green, while her endless *hard-wood* forests are *uniformed* with all the hues of early fall, richer than the regimentals of the kings that glittered in the train of Napoleon on the confines of Poland, when he lingered there, on the last outposts of summer, before plunging into the snow-drifts of the North ; more gorgeous than the array of Saladin's life-guard in

the wars of the Crusaders, or of 'Solomon in all his glory,' decked in all colors and hues, but still the hues of life. Vegetation touched, but not dead, or, if killed, not bereft yet of 'signs of life.' 'Decay's effacing fingers' had not yet 'swept the hills' 'where beauty lingers.' All looked fresh as growing foliage. Vermont frosts don't seem to be 'killing frosts.' They only change aspects of beauty. The mountain pastures, verdant to the peaks, and over the peaks of the high, steep hills were covered with the amplest feed, and clothed with countless sheep; the hay-fields heavy with second crop, in some partly cut and abandoned, as if in very weariness and satiety, blooming with honeysuckle, contrasting strangely with the colors on the woods; the fat cattle and the long-tailed colts and close-built Morgans wallowing in it up to the eyes, or the cattle down to rest, with full bellies, by ten in the morning. Fine but narrow roads wound along among the hills, free almost entirely of stone, and so smooth as to be safe for the most rapid driving, made of their rich, dark, powder-looking soil. Beautiful villages or scattered settlements breaking upon the delighted view, on the meandering way, making the ride a continued scene of excitement and admiration. The air fresh, free, and wholesome; the road almost dead level for miles and miles, among mountains that lay over the land like the great swells of the sea, and looking in the prospect as though there could be no passage."

To this autumnal limning, the following spring picture may be a fitting accompaniment:

"At last Spring is here in full flush. Winter held on tenaciously and mercilessly, but it has let go. The great sun is high on his northern journey, and the vegetation, and the bird-singing, and the loud frog-chorus, the tree budding and blowing are all upon us; and the glorious grass — superbest of earth's garniture — with its ever-satisfying green. The king-birds have come, and the corn-planter, the scolding bob-o-link. 'Plant your corn, plant your corn,' says he, as he scurries athwart the ploughed ground, hardly lifting his crank wings to a level with his back, so self-important is he in his admonitions. The earlier birds have gone to housekeeping, and have disappeared from the spray. There has been brief period for them, this spring, for scarcely has the deep snow gone, but the dark-green grass has come, and first we shall know, the ground will be yellow with dandelions.

"I incline to thank Heaven this glorious morning of May 16th for the pleasant home from which we can greet the Spring. Hitherto we have had to await it amid a thicket of village houses, low down, close together, and awfully white. For a prospect, we had the hinder part of an ugly meeting-house, which an enterprising neighbor relieved us of by planting a dwelling-house, right before our eyes, (on his own land, and he had a right to,) which relieved us also of all prospect whatever. And the revival spirit of habitation which has come over Concord is clapping up a house between every two in the already crowded town;

and the prospect is, it will be soon all buildings. They are constructing, in quite good taste though, small, trim, cottage-like. But I had rather be where I can breathe air, and see beyond my own features, than be smothered among the prettiest houses ever built. We are on the slope of a hill; it is all sand, be sure, on all four sides of us, but the air is free, (and the sand, too, at times,) and our water, there is danger of hard drinking to live by it. Air and water, the two necessaries of life, and high, free play-ground for the small ones. There is a sand precipice hard by, high enough were it only rock and overlooked the ocean, to be as sublime as any of the Nahant cliffs. As it is, it is altogether a safer haunt for daring childhood, which could hardly break its neck by a descent of some hundreds of feet.

"A low flat lies between us and the town, with its State-house, and body-guard of well-proportioned steeples standing round. It was marshy and wet, but is almost all redeemed by the translation into it of the high hills of sand. It must have been a terrible place for frogs, judging from what remains of it. Bits of water from the springs hard by lay here and there about the low ground, which are peopled as full of singers as ever the gallery of the old North Meeting-house was, and quite as melodious ones. Such performers I never heard, in marsh or pool. They are not the great, stagnant, bull-paddocks, fat and coarse-noted like Parson ——, but clear-water frogs, green, lively,

and sweet-voiced. I passed their orchestra going home the other evening, with a small lad, and they were at it, all parts, ten thousand peeps, shrill, ear-piercing, and incessant, coming up from every quarter, accompanied by a *second*, from some larger swimmer with his trombone, and broken in upon, every now and then, but not discordantly, with the loud quick hallo, that resembles the cry of the tree-toad. "There are the Hutchinsons," cried the lad. "The Rainers," responded I, glad to remember enough of my ancient Latin, to know that *Rana*, or some such sounding word, stood for frog. But it was a "band of music," as the Miller friends say. Like other singers (all but the Hutchinsons), these are apt to sing too much, all the time they are awake, constituting really too much of a good thing. I have wondered if the little reptiles were singing in concert, or whether every one peeped on his own hook, their neighborhood only making it a chorus. I incline to the opinion that they are performing together, that they know the tune, and each carries his part, self-selected, in free meeting, and therefore never discordant. The *hour* rule of Congress might be useful, though far less needed among the frogs than among the profane croakers of the fens at Washington."

Here is a sketch of the mountain scenery of New Hampshire, as seen from the Holderness Mountain, or North Hill, during a visit which he made to his native valley in the autumn of 1841.

"The earth sphered up all around us, in every

quarter of the horizon, like the crater of a vast volcano, and the great hollow within the mountain circle was as smoky as Vesuvius or Etna in their recess of eruption. The little village of Plymouth lay right at our feet, with its beautiful expanse of intervale opening on the eye like a lake among the woods and hills, and the Pemigewasset, bordered along its crooked way with rows of maples, meandering from upland to upland through the meadows. Our young footsteps had wandered over these localities. Time had cast it all far back. That Pemigewasset, with its meadows and border trees; that little village whitening in the margin of its intervale; and that one house which we could distinguish, where the mother, that watched over and endured our wayward childhood, totters at fourscore!

"To the south stretched a broken, swelling upland country, but champaign from the top of North Hill, patched all over with grain-fields and green wood-lots, the roofs of the farm-houses shining in the sun. Southwest, the Cardigan Mountain showed its bald forehead among the smokes of a thousand fires, kindled in the woods in the long drought. Westward, Moosehillock heaved up its long back, black as a whale; and turning the eye on northward, glancing down the while on the Baker's River valley, dotted over with human dwellings like shingle-bunches for size, you behold the great Franconia Range, its 'Notch' and its Haystacks, the Elephant Mountain on the left, and Lafayette (Great Haystack) on the right, shooting its peak in solemn

loneliness high up into the desert sky, and overtopping all the neighboring Alps but Mount Washington itself. The prospect of these is most impressive and satisfactory. We don't believe the earth presents a finer mountain display. The Haystacks stand there like the Pyramids on the wall of mountains. One of them eminently has this Egyptian shape. It is as accurate a pyramid to the eye as any in the old valley of the Nile, and a good deal bigger than any of those hoary monuments of human presumption, of the impious tyranny of monarchs and priests, and of the appalling servility of the erecting multitude. Arthur's Seat in Edinburgh does not more finely resemble a sleeping lion than the huge mountain on the left of the Notch does an elephant, with his great, overgrown rump turned uncivilly toward the gap where the people have to pass. Following round the panorama, you come to the Ossipees and the Sandwich Mountains, peaks innumerable and nameless, and of every variety of fantastic shape. Down their vast sides are displayed the melancholy looking slides, contrasting with the fathomless woods.

"But the lakes, — you see lakes, as well as woods and mountains, from the top of North Hill. Newfound Lake in Hebron, only eight miles distant, you *can't see*, it lies too deep among the hills. Ponds show their small blue mirrors from various quarters of the great picture. Worthen's Mill-Pond and the Hardhack, where we used to fish for trout in truant, barefooted days, Blair's Mill-Pond, White Oak Pond,

and Long Pond, and the Little Squam, a beautiful dark sheet of deep, blue water, about two miles long, stretched amid the green hills and woods, with a charming little beach at its eastern end, and without an island. And then the Great Squam, connected with it on the east by a short, narrow stream, the very queen of ponds, with its fleet of islands, surpassing in beauty all the foreign waters we have seen, in Scotland or elsewhere, — the islands covered with evergreens, which impart their hue to the mass of the lake, as it stretches seven miles on east from its smaller sister, towards the peerless Winnipisockee. Great Squam is as beautiful as water and island can be. But Winnipisockee, it is the very 'Smile of the Great Spirit.' It looks as if it had a thousand islands; some of them large enough for little towns, and others not bigger than a swan or a wild duck, swimming on its surface of glass."

His wit and sarcasm were generally too good-natured to provoke even their unfortunate objects, playing all over his editorials like the thunderless lightnings which quiver along the horizon of a night of summer calmness; but at times his indignation launched them like bolts from heaven. Take the following as a specimen. He is speaking of the gag rule of Congress, and commending Southern representatives for their skilful selection of a proper person to do their work:

"They have a quick eye at the South to the character, or, as they would say, the *points* of a slave. They look into him shrewdly, as an old jockey does

into a horse. They will pick him out, at rifle-shot distance, among a thousand freemen. They have a nice eye to detect shades of vassalage. They saw in the aristocratic popinjay strut of a counterfeit Democrat an itching aspiration to play the slaveholder. They beheld it in 'the cut of his jib,' and his extreme Northern position made him the very tool for their purpose. The little creature has struck at the right of petition. A paltrier hand never struck at a noble right. The Eagle Right of Petition! so loftily sacred in the eyes of the Constitution that Congress can't *begin* to 'ABRIDGE' it, in its pride of place, is hawked at by this crested jay-bird. A 'mousing owl' would have *seen* better at *midnoon* than to have done it. It is an idiot blue-jay, such as you see fooling about among the shrub oaks and dwarf pitch pines in the winter. What an ignominious death to the lofty right, were it to die by such a hand; but it does not die. It is impalpable to the 'malicious mockery' of such 'vain blows.' We are glad it is done — done by the South — done proudly, and in slaveholding style, by the hand of a vassal. What a man does by another he does by himself, says the maxim. But they will disown the honor of it, and cast it on the despised '*free nigger*' North."

Or this description — not very flattering to the "Old Commonwealth" — of the treatment of the agent of Massachusetts in South Carolina:

"Slavery may perpetrate anything, and New England can't see it. It can horsewhip the old

Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and spit in her governmental face, and she will not recognize it as an offence. She sent her agent to Charleston on a State embassy. Slavery caught him, and sent him ignominiously home. The solemn great man came back in a hurry. He returned in a most undignified trot. He ran; he scampered, — the stately official. The Old Bay State actually pulled foot, cleared, *dug*, as they say, like any scamp with a hue and cry after him. Her grave old Senator, who no more thought of having to break his stately walk than he had of being flogged at school for stealing apples, came back from Carolina upon the full run, out of breath and out of dignity. Well, what 's the result? Why, nothing. She no more thinks of showing resentment about it than she would if lightning had struck him. He was sent back 'by the visitation of God'; and if they had lynched him to death, and stained the streets of Charleston with his blood, a Boston jury, if they could have held inquest over him, would have found that he 'died by the visitation of God.' And it would have been 'crowner's quest law,' Slavery's 'crowners.'"

Here is a specimen of his graceful blending of irony and humor. He is expostulating with his neighbor of the New Hampshire Patriot, assuring him that he cannot endure the ponderous weight of his arguments, begging for a little respite, and, as a means of obtaining it, urging the editor to travel. He advises him to go South — to the White Sulphur Springs, and thinks that, despite of his

dark complexion, he would be safe there from being sold for jail fees, as his pro-slavery merits would more than counterbalance his *colored* liabilities, which, after all, were only *prima facie* evidence against him. He suggests Texas, also, as a place where "patriots" of a certain class "most do congregate," and continues as follows: —

"There is Arkansas, too, all glorious in newborn liberty, fresh and unsullied, like Venus out of the ocean, — that newly discovered star in the firmament banner of this Republic. Sister Arkansas, with her bowie-knife graceful at her side, like the huntress Diana with her silver bow; O it would be refreshing and recruiting to an exhausted patriot to go and replenish his soul at her fountains. The newly evacuated lands of the Cherokee, too, a sweet place now for a lover of his country to visit, to renew his self-complacency by wandering among the quenched hearths of the expatriated Indians; a land all smoking with the red man's departing curse; a malediction that went to the centre. Yes, and Florida, — blossoming and leafy Florida, yet warm with the life-blood of Osceola and his warriors, shed gloriously under flag of truce. Why should a patriot of such a fancy for nature immure himself in the cells of the city, and forego such an inviting and so broad a landscape? *Ite viator.* Go forth, traveller, and leave this mouldy editing to less elastic fancies. We would respectfully invite our Colonel to *travel.* What signifies? Journey — wander — go forth — itinerate — exercise — perambulate — roam."

He gives the following ludicrous definition of Congress: —

"But what is Congress? It is the echo of the country at home, — the weathercock, that denotes and answers the shifting wind, — a thing of tail, nearly all tail, moved by the tail and by the wind, with small heading, and that corresponding implicitly in movement with the broad sail-like stern, which widens out behind to catch the rum-fraught breath of 'the Brotherhood.' As that turns, it turns; when that stops, it stops; and in calmish weather looks as *steadfast* and *firm* as though it was riveted to the centre. The wind blows, and the little popularity-hunting head dodges this way and that, in endless fluctuation. Such is Congress, or a great portion of it. It will point to the northwest heavens of Liberty, whenever the breezes bear down irresistibly upon it, from the regions of political fair weather. It will abolish slavery at the Capitol, when it has already been doomed to Abolition and death everywhere else in the country. 'It will be in at the death.'"

Replying to the charge, that the Abolitionists of the North were "secret" in their movements and designs, he says: —

"'In secret!' Why, our movements have been as prominent and open as the house-tops from the beginning. We have striven from the outset to write the whole matter cloud-high in the heavens, that the utmost South might read it. We have cast an arc upon the horizon, like the semicircle

of the polar lights, and upon it have bent our motto, 'IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION,' glorious as the rainbow. We have engraven it there, on the blue table of the cold vault, in letters tall enough for the reading of the nations. And why has the far South not read and believed before this? Because a steam has gone up — a fog — from New England's pulpit and her degenerate press, and hidden the beaming revelation from its vision. The Northern hierarchy and aristocracy have cheated the South."

He spoke at times with severity of slaveholders, but far oftener of those who, without the excuse of education and habit, and prompted only by a selfish consideration of political or sectarian advantage, apologized for the wrong, and discountenanced the anti-slavery movement. "We have nothing to say," said he, "to the slave. He is no party to his own enslavement — he is none to his disenthralment. We have nothing to say to the South. The real *holder* of slaves is not there. He is in the North, the free North. The South alone has not the power to hold the slave. It is the character of the nation that binds and holds him. It is the Republic that does it, — the efficient force of which is north of Mason and Dixon's line. By virtue of the majority of Northern hearts and voices, slavery lives in the South!"

In 1840, he spent a few weeks in England, Ireland, and Scotland. He has left behind a few beautiful memorials of his tour. His "Ride over

the Border," "Ride into Edinburgh," "Wincobank Hall," "Ailsa Craig," gave his paper an interest in the eyes of many who had no sympathy with his political and religious views.

Scattered all over his editorials, like gems, are to be found beautiful images, sweet touches of heart-felt pathos, — thoughts which the reader pauses over with surprise and delight. We subjoin a few specimens, taken almost at random from the book before us: —

"A thunder-storm, — what can match it for eloquence and poetry? That rush from heaven of the big drops, in what multitude and succession, and how they sound as they strike! How they play on the old home roof and the thick tree-tops! What music to go to sleep by, to the tired boy, as he lies under the naked roof! And the great, low bass thunder, as it rolls off over the hills, and settles down behind them to the very centre, and you can feel the old earth jar under your feet!"

"There was no oratory in the speech of the Learned Blacksmith, in the ordinary sense of that word, — no grace of elocution, — but mighty thoughts radiating off from his heated mind, like sparks from the glowing steel of his own anvil."

"The hard hands of Irish labor, with nothing in them, — they ring like slabs of marble together, in response to the wild appeals of O'Connell, and the British stand conquered before them, with shouldered arms. Ireland is on her feet, with nothing in her hands, impregnable, unassailable, in

utter defencelessness, — the first time that ever a nation sprung to its feet unarmed. The veterans of England behold them, and forbear to fire. They see no mark. It will not do to fire upon *men;* it will do only to fire upon *soldiers*. *They* are the proper mark of the murderous gun, but *men* cannot be shot."

"It is coming to that [abolition of war] the world over! and when it does come to it, O what a long breath of relief the tired world will draw, as it stretches itself for the first time out upon earth's greensward, and learns the meaning of repose and peaceful sleep!"

"He who vests his labor in the faithful ground is dealing directly with God; human fraud or weakness do not intervene between him and his requital. No mechanic has a set of customers so trustworthy as God and the elements. No savings bank is so sure as the old earth."

"Literature is the luxury of words. It originates nothing, it does nothing. It talks hard words about the labor of others, and is reckoned more meritorious for it than genius and labor for *doing* what learning can only descant upon. It trades on the capital of unlettered minds. It struts in stolen plumage, and it is mere plumage. A learned man resembles an owl in more respects than the matter of wisdom. Like that solemn bird, he is about all feathers."

"Our Second Advent friends contemplate a grand conflagration about the first of April next.

I should be willing there should be one, if it could be confined to the productions of the press, with which the earth is absolutely smothered. Humanity wants precious few books to read, but the great living, breathing, immortal volume of Providence. Life, — real life, — how to live, how to treat one another, and how to trust God in matters beyond our ken and occasion, — these are the lessons to learn, and you find little of them in libraries."

"That accursed drum and fife! How they have maddened mankind! And the deep bass boom of the cannon, chiming in in the chorus of battle, — that trumpet and wild charging bugle, how they set the military devil in a man, and make him into a soldier! Think of the human family falling upon one another at the inspiration of music! How must God feel at it! to see those harp-strings he meant should be waked to a love bordering on divine, strung and swept to mortal hate and butchery!"

"Leave off being Jews," (he is addressing Major Noah with regard to his appeal to his brethren to return to Judea,) "and turn *mankind*. The rocks and sands of Palestine have been worshipped long enough. Connecticut River or the Merrimack are as good rivers as any Jordan that ever run into a dead or live sea, and as holy, for that matter. In Humanity, as in Christ Jesus, as Paul says, 'there is neither Jew nor Greek.' And there ought to be none. Let Humanity be reverenced with the tenderest devotion; suffering, discouraged, down-trod-

den, hard-handed, haggard-eyed, care-worn mankind! Let these be regarded a little. Would to God I could alleviate all their sorrows, and leave them a chance to laugh! They are miserable now. They might be as happy as the blackbird on the spray, and as full of melody."

"I am sick as death at this miserable struggle among mankind for a living. Poor devils! were they born to run such a gauntlet after the means of life? Look about you, and see your squirming neighbors, writhing and twisting like so many angle-worms in a fisher's bait-box, or the wriggling animalculæ seen in the vinegar drop held to the sun. How they look, how they feel, how base it makes them all!"

"Every human being is entitled to the means of life, as the trout is to his brook, or the lark to the blue sky. Is it well to put a human 'young one' here to die of hunger, thirst, and nakedness, or else be preserved as a *pauper?* Is this fair earth but a poor-house by creation and intent? Was it made for that? — and these other round things we see dancing in the firmament to the music of the spheres, are they all great shining poor-houses?"

"The Divines always admit things after the Age has adopted them. They are as careful of the Age as the weathercock is of the wind. You might as well catch an old experienced weathercock, on some ancient Orthodox steeple, standing all day with its tail east in a strong out wind, as the Divines at odds with the Age."

But we must cease quoting. The admirers of Jean Paul Richter might find much of the charm and variety of the "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces" in this newspaper collection. They may see, perhaps, as we do, some things which they cannot approve of, the tendency of which, however intended, is very questionable. But, with us, they will pardon something to the spirit of Liberty, — much to that of Love and Humanity which breathes through all.

Disgusted and heart-sick at the general indifference of Church and clergy to the temporal condition of the people, — at their apologies for and defences of slavery, war, and capital punishment, — Rogers turned *Protestant*, in the full sense of the term. He spoke of priests and "pulpit wizards" as freely as John Milton did two centuries ago, although with far less bitterness and rasping satire. He could not endure to see Christianity and Humanity divorced. He longed to see the beautiful life of Jesus — his sweet humanities, his brotherly love, his abounding sympathies — made the example of all men. Thoroughly democratic, in his view all men were equal. Priests, stripped of their sacerdotal tailoring, were in his view but men after all. He pitied them, he said, for they were in a wrong position, — above life's comforts and sympathies, — "up in the unnatural cold, they had better come down among men, and endure and enjoy with them." "Mankind," said he, "want the healing influences of Humanity. They must love one an-

other more. Disinterested Good will make the world as it should be."

His last visit to his native valley was in the autumn of 1845. In a familiar letter to a friend, he thus describes his farewell view of the mountain glories of his childhood's home : —

"I went a jaunt, Thursday last, about twenty miles north of this valley, into the mountain region, where what I beheld, if I could tell it as I saw it, would make your outlawed sheet sought after wherever our Anglo-Saxon tongue is spoken in the wide world. I have been many a time among those Alps, and never without a kindling of wildest enthusiasm in my woodland blood. But I never *saw them* till last Thursday. They never loomed distinctly to my eye *before*, and the sun never *shone on them* from heaven *till then*. They were so near me, I could seem to hear the voice of their cataracts, as I could count their great slides, streaming adown their lone and desolate sides. Old slides, some of them overgrown with young woods, like half-healed scars on the breast of a giant. The great rains had clothed the valleys of the upper Pemigewasset in the darkest and deepest green. The meadows were richer and more glorious in their thick 'fall feed' than 'Queen Anne's Garden,' as I saw it from the windows of Windsor Castle. And the dark hemlock and hackmatack woods were yet darker after the wet season, as they lay, in a hundred wildernesses, in the mighty recesses of the mountains. But the Peaks, — the eternal, the solitary, the beautiful, the

glorious and dear mountain peaks, my own Moose-hillock and my native 'Haystacks,' — these were the things on which eye and heart gazed and lingered, and I seemed to see them for the last time. It was on my way back that I halted and turned to look at them from a high point on the Thornton road. It was about four in the afternoon. It had rained among the hills about the 'Notch,' and cleared off. The sun, there sombred at that early hour, as towards his setting, was pouring his most glorious light upon the naked Peaks, and they casting their mighty shadows far down among the inaccessible woods that darken the hollows that stretch between their bases. A cloud was creeping up to perch and rest awhile on the highest top of 'Great Haystack.' Vulgar folks have called it *Mount Lafayette*, since the visit of that brave old Frenchman in 1825 or 1826. If they had asked his opinion, he would have told them the names of mountains could n't be altered, and especially names like that, so appropriate, so descriptive, and so picturesque. A little hard white cloud, that looked like a hundred fleeces of wool rolled into one, was climbing rapidly along up the northwestern ridge, that ascended to the lonely top of 'Great Haystack.' All the others were bare. Four or five of them, — as distinct and shapely as so many pyramids, — some topped out with naked cliff, on which the sun lay in melancholy glory; others clothed thick all the way up with the old New Hampshire hemlock, or the daring hackmatack, — Pierpont's Hackmatack. You

could see their shadows stretching many and many a mile, over 'Grant' and 'Location,' away beyond the invading foot of Incorporation, — where the timber-hunter has scarcely explored, and where the moose browses now, I suppose, as undisturbed as he did before the settlement of the State. I wish our young friend and genius, Harrison Eastman, had been with me, to see the sunlight as it glared on the tops of those woods, and to see the purple of the mountains. I looked at it myself almost with the eye of a painter. If a painter looked with mine, though, he never could look off upon his canvas long enough to make a picture; he would gaze forever at the original.

"But I had to leave it, and to say in my heart, Farewell! And as I travelled on down, and the sun sunk lower and lower towards the summit of the western ridge, the clouds came up and formed an Alpine range in the evening heavens above it, — like other Haystacks and Moosehillocks, — so dark and dense that fancy could easily mistake them for a higher Alps. There were the peaks, and the great passes; the Franconia 'Notches' among the cloudy cliffs, and the great White Mountain 'Gap.'"

His health, never robust, had been gradually failing for some time previous to his death. He needed more repose and quiet than his duties as an editor left him; and to this end he purchased a small and pleasant farm in his loved Pemigewasset valley, in the hope that he might there recruit his

wasted energies. In the sixth month of the year of his death, in a letter to us, he spoke of his prospects in language which even then brought moisture to our eyes:—

"I am striving to get me an asylum of a farm. I have a wife and seven children, every one of them with a whole spirit. I don't want to be separated from any of them, only with a view to come together again. I have a beautiful little retreat in prospect, forty odd miles north, where I imagine I can get potatoes and repose, — a sort of haven or port. I am among the breakers, and 'mad for land.' If I get this home, — it is a mile or two in among the hills from the pretty domicil once visited by yourself and glorious Thompson — I am this moment indulging the fancy that I may see you at it before we die. Why can't I have you come and see me? You see, dear W., I don't want to send you anything short of a full epistle. Let me end as I begun, with the proffer of my hand in grasp of yours extended. My heart I do not proffer, — it was yours before, — it *shall* be yours while I am

N. P. Rogers.

Alas! the haven of a deeper repose than he had dreamed of was close at hand. He lingered until the middle of the tenth month, suffering much, yet calm and sensible to the last. Just before his death, he desired his children to sing at his bedside that touching song of Lover's, "The Angel's

Whisper." Turning his eyes towards the open window, through which the leafy glory of the season he most loved was visible, he listened to the sweet melody. In the words of his friend Pierpont, —

> "The angel's whisper stole in song upon his closing ear;
> From his own daughter's lips it came, so musical and clear,
> That scarcely knew the dying man what melody was there —
> The last of earth's or first of heaven's pervading all the air."

He sleeps in the Concord burial-ground, under the shadow of oaks; the very spot he would have chosen, for he looked upon trees with something akin to human affection. "They are," he said, "the beautiful handiwork and architecture of God, on which the eye never tires. Every one is 'a feather in the earth's cap,' a plume in her bonnet, a tress on her forehead, — a comfort, a refreshing, and an ornament to her." Spring has hung over him her buds, and opened beside him her violets. Summer has laid her green oaken garland on his grave, and now the frost-blooms of autumn drop upon it. Shall man cast a nettle on that mound? He loved Humanity, — shall *it* be less kind to him than Nature? Shall the bigotry of Sect, and Creed, and Profession, drive its condemnatory stake into his grave? God forbid. The doubts which he sometimes unguardedly expressed had relation, we are constrained to believe, to the glosses of commentators and creed-makers, and the inconsistency of professors, rather than to those facts and precepts of Christianity to which

he gave the constant assent of his practice. He sought not his own. His heart yearned with pity and brotherly affection for all the poor and suffering in the universe. Of him, the angel of Leigh Hunt's beautiful allegory might have written, in the golden book of remembrance, as he did of the good Abou Ben Adhem, "*He loved his fellow-men.*"

ROBERT DINSMORE.

THE great charm of Scottish poetry consists in its simplicity, and genuine, unaffected sympathy with the common joys and sorrows of daily life. It is a home-taught, household melody. It calls to mind the pastoral bleat on the hillsides, the kirk-bells of a summer Sabbath, the song of the lark in the sunrise, the cry of the quail in the corn-land, the low of cattle, and the blithe carol of milkmaids "when the kye come hame" at gloaming. Meetings at fair and market, blushing betrothments, merry weddings, the joy of young maternity, the lights and shades of domestic life, its bereavements and partings, its chances and changes, its holy death-beds, and funerals solemnly beautiful in quiet kirkyards, — these furnish the hints of the immortal melodies of Burns, the sweet ballads of the Ettrick Shepherd and Allan Cunningham, and the rustic drama of Ramsay. It is the poetry of Home, of Nature, and the Affections.

All this is sadly wanting in our young literature. We have no songs; American domestic life has never been hallowed and beautified by the sweet and graceful and tender associations of poetry. We have no Yankee pastorals. Our rivers and

streams turn mills and float rafts, and are otherwise as commendably useful as those of Scotland; but no quaint ballad, or simple song, reminds us that men and women have loved, met, and parted on their banks, or that beneath each roof within their valleys the tragedy and comedy of life have been enacted. Our poetry is cold and imitative; it seems more the product of over-strained intellects, than the spontaneous outgushing of hearts warm with love, and strongly sympathizing with human nature as it actually exists about us, with the joys and griefs of the men and women whom we meet daily. Unhappily, the opinion prevails that a poet must be also a philosopher, and hence it is, that much of our poetry is as indefinable in its mysticism as an Indian Brahmin's commentary on his sacred books, or German metaphysics subjected to homœpathic dilution. It assumes to be prophetical, and its utterances are oracular. It tells of strange, vague emotions and yearnings, painfully suggestive of spiritual "groanings which cannot be uttered." If it "babbles o' green fields," and the common sights and sounds of nature, it is only for the purpose of finding some vague analogy between them and its internal experiences and longings. It leaves the warm and comfortable fireside of actual knowledge and human comprehension, and goes wailing and gibbering like a ghost about the impassable doors of mystery:

> "It fain would be resolved
> How things are done,

> And who the tailor is
> That works for the man i' the sun."

How shall we account for this marked tendency in the literature of a shrewd, practical people? Is it that real life in New England lacks those conditions of poetry and romance which age, reverence, and superstition have gathered about it in the Old World? Is it that

> "Ours are not Tempe's nor Arcadia's vales,"

but are more famous for growing Indian corn and potatoes, and the manufacture of wooden ware and pedler notions, than for romantic associations and legendary interest? That our huge, unshapely shingle structures, blistering in the sun and glaring with windows, were evidently never reared by the spell of pastoral harmonies, as the walls of Thebes rose at the sound of the lyre of Amphion? That the habits of our people are too cool, cautious, undemonstrative to furnish the warp and woof of song and pastoral, and that their dialect and figures of speech, however richly significant and expressive in the autobiography of Sam Slick, or the satire of Hosea Biglow and Ethan Spike, form a very awkward medium of sentiment and pathos? All this may be true. But the Yankee, after all, is a man, and as such, his history, could it be got at, must have more or less of poetic material in it; moreover, whether conscious of it or not, he also stands relieved against the background of Nature's beauty or sublimity. There is a poeti-

cal side to the commonplace of his incomings and outgoings; study him well, and you may frame an idyl of some sort from his apparently prosaic existence. Our poets, we must needs think, are deficient in that shiftiness, ready adaptation to circumstances, and ability of making the most of things, for which, as a people, we are proverbial. Can they make nothing of our Thanksgiving, that annual gathering of long-severed friends? Do they find nothing to their purpose in our apple-bees, huskings, berry-pickings, summer pic-nics, and winter sleigh-rides? Is there nothing available in our peculiarities of climate, scenery, customs, and political institutions? Does the Yankee leap into life, shrewd, hard, and speculating, armed like Pallas, for a struggle with fortune? Are there not boys and girls, school loves and friendship, courtings and match-makings, hope and fear, and all the varied play of human passions, — the keen struggles of gain, the mad grasping of ambition, — sin and remorse, tearful repentance and holy aspirations? Who shall say that we have not all the essentials of the poetry of human life and simple nature, of the hearth and the farm-field? Here, then, is a mine unworked, a harvest ungathered. Who shall sink the shaft and thrust in the sickle?

And here let us say that the mere dilettante and the amateur ruralist may as well keep their hands off. The prize is not for them. He who would successfully strive for it must be himself what he sings, — part and parcel of the rural life of New

England, — one who has grown strong amidst its healthful influences, familiar with all its details, and capable of detecting whatever of beauty, humor, or pathos pertain to it, — one who has added to his book-lore the large experience of an active participation in the rugged toil, the hearty amusements, the trials and the pleasures he describes.

We have been led to these reflections by an incident which has called up before us the homespun figure of an old friend of our boyhood, who had the good sense to discover that the poetic element existed in the simple home life of a country farmer, although himself unable to give a very creditable expression of it. He had the "vision" indeed, but the "faculty divine" was wanting, or, if he possessed it in any degree, as Thersites says of the wit of Ajax, "it would not out, but lay coldly in him like fire in the flint."

While engaged this morning in looking over a large exchange list of newspapers, a few stanzas of poetry in the Scottish dialect attracted our attention. As we read them, like a wizard's rhyme they seemed to have the power of bearing us back to the past. They had long ago graced the columns of that solitary sheet which once a week diffused happiness over our fireside circle, making us acquainted, in our lonely nook, with the goings-on of the great world. The verses, we are now constrained to admit, are not remarkable in themselves, truth and simple nature only; yet how our young hearts responded to them! Twenty years ago there were

fewer verse-makers than at present; and as our whole stock of light literature consisted of Ellwood's Davideis, and the selections of Lindley Murray's English Reader, it is not improbable that we were in a condition to overestimate the contributions to the poet's corner of our village newspaper. Be that as it may, we welcome them as we would the face of an old friend, for they somehow remind us of the scent of haymows, the breath of cattle, the fresh greenery by the brookside, the moist earth broken by the coulter and turned up to the sun and winds of May. This particular piece, which follows, is entitled "The Sparrow," and was occasioned by the crushing of a bird's-nest by the author while ploughing among his corn. It has something of the simple tenderness of Burns.

"Poor innocent and hapless Sparrow!
Why should my mould-board gie thee sorrow!
This day thou 'll chirp and mourn the morrow
Wi' anxious breast;
The plough has turned the mould'ring furrow
Deep o'er thy nest!

"Just i' the middle o' the hill
Thy nest was placed wi' curious skill,
There I espied thy little bill
Beneath the shade.
In that sweet bower, secure frae ill,
Thine eggs were laid.

"Five corns o' maize had there been drappit,
An' through the stalks thy head was pappit,
The drawing nowt could na be stappit
I quickly foun';

Syne frae thy cozie nest thou happit,
Wild fluttering roun'.

"The sklentin stane beguiled the sheer,
In vain I tried the plough to steer,
A wee bit stumpie i' the rear
Cam' 'tween my legs,
An' to the jee-side gart me veer
An' crush thine eggs.

"Alas! alas! my bonnie birdie!
Thy faithful mate flits round to guard thee.
Connubial love! — a pattern worthy
The pious priest!
What savage heart could be sae hardy
As wound thy breast?

"Ah me! it was nae fau't o' mine;
It gars me greet to see thee pine.
It may be serves His great design
Who governs all;
Omniscience tents wi' eyes divine
The Sparrow's fall!

"How much like thine are human dools,
Their sweet wee bairns laid i' the mools?
The Sovereign Power who nature rules
Hath said so be it;
But poor blin' mortals are sic fools
They canna see it.

"Nae doubt that He who first did mate us,
Has fixed our lot as sure as fate is,
An' when He wounds He disna hate us,
But anely this,
He 'll gar the ills which here await us
Yield lastin' bliss."

In the early part of the eighteenth century a considerable number of Presbyterians of Scotch descent, from the north of Ireland, emigrated to the New World. In the spring of 1719, the inhabitants of Haverhill, on the Merrimack, saw them passing up the river in several canoes, one of which unfortunately upset in the rapids above the village. The following fragment of a ballad celebrating this event has been handed down to the present time, and may serve to show the feelings even then of the old English settlers towards the Irish emigrants:—

> "They began to scream and bawl,
> As out they tumbled one and all,
> And, if the Devil had spread his net,
> He could have made a glorious haul!"

The new-comers proceeded up the river, and, landing opposite to the Uncanoonuc Hills, on the present site of Manchester, proceeded inland to Beaver Pond. Charmed with the appearance of the country, they resolved here to terminate their wanderings. Under a venerable oak on the margin of the little lake, they knelt down with their minister, Jamie McGregore, and laid, in prayer and thanksgiving, the foundation of their settlement. In a few years they had cleared large fields, built substantial stone and frame dwellings, and a large and commodious meeting-house; wealth had accumulated around them, and they had everywhere the reputation of a shrewd and thriving community. They were the first in New England to cultivate the potato, which their neighbors for a

long time regarded as a pernicious root, altogether unfit for a Christian stomach. Every lover of that invaluable esculent has reason to remember with gratitude the settlers of Londonderry.

Their moral acclimation in Ireland had not been without its effect upon their character. Side by side with a Presbyterianism as austere as that of John Knox had grown up something of the wild Milesian humor, love of convivial excitement and merry-making. Their long prayers and fierce zeal in behalf of orthodox tenets only served, in the eyes of their Puritan neighbors, to make more glaring still the scandal of their marked social irregularities. It became a common saying in the region round about, that, "the Derry Presbyterians would never give up a *pint* of doctrine or a *pint* of rum." Their second minister was an old scarred fighter, who had signalized himself in the stout defence of Londonderry, when James II. and his Papists were thundering at its gates. Agreeably to his death-bed directions, his old fellow-soldiers, in their leathern doublets and battered steel caps, bore him to his grave, firing over him the same rusty muskets which had swept down rank after rank of the men of Amalek at the Derry siege.

Erelong the celebrated Derry fair was established in imitation of those with which they had been familiar in Ireland. Thither annually came all manner of horse-jockeys and pedlers, gentlemen and beggars, fortune-tellers, wrestlers, dancers and fiddlers, gay young farmers and buxom maidens.

Strong drink abounded. They who had good-naturedly wrestled and joked together in the morning not unfrequently closed the day with a fight, until, like the revellers of Donnybrook,

> "Their hearts were soft with whiskey,
> And their heads were soft with blows."

A wild, frolicking, drinking, fiddling, courting, horse-racing, riotous merry-making, — a sort of Protestant carnival, relaxing the grimness of Puritanism for leagues around it.

In the midst of such a community, and partaking of all its influences, Robert Dinsmore, the author of the poem I have quoted, was born, about the middle of the last century. His paternal ancestor, John, younger son of a Laird of Achenmead, who left the banks of the Tweed for the green fertility of Northern Ireland, had emigrated to New England some forty years before, and, after a rough experience of Indian captivity in the wild woods of Maine, had settled down among his old neighbors in Londonderry. Until nine years of age, Robert never saw a school. He was a short time under the tuition of an old British soldier, who had strayed into the settlement after the French war, "at which time," he says in a letter to a friend, "I learned to repeat the shorter and larger catechisms. These, with the Scripture proofs annexed to them, confirmed me in the orthodoxy of my forefathers, and I hope I shall ever remain an evidence of the truth of what the

wise man said, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.'" He afterwards took lessons with one Master McKeen, who used to spend much of his time in hunting squirrels with his pupils. He learned to read and write; and the old man always insisted that he should have done well at ciphering also, had he not fallen in love with Molly Park. At the age of eighteen he enlisted in the Revolutionary army, and was at the battle of Saratoga. On his return he married his fair Molly, settled down as a farmer in Windham, formerly a part of Londonderry, and before he was thirty years of age became an elder in the church, of the creed and observances of which he was always a zealous and resolute defender. From occasional passages in his poems, it is evident that the instructions which he derived from the pulpit were not unlike those which Burns suggested as needful for the unlucky lad whom he was commending to his friend Hamilton:

> "Ye 'll catechise him ilka quirk,
> An' shore him weel wi' hell."

In a humorous poem, entitled "Spring's Lament," he thus describes the consternation produced in the meeting-house at sermon time by a dog, who, in search of his mistress, rattled and scraped at the "west porch door":

> "The vera priest was scared himsel',
> His sermon he could hardly spell,

Auld carlins fancied they could smell
The brimstone matches;
They thought he was some imp o' hell,
In quest o' wretches."

He lived to a good old age, a home-loving, unpretending farmer, cultivating his acres with his own horny hands and cheering the long rainy days and winter evenings with homely rhyme. Most of his pieces were written in the dialect of his ancestors, which was well understood by his neighbors and friends, the only audience upon which he could venture to calculate. He loved all old things, old language, old customs, old theology. In a rhyming letter to his cousin Silas, he says:

"Though Death our ancestors has cleekit,
An' under clods them closely steekit,
We 'll mark the place their chimneys reekit,
Their native tongue we yet wad speak it,
Wi' accent glib."

He wrote sometimes to amuse his neighbors, often to soothe their sorrow under domestic calamity, or to give expression to his own. With little of that delicacy of taste which results from the attrition of fastidious and refined society, and altogether too truthful and matter-of-fact to call in the aid of imagination, he describes in the simplest and most direct terms the circumstances in which he found himself, and the impressions which these circumstances had made on his own mind. He calls things by their right names; no euphuism, or transcendentalism, — the plainer and commoner

the better. He tells us of his farm life, its joys and sorrows, its mirth and care, with no embellishment, with no concealment of repulsive and ungraceful features. Never having seen a nightingale, he makes no attempt to describe the fowl; but he has seen the night-hawk, at sunset, cutting the air above him, and he tells of it. Side by side with his waving corn-fields and orchard-blooms, we have the barn-yard and pigsty. Nothing which was necessary to the comfort and happiness of his home and avocation was to him "common or unclean." Take, for instance, the following, from a poem written at the close of autumn, after the death of his wife:—

"No more may I the Spring Brook trace,
No more with sorrow view the place
Where Mary's wash-tub stood;
No more may wander there alone,
And lean upon the mossy stone,
Where once she piled her wood.
'T was there she bleached her linen cloth,
By yonder bass-wood tree;
From that sweet stream she made her broth,
Her pudding and her tea.
That stream, whose waters running,
O'er mossy root and stone,
Made ringing and singing,
Her voice could match alone."

We envy not the man who can sneer at this simple picture. It is honest as Nature herself. An old and lonely man looks back upon the young years of his wedded life. Can we not look with him?

The sunlight of a summer morning is weaving itself with the leafy shadows of the bass-tree, beneath which a fair and ruddy-cheeked young woman, with her full, rounded arms bared to the elbow, bends not ungracefully to her task, pausing ever and anon to play with the bright-eyed child beside her, and mingling her songs with the pleasant murmurings of gliding water! Alas! as the old man looks, he hears that voice, which perpetually sounds to us all from the past — NO MORE!

Let us look at him in his more genial mood. Take the opening lines of his "Thanksgiving Day." What a plain, hearty picture of substantial comfort!

> "When corn is in the garret stored,
> And sauce in cellar well secured,
> When good fat beef we can afford,
> And things that 're dainty,
> With good sweet cider on our board,
> And pudding plenty.
>
> "When stock, well housed, may chew the cud,
> And at my door a pile of wood,
> A rousing fire to warm my blood,
> Blest sight to see!
> It puts my rustic muse in mood
> To sing for thee."

If he needs a simile, he takes the nearest at hand. In a letter to his daughter he says:—

> "That mine is not a longer letter,
> The cause is not the want of matter, —
> Of that there 's plenty, worse or better;
> But *like a mill*
> *Whose stream beats back with surplus water,*
> *The wheel stands still.*"

Something of the humor of Burns gleams out occasionally from the sober decorum of his verses. In an epistle to his friend Betton, high sheriff of the county, who had sent to him for a peck of seed-corn, he says:—

"Soon plantin' time will come again,
Syne may the heavens gie us rain,
An' shining heat to bless ilk plain
An' fertile hill,
An' gar the loads o' yellow grain,
Our garrets fill.

"As long as I hae food and clothing,
An' still am hale and fier and breathing,
Ye 's get the corn —— and may be aething
Ye 'll do for me;
(Though God forbid) — hang me for naething
An' lose your fee."

And on receiving a copy of some verses written by a lady, he talks in a sad way for a Presbyterian deacon.

"Were she some Aborigine squaw,
Wha sings so sweet by nature's law,
I 'd meet her in a hazle shaw,
Or some green loany,
And make her tawny phiz and 'a
My welcome crony."

The practical philosophy of the stout, jovial rhymer was but little affected by the sour-featured asceticism of the elder. He says:—

"We 'll eat and drink, and cheerful take
Our portions for the Donor's sake,
For thus the Word of Wisdom spake—
Man can't do better;

Nor can we by our labors make
The Lord our debtor."

A quaintly characteristic correspondence in rhyme between the Deacon and Parson McGregore, evidently "birds o' ane feather," is still in existence. The minister, in acknowledging the epistle of his old friend, commences his reply as follows: —

"Did e'er a cuif tak' up a quill,
Wha ne'er did aught that he did well,
To gar the muses rant and reel,
An' flaunt and swagger,
Nae doubt ye 'll say 't is that daft chiel
Old Dite McGregore!"

The reply is in the same strain, and may serve to give the reader some idea of the old gentleman as a religious controversialist: —

"My reverend friend and kind McGregore,
Although thou ne'er was ca'd a bragger,
Thy muse I 'm sure nane e'er was glegger —
Thy Scottish lays
Might gar Socinians fa' or stagger,
E'en in their ways.

"When Unitarian champions dare thee,
Goliah like, and think to scare thee,
Dear Davie, fear not, they 'll ne'er waur thee;
But draw thy sling,
Weel loaded frae the Gospel quarry,
An' gie 't a fling."

The last time I saw him, he was chaffering in the market-place of my native village, swapping potatoes and onions and pumpkins for tea, coffee, mo-

lasses, and, if the truth be told, New England rum. Threescore years and ten, to use his own words,

> "Hung o'er his back,
> And bent him like a muckle pack,"

yet he still stood stoutly and sturdily in his thick shoes of cowhide, like one accustomed to tread independently the soil of his own acres, — his broad, honest face seamed by care and darkened by exposure to "all the airts that blow," and his white hair flowing in patriarchal glory beneath his felt hat. A genial, jovial, large-hearted old man, simple as a child, and betraying, neither in look nor manner, that he was accustomed to

> "Feed on thoughts which voluntary move
> Harmonious numbers."

Peace to him! A score of modern dandies and sentimentalists could ill supply the place of this one honest man. In the ancient burial-ground of Windham, by the side of his "beloved Molly," and in view of the old meeting-house, there is a mound of earth, where, every spring, green grasses tremble in the wind, and the warm sunshine calls out the flowers. There, gathered like one of his own ripe sheaves, the farmer poet sleeps with his fathers.

END OF VOL. I.

Cambridge: Stereotyped and Printed by Welch, Bigelow, & Co.